Tyringham Topics

Winter 2017

Courtney O'Connor

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Welcome to *Topics* 2017! And thank you for your insights and reflections on our theme, which embraced Tyringham's spectacular production last August of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, as well as our own beloved town of Tyringham. As always, we are so grateful for your submissions, not to mention your financial contributions that keep us floating every year. Hats off, too, to our photographers and photo editors, our illustrators and our crossword puzzle creator. You "invigorate" our issues.

Please send us your ideas for future themes.

Our Town, Through My Eyes

Ruth Heath

An exciting spring and summer of new friends from the ages of 5-86 had a once-in-a-lifetime experience thanks to Ann Gallo's vision of *Our Town*, a play written by Thornton Wilder. The play easily allowed people from near and far to participate in the perfect setting of Tyringham.

Some people signed up as helpers but found themselves stepping outside of their comfort zone. Ann had a way of talking people into trying something new which led to many people getting their first taste of acting. As people settled into their roles, everyone looked forward to the rehearsals and finally the performance, once it all came together. As we practiced, we became a family supporting each other with encouragement and constructive redirections to help us become stronger performers and project our voices so even the hills could hear us.

I wish I could have seen the play in its entirety, but as an actress I could only view it from my perspective. However, my extended family, particularly my great grandchildren, gave me a bird's eye commentary after it was completed. Olivia gave a teen's view, Owen added comments based on his experience of having been in a Shakespeare role; while 5-year-old Alexander was impressed with the "ghosts" being able to sit so still and hold the umbrella stationary for a "LONG" time. He exclaimed loud enough for people seated around him to hear, "Holding those umbrellas was really hard. I couldn't stay still for that long!"

It was much more than I'd envisioned, but I enjoyed doing the whole play. It was an unusual but exciting experience, even at the young age of 82! I now have more respect for actors and actresses, as well as directors and anyone involved behind the scenes of a production. Because of my involvement in the play, I have a larger group of friends and many happy memories.

Our Town with Ruth Heath

Nannina Stearn

Mrs. Soames Speaks

Dede Loring

From the beginning I was interested, but I never thought I could take part in it. Ann convinced me that I could. So, next thing I knew, I became "Mrs. Soames!"

With A LOT of time spent on learning lines, practice, rehearsals, voice coaching, and even some exercise, the play came together. With all the encouragement from Ann, Courtney, Lia and Corinna, I finally felt comfortable.

My part was of the town busybody (remind you of anyone?). My lines were very entertaining, so they received a lot of laughter. We bonded as a big family. Lots of praise from one to another was passed around.

I had a blast! It was such a "lovely" time. And remember the important thing is to "BE HAPPY!"

Nannina Stearn

Dede Loring as Mrs. Soames gossiping with Rebecca Honig

Our Tyringham Family

Larry Bravo

It was about two weeks after our last performance of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* that I knew I had a problem. I picked up the book and started reading the play again. One would think that the play would not be high on my reading list. I had just spent the last few months reading the play, thinking about it, trying to memorize my few lines and playing with different deliveries, repeating the lines endlessly all around the house and in the car on long trips. We had readings, rehearsals, and performances and here I was actually reading the play again, and even worse, I was really enjoying it. As I read, the lines leapt from the page, brought to life by the familiar faces and voices of cast members I could see and hear. What fun to experience it all again.

Lia Russell-Self

Larry Bravo at the first *Our Town* rehearsal

As I meet and talk with other cast and crew members, it turns out I am not alone my affection for the play and the amazing people that I have had the good fortune work closely with on such a great project. We had been warned of the transformative power of a project like this, but it certainly surpassed any expectations that I had. This Tyringham experiment was such a wonderful gift to our community. We came together as friends, acquaintances and strangers and we left as a Tyringham family.

Our Town – Behind the Scenes

Pat Clark

My experience being Box Office Manager was amazing.

I had no problem finding volunteers to help sell tickets. When I called, they said, "Yes!" The cashiers were happy and friendly, leaving customers in a mood to enjoy the play. I sat back and watched this group become a "Theater Family," bringing the community together.

From actors to actresses (I know they are all called actors nowadays), from ushers to cashiers, from "Prop People" to production and direction, they all put their hearts and souls into this play.

This is just a little note with my thoughts. I hope to see another play in our town in the future.

Congratulations to all!

Ann Gallo

Pat Clark consulting with *Our Town* volunteers Kristin Lee Caro, Chris Curtin, Mary Lou Bradley and Gail Charpentier

Ann Gallo's Tyringham Team

Roger Ketron

"Stick out your tongue between your lips and say, Peepah Pipah picked a peck uh pickle' peppuh. Now say it faster, louder, and as clearly as you can."

We are warming up for the performance in a large circle out in the field above the church—old ladies, old men, children with moms, teenagers, even middle-aged men and women. What a collection of Tyringham folks, all working enthusiastically with the "speech lady" to improve our ability to project our voices to an audience in the open air...no microphones allowed.

"Now, sling your arm as in a slow-pitch softball motion and THROW your voice to the person way over on the other side of the circle." What a scene! You would not believe it unless you saw it.

Needed: extra chairs, old clothes costumes, ticket takers, parking attendants, would-be actors and actresses, tree trimmers, singers, toilets, sun sails in the cemetery, and on and on. Ann recruited an amazing team from among the Tyringham residents and a few outside pros. She had interviews early with each person and received commitments from each. Then, along came the rehearsals and each person felt the clear obligation not to let their friends down. "I don't want to go to that rehearsal, but if I don't, it would not be fair to all the others."

Cray Novick, Charlie Slater and David Berman,
Our Town parking crew watching the performance

Details...thousands of details. Blocking cues for each character in each act, both outside the church and inside in case of rain. She arranged to stop traffic on Main Road during Acts 1 and 2, and then block the traffic on Church Road for Act 3. (Ann: you forgot to call off the Air National Guard on Saturday morning.) Emails kept coming, reminding everyone to pay attention to the details and to show up for rehearsals.

According to experienced theater people in the audience, the production was superb. The audiences were lively and the performers had a wonderful time. It was an outstanding job of team building with a diverse group of folks. Congratulations and many thanks to Ann. This was a real gift to our community.

Final *Jeopardy* Question of October 4, 2017

Ann Gallo

The latitude & longitude given by the narrator of this 1938 play would set it in Massachusetts, not New Hampshire. – Alex Trebek

Now, how many of you know the answer? Can I just say I would not have known it was even a question on *Jeopardy* if a fellow Tyringham-ite had not stopped and told me? And if not for *Our Town* this summer, we would never have had that out-of-context, nudge-nudge-wink-wink, neighborly exchange...and I'm very happy we did...very.

After this summer's community event we all habitually and reluctantly returned to our little "boxes," a word Emily uses in Act 3 of *Our Town* to describe where humans tend to hunker down, stay shut in. I would venture to say that many of us in Tyringham have discovered that, actually, wonderful things can happen when we leave our boxes and see who's afoot in our remarkable community.

Every morning when walking my dog Jaycee, I inevitably bump into someone for a chat or a wave...every time. It's not by accident. Nor was this summer's production a success purely by accident. It's because all of you took a leap of faith and participated either as audience, usher, parking attendant, actor, whatever. You all made a brilliant choice to come together, celebrate and gasp...build new friendships.

From the get-go, this summer's endeavor was about our town of Tyringham. It was a way to unpack and discover who we are as a community, to get to know each other, dispel assumptions, repair misunderstandings and celebrate this jewel of a town. I want to thank every one of you for taking a risk and joining me. You were all brilliant and extremely generous.

I am thankful to call Tyringham my home.

Ann Gallo, producer of *Our Town,*
at community auditions/sign-ups

Act 2 with Mark Curtin
and Sadie Honig-Briggs

Nannina Stearn

Courtney O'Connor, Tom Fennelly
and Diego Salinetti

Nannina Stearn

Our Town cast, crew and volunteers (many of them)

Francesca Gallo

Rebecca Honig and Mark Curtin in Act 3

Nannina Stearn

Tom Fennelly and Deborah Coy begin voice work with Corinna May

Jean Moore

Mark and Diego install the *Our Town* set

Ann Gallo

Director, Courtney O'Connor and Ann Gallo

Nannina Stearn

Rebecca Honig as Mrs. Webb

Lia Russell-Self

Deborah Coy as Mrs. Gibbs

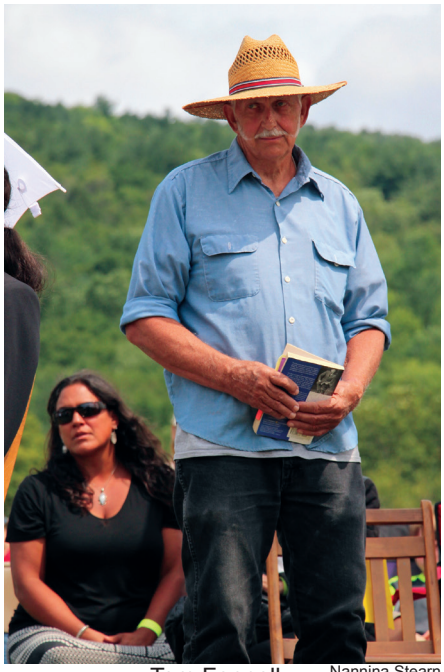
Nannina Stearn

Act 3 with
Kate Oakes and Dede Loring
Nannina Stearn

Maggie Howard
as Professor Willard
Nannina Stearn

Act 3 with
Tonio Palmer
Nannina Stearn

Joshua Briggs
and Noelia Salinetti
Nannina Stearn



Tom Fennelly
as Stage Manager 3
Nannina Stearn

Act 2 with
Steve Rubin
Nannina Stearn

Jean Moore, Tom Fennelly and
Barbara Palmer as Stage Managers
Nannina Stearn

Tonio Palmer as Simon Stimson
and Kate Oakes as Emily Webb
Nannina Stearn

Joe Gallo and Ruth Heath

Francesca Gallo

Sadie Honig-Briggs and Rebecca Honig

Diego Salinetti

Maggie Howard, Steve Cowell and Phoebe Gallo

Francesca Gallo

Dede Loring and Chris Curtin

Diego Salinetti

Our Town Fireside Read-Through, March 2017

Diego Salinetti

Life and Death in the Field

Tom Fennelly

Earlier this summer, I got myself involved with a play that Ann Gallo wanted to put on in town. When asked what part I would be interested in, I put down "Stage Manager." Not having read the play in more than 55 years, I didn't know what I was getting into. Anyways, before the first reading in March, Ann and her director, Courtney, had decided to use three Stage Managers. I would be number three. Well, they liked my style, and then all I had to do was memorize the part. It took some time, but I did it.

The outside location for Act 3 was truly a beautiful spot, "windy hilltop" and all. I put my heart and soul into it and got good results. The entire cast did a real good job, considering the short time we worked together. It's amazing what people can do when they work together for a common goal.

One other thing to think about was that on that hilltop, less than 100 feet behind where our stage was set up, and over the fence, lies my grandmother. My mother was only two years old when her mother died in childbirth. Grandmother Lucy Woodin was 27 years old in 1918 when she died. Did her spirit reach out and help me get it right? I like to think so.

Holly Ketron

Tom Fennelly

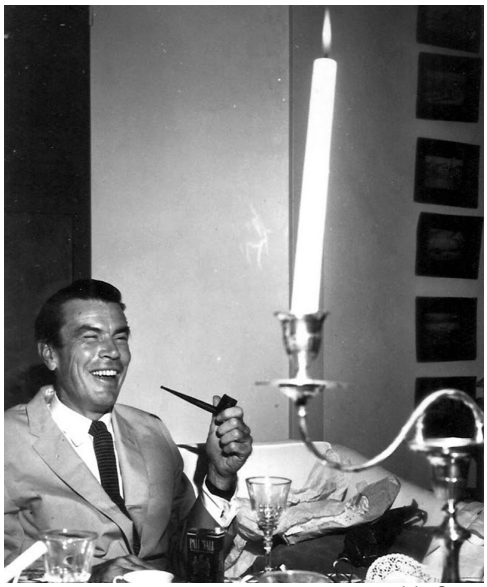
The rest of the time I keep active at the Transfer Station (yes, I am "that guy") and doing some mowing of lawns and fields. Recently, while mowing on the gas line right-of-way south of Monterey Road where about half a dozen beef cattle try to stay ahead of the jungle, I made a sad discovery. Found the bones of a cow. Let me add that four of those cows dropped calves there during the summer. These were not calf bones. And then, next to the fence, were the decaying remains of a cow, including the rib cage. It took me a minute to figure out what it was when the stench hit me and I noticed the air was filled with thousands of green flies. Coyotes probably got her. This was one of those 90-degree days in early October. I grabbed a higher gear and got out fast.

That's the way it is in Tyringham. "Things don't change much here!" Life goes on. You know what I mean?

Tyringham and the 1938 Premiere of *Our Town*

Jean Moore and Nini Gilder

Tyringham was home to actors William Roerick and Thomas Coley for over 50 years. They lived in two houses on the Lost Farm property, and today their graves are side by side in a far corner of the town cemetery.



John Swope

Tom Coley at his 47th birthday party given by an original *Our Town* cast member, Dorothy McGuire, 1950

Many long-time Tyringham residents knew the actors as neighbors and knew of their connection to *Our Town*, but for many in the cast, this connection was a revelation. Imagine our surprise when we learned that both William Roerick and Thomas Coley were in the original 1938 production of *Our Town* at the Henry Miller Theatre on Broadway! They began as baseball players, and Tom was also understudy for George, while Bill was assistant stage manager. Tom went on to play George in the first West Coast production, and years later in a 1969 New York City revival, Tom was Howie Newsome with Henry Fonda as the Stage Manager.

Bill Roerick judging floats at Tyringham's 250th parade, 1989

Late in life, Tom Coley reflected on the powerful bond formed between members of the original *Our Town* company. “Most casts are held together for the length of the run. The *Our Town* cast held together for the length of their lives. Those of us who survive refer to ourselves as “a non-blood family.” Bill Roerick cared for Tom in his final illness, and planned his funeral service in the Union Church in 1989 to include old familiar lines from *Our Town* resonating through the sanctuary.

How lovely and remarkable to have had these two *Our Town* actors watching over us as we once again brought this ageless play to life. As the Stage Manager says of the dead in the cemetery in *Our Town*, “We’re all glad they’re in a beautiful place…”

Changes in Our Town

Everett S. Fennelly

The beautiful town where I was born 78 years ago has changed so much. One change is home births. My mother gave birth to all four boys at home, so there is no arguing that we are “true natives.”

Everett and Eddie Fennelly

People have said to me in the last two decades, “Isn’t Tyringham Valley beautiful?” I answer, “You should have seen it when it was!”

Tyringham had one industry in town—the rake factory—now gone, burned in the 1970s, never to be replaced. Otherwise, Tyringham was a farming community. The farms were a place where every young boy could get a job, mature and learn how to work. There were seven working farms in the valley and today we have but two. The farmers took pride in everything about their farms, everything around their buildings and yards was neat and clean. The lots and meadows were mowed and cleared. The fence lines were hand-scythed. The brook banks were cleared, no ugly brush along them. The biggest change now is the way the fields—both private and public—have been taken over by brush. No need for hay, but is it right not to maintain one’s property?

Another change is the population in our town. It was 150 when I was growing up. Now I understand it is closer to 400. This came about in numerous ways. Summer people started to live here year round, their families grew larger and wanted to live here, too. Up at Goose Pond, the Tyringham side had one year-round dwelling and maybe two camps. Now it has mushroomed with second homes and year-round homes. What we used to consider back lots, where no one had lived for 100 years, are now populated with new homes. Land on Webster Road has been subdivided. Brace Road could also be built on in the near future.

The roads have changed a good deal, though not in location. What were back roads are still back roads, only today most are wider and better maintained, though still dirt surfaces. I remember the first time Smith Hill and Jerusalem Road were tarred. Jerusalem Road was tarred one day when we were in school (I must have been in the first grade). The older boys refused to go back into the school house. Mrs. Moore got the broom out and shooed us back inside.

Speaking of school I happily remember the afternoon Valentine’s parties. Mothers would come with cookies and cakes, and every student went home with 25 “Be My Valentine” cards.

I remember the Memorial Day ceremony every year, the Friday evening before Memorial Day, every student had a piece to say, and the Lee VFW or the American Legion would fire their rifles and play “Taps.” The Halloween Costume Party held in the Town Hall with games and dunking for apples or donuts on a string contest. The Christmas parties of the Town Hall each year when each student received two presents, an orange and a box of hard candy and the school year-end picnic at Lake Buell. Then we got to ride the school bus…what a thrill! All four of us boys attended five grades there, then on to Lee and to ride the bus (REO), which John Heath bought new in ’48–’49.

We had a lot of fun in this school. Recess and noon hours were spent playing outside with games we invented. No running water, no toilet, just boys’ and girls’ one-holer in the back. No furnace. Heat for the one room, which was used for classes, was provided by a large pot bellied wood fired stove, which was brought in by the older boys from the wood shed in the back. At times it got pretty cold, and Mrs. Moore would move us in a semi circle around the stove and read us stories. Only once do I remember her sending us home because the stove would not produce enough heat.

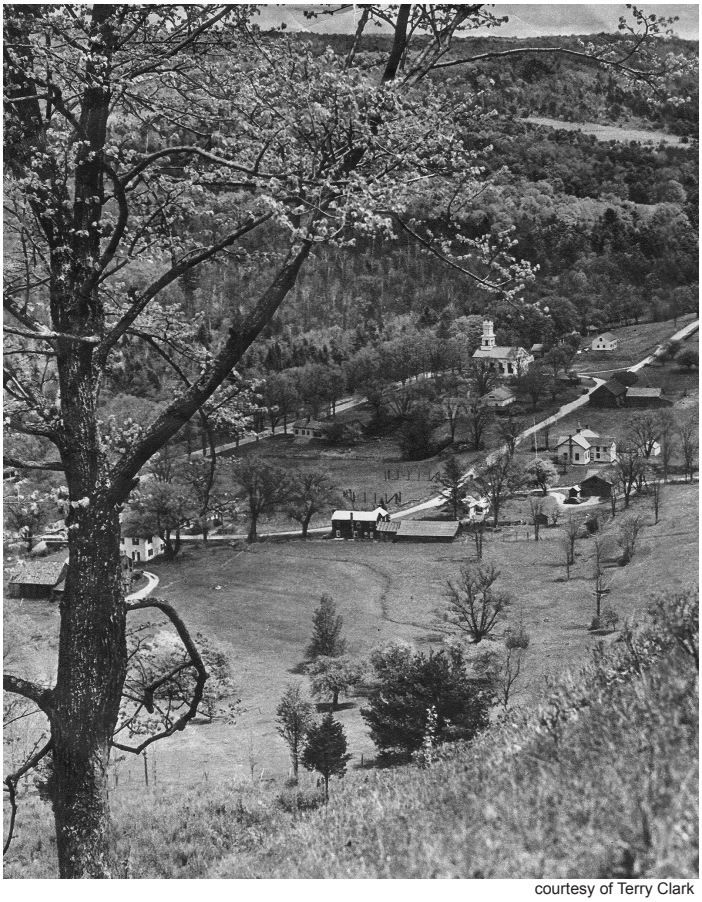
Winter was fun as we were allowed to bring our sleds to school and slide down the hill in back of the school. Sometimes we could slide all the way to the Circle. Mrs. Moore put a stop to that, but remember, the roads were

not plowed like today and there was not very much traffic. Vehicles drove most of the time with chains on. Roads were plowed very little, even the Main Road. What the town had was a tracked vehicle with a plow and dual wings that traveled about 3 miles per hour but could move a lot of snow. In 1945 the Town appropriated $3,000 for a new and first truck. Above the school, Jerusalem Road was pretty much a one lane road until the late fifties, and when plowed, the snow banks were very high and wind would completely fill that road, so much that we children could climb to the top and touch the telephone wires.

Modernization to the school was in the works for several years in the 1940s. A well was dug in 1945, and in 1947-1948 fall-to-spring renovations: a new furnace room, new bathrooms with running water, and new (green) blackboards. When we went back to school from the Town Hall it felt like we were in a new building. The school was open until the late seventies. My three children, Everett and Amy, attended for five years and Kathy for two years, and then the school was closed. Today the school still stands, but it is in much need of repair.

Our general store is gone, as is the Baptist church, located on Main Road. In 1949 my father built a house on the site of the church. My brother Tom still lives there. We still have our post office.

If I were to return in 50 years, I doubt that I would recognize Tyringham. I am not living in the past—the past was great, different from today. I realize change is inevitable…sometimes for the good and sometimes….



courtesy of Terry Clark

Tyringham circa 1945

Our Town, My Home

Katherine Oakes

At the top of Act 3, in this past summer's production of *Our Town*, I began out of view, down the slight hill in the cemetery. The first time we were to run the whole scene in rehearsal, I was feeling incredibly anxious. There I was, frantically running my lines, swinging my body and making a great effort to shake-off my nerves, when I stopped for a moment and looked around me.

Courtney O'Connor

Tyringham in every season, as its visitors and residents well know, has an incredible and soulful beauty. This past summer was no exception. As soon as I stopped with my flapping and pacing I saw the field ahead and let my gaze follow the hillside around me. I heard the bees, smelled the thyme and watched the wind animate the trees on up the Cobble. Feeling encompassed and cared for by the valley, I turned my attention to the scene at hand, a little less nervous and feeling the support of my surroundings. From my distant vantage point I watched Tom Fennelly deliver his speech about the dead, and my thoughts turned from the valley to its people and what we all had been through together to tell this story. Those in the cast, those who were to be the audience and those who had passed-on (resting only a few feet from us) all embodied the same energy that the valley emanates: a deep feeling of soul and endurance, steadfastness, and heart. With such a presence all about me, my anxiety subsided as I walked into the scene.

During that first full run of Act 3 and on numerous occasions since, I have reflected on how the people of Tyringham help me to be part of something beautiful—not only within the production of *Our Town*, but every day—by being honest, caring and open-hearted. They give me the same feeling of belonging as the land around us does. Our town has been my first home as an adult, the place where my husband and I have made a life, and the scene of many personal creative and spiritual endeavors. For many years to come, I hope to be as much a part of it as it has become a part of me.

One World for a friend

Elizabeth Elliott

A bear stood in the road ahead. The woman stopped,
but forest shadows told her it was getting late,
too late to go around the other way.

She walked again, steeply up, refused to stare,
he stared as well, but not a stalking stare,
he stood and heard when she began to sing.

A Wintereisse from a planet as distant to his thought
as the decorating scheme of Heaven would be to hers.
In deep woods a bear stands listening to a song.

Both breathe, both share the evening air,
become endowed with cousinship of danger
that tumbles to acceptance strange and safe.

Numb with intimacy, why should she fear attack?
He moved off the road to let her by,
she saw him as she passed, just as she began
a second song.

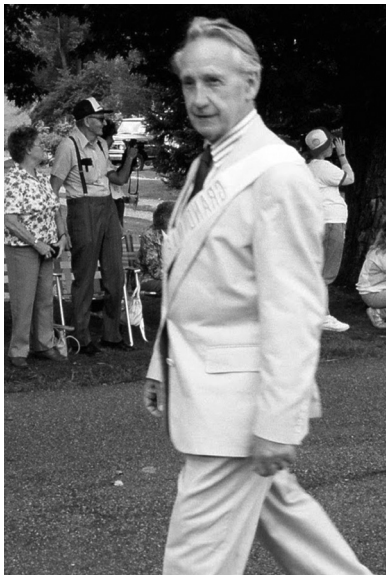
Close behind a wall he stood, two cubs as well,
no mother,
from the corner of her eye she saw all three;
the road is steep, remembering songs, she climbs.

---and soon she merely breathes.

Amy Fennelly

My First Look at Tyringham

Brian Urquhart



Brian Urquhart leading Tyringham's 250th parade as Grand Marshall 1989

I came to the United States in March 1946, from London, in a no-frills British bomber. I had left the British Army early to take up an urgent appointment to set up the new United Nations.

During that summer of 1946, we stayed with my first mother-in-law, Gladys Huntington, who had inherited a house overlooking Laurel Lake outside Lenox. This was my first trip to the Berkshires, and the old chauffeur, Clarence, knew only two directions—North and South through the Tyringham Valley as far as Ashintully, the only place he knew.

Tyringham was the most beautiful place then, as it is now. I hoped I would come back again soon.

All that time, I had absolutely no idea that I would eventually live in Tyringham, married to Sidney.

Our Town - the Land

Carol Hardy-Fanta

What does our town, Tyringham, mean to Chris and me? Besides the wonderful friends we've made, the social and intellectual opportunities, and the fun of *Our Town*, the play, there is the land. The land in all its glory—the crisp cold white in winter, shot through with red berries, followed by the pale green of spring, when the hummingbirds, goldfinches and bluebirds return. And of course summer when the green goes deep, there's an abundance of fruit and flowers, and the baby birds fledge. This year we had great success with families of tree swallows and bluebirds making their homes in the terraced field above Chris's vineyard. Even fall, with its shorter days, is now welcome, with the reds and pinks and gold brightening the hills across the valley, seen outside our windows. Every time we drive home, we say to each other, can this really be ours? Our place? Our town!

Mother's Day Surprise

Tom Curtin

Paige Ellsworth

It was an ordinary day…after a stormy and rainy night. Mother's Day was wet. Breakneck Road and the field were flooded… completely covered with water. There was water on both sides of the bridge, and water was swiftly crossing the road.

I got up in the morning to check on everybody. Looking down from the sun room windows I saw Cooper, my 11-year-old donkey on the left side of the field. I looked for Foxy, my female donkey, and saw her way over on the right side of the field, on a dry piece of ground by the willows. She was surrounded by water.

I have a spotting scope, and I use it in the sun room for watching deer and other animals. "Why is Foxy so far away from Cooper?" I wondered. I swung the scope towards Foxy and noticed something different about her so I looked through the scope again.

"Holy cow," I said. "There's a very little donkey nursing. I can't believe it. Come here," I yelled to Maggie in the next room. "I got something to show you. Look through the scope."

She looked. "You gotta be kidding," she said. We had no clue that Foxy was pregnant. I called Pam and we reviewed the situation. I got a lead rope to get Foxy out of there. The water was knee-deep. I carried the baby in my arms and went ahead so the mother could follow us. Then Cooper came over and got in on the action. We walked all the way back to just below my brother Peter's barn. It had stopped raining and it was warm. The donkeys were fine. Soon the word got out on Facebook, people stopped by and photos were posted.

Here's why we were so surprised. Peter had two donkeys (Cooper and Tigger). Tigger got sick and died, and Cooper became lonely and depressed. I knew he needed a friend. So I looked everywhere and finally got hold of a friend who is a cattle dealer. I asked him about getting a miniature donkey and he told me of one in Kentucky, a male mini whose owners were trying to get rid of him. He later brought me the donkey, who turned out to be a mini all right, but a female mini. (By the way, I should say here that Cooper was fixed.) The female mini from Kentucky was bred before she came, but I didn't know it.

"I've got a bone to pick with you," I said to my cattle dealer friend. "I got two donkeys."

"Well," said my friend. "In that case you owe me more money. Does he look like me?"

"He's got your ears," I answered.

Then came the job of naming the little baby. Madison wanted to name him Jack, because he was like a Jack-in-the-Box; he just popped up. "That's funny," I told her. "I was going to name him Jack of Hearts. We will call him Jack and put a sign on the barn."

HOME OF COOPER, FOXY AND THE JACK OF HEARTS

Archie

Maggie Howard

Not a day goes by that I don't think of him…see him... hear him.

Archie was my sister Sidney's beloved Welsh Cardigan Corgi. He was about the size of a football when Sidney brought him into her house in Tyringham, all the way from Arkansas—a little black, white and brown runt who tried hard to assert himself in his new home with brave, grownup, growling noises, directed at us humans who gaped adoringly at him inside his makeshift toddler pen.

Despite his breed, Archie was no more Welsh than you or I. He was a dog of our town. He loved Tyringham. The pastures he joyfully raced across with his brother Buster were Tyringham pastures, millennia old; the Havill heifers he tried to herd were "our town" heifers, born and raised. The water he swam in, chasing after balls, was pure Shaker Pond.

Archie loved hosting his birthday parties, which happened in June over several years. Always wearing his jaunty red scarf, he greeted his guests one by one as they approached the pond—from the Carlson's giant Great Dane, Mr. D, to David Carriere's water-loving Golden, Zoe, to the Alsops' feisty little Cairn, Bundy. Sometimes there were 25 of them, barking and romping, with never a growl or snarl; never a bared tooth. Archie always politely allowed Sylvie Bean to win in Musical Chairs, except once, when Cookie Palmer surprised us all.

Archie couldn't wait for his late walks on Jerusalem Road by moonless night. Any attempt to turn and head for home was met with strong resistance until he could finish examining every squashed frog and every splotch of cow manure that slopped out of Fred's wagon.

To be truthful, Archie was something of a ham. He would have loved a role in *Our Town*—a role conceived by him, of course, which might have allowed him to have a nap in the cool of Mrs. Gibbs' garden, or to accompany poor Mr. Stimson on his drunken meanderings through Grover's Corners. But Archie died just as the dress rehearsals began.

Thomas Canfield

Our Town as seen through *Tyringham Topics* 1997-2017

Clint Elliott

2017 has been a big year for Tyringham. It is the year *Our Town* came to our town. And it marks the 60th anniversary, more or less, of *Tyringham Topics*, the journal that chronicles what has happened in our town during the year.

Twenty years ago we took up pen and reviewed the first forty years of the *Topics*, and now twenty years later we sit down at our laptop and ask what has been recorded of life in our town during that time.

Who are the artists who have captured the beauty of Tyringham? The 1998 issue of the *Topics* tells us who they are and reproduces over twenty of their landscapes, almost all in color. Suzette "Toodie" Alsop painted easels-full of landscapes and captured the charm of our countryside (for over a decade in the 2000s she also provided a succession of imaginative mastheads for the *Topics*). Amy Fennelly painted our church in a field of flowers and declared, "Tyringham is Heaven on earth." Gordon Van Orman captured the schoolhouse in cross-stitch, and Penelope Littell depicted Fernside, the cemetery, and the steak-roast all on quilt squares. Gabey Cosel painted a snow scene at the bottom of the valley. "How do you live in a place like Tyringham and not be an artist?" she asked. "Tyringham is so beautiful—it takes my breath away."

And what about Tyringham's residents, both long-term and recent? The *Topics* tells it all. When did our own indomitable Millie McIntosh, headmistress of Brearley School in New York and president of Barnard College, celebrate her hundredth birthday? November 30, 1998. Can you name three entries for the 1996 Pet Show held at the Urquharts' house? Dillon Curtin's "Hairy Harry the Tarantula," Maggie Harding's giant "Matilda The Cockroach," and the Consolati brothers' "Slither," a ribbon snake.

The *Topics* of 2001 was the poetry issue. Can you guess how many Tyringham poets are quoted? Fifteen, not counting our legendary heavy hitters Richard Watson Gilder of Four Brooks Farm and *The Century Magazine* and Hawley Truax of Fernside and *The New Yorker.* Our youngest poets in 2001 were Adrianna Gallo ("I Eat My Breakfast"), Theo Kalogerakis ("I Love The Smell"), both poets eight years old, and ten-year-old Dakota Schaefer. Also represented are poems by old-timers Georgia Birkett, Carl Curtin, and Hazel Tinker. Other contributors were Maggie Howard, Elisabeth and Matthew Charpentier, Sarah Hudson, Bill Cosel, Theresa Bragdon, Louisa Gilder, and Elizabeth Elliott, (Tyringham's only full-time poet).

Had you thought of Tyringham as a sporting town? Only in the *Topics* of 2003 can you tee off with Terry Curtin and kayak with Aubrey Choquette. You can experience leaping over fences with Anne Palmer astride "Honest" and Kiki Cowell astride "Judy." You can go rough-riding with Alice Hale and Mary Garner, and hunting with Sissy and all the Curtins.

In 2005 the pages were filled with "Remedies and Recipes" You have warts? Betty Cernik's "Sure Cure For Warts Removal" will make you good as new. And for those who went barefoot on Tyringham summer days, there could be no better fix than Dot Choquette's "Old-Time Remedy For Puncture Wounds." And in winter, if sleigh riding proves too cold, Grace Slater recommends her remedy: "Go-Immediately-To-Bed-Honey-Ginger-Cold-Remedy."

Move over Fannie Farmer and Julia Child, the Tyringham cooks have arrived. Have you tried Barbara Adams's mince-meat squares or Evelyn Winters' toffee fudge? It's Good Friday? Time to put Alice Hale's hot-cross buns in the oven. But you'd better wait for Easter before you prepare the Sisters of the Visitations' almost sinful coffee gelatin dessert.

Turning to architecture, do you have any idea what acroteria are? Viggo Rambusch explains. They are architectural ornaments taking the form of a folded acanthus leaf. Eight of them were on top of our Union Church tower until they blew off in the 1990s. They were rescued by Bill Roerick, but the wood had rotted away. Viggo recommended replacing them in cast aluminum. And there they are today, atop the church tower for all to admire. Only in the 2005 *Topics* can you read the whole fascinating story.

Tyringham's ghosts have been scaring the pants off generations of children and even grownups. The *Topics* issue of 2008 gathers them all together and adds some mysteries too: "The Mystery of the Missing Aviator" by Nini Gilder, "Whatever Happened to Mrs. Angerman?" by Clint Elliott,

Dot Choquette's "Mystery of the Night-Blooming Crocus," and others.

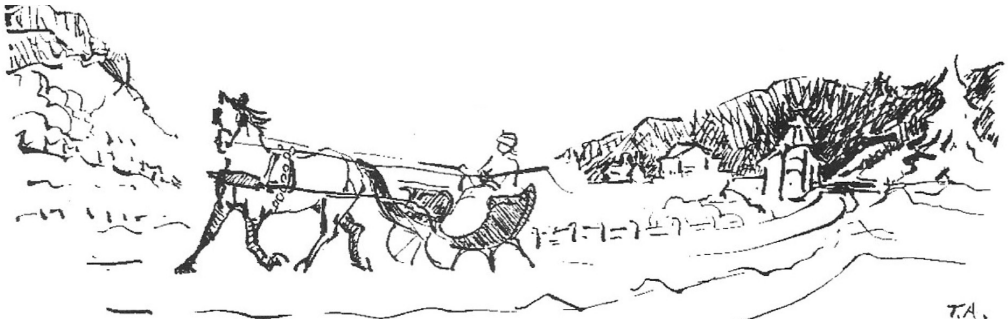
The *Topics* of 2010 tells us all about the hobbies of our townspeople. Cross-stitching? Gordon Van Orman, our local expert on the subject, tells us how to do it. "It's not a hard thing to get into. It's a habit. It's fun." He started small, but his projects got larger and larger culminating with a vast scene of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson on horseback. "The horses were hard to do," Gordon said. Dot Loring tells us how she learned to garden, and she has a beautiful one next to her house on Church Road. Adrienne Miesmer Cosel is a potter who has had several shows of her signed works at the Lenox Library. The *Topics* quotes Penny Borax on quilting ("I got inspired"), Virginia Demos on beading ("a source of deep pleasure"), and Rachel Urquhart's painting on rocks ("I just channel my not-so-inner five-year old and paint").

In 2011 the *Topics* devoted its issue to "School Days," reporting that our surviving 1876-77 village schoolhouse is one of the finest examples of the two-room Victorian schoolhouses in Berkshire County. It is a major architectural and historic landmark.

The schoolhouse closed its doors in 1978 and part of Tyringham's soul went with it. But memory persists, and the *Topics* brings reminiscences of school days from Everett Fennelly, Dede Loring, Neil Curtin, Russ Loring, Alice Hale, Walter Palmer, Gordon Van Orman, Mary Curtin Errichetto, Holly McLennan Ketron, Karen Winters Williams, Donald Davis Jr., and Molly Curtin-Schaefer.

Since its closing the building has been gradually—very gradually—deteriorating. Isn't it time that we, the residents of Tyringham, set about preserving this landmark- this treasure-house of memories?

And so we bring to an end our survey of the last twenty years of *Tyringham Topics*. The good news is that a complete run of our favorite magazine is online (see below for instructions). Dive in, and happy reading!



Tyringham Topics 1958-2016 Has Gone Digital!

Looking at back issues in 1997 Clint Elliott wrote: "Reading through the *Tyringham Topics* is an experience not unlike watching *Our Town*. There is the same sense of sadness in the passage of time, and, ultimately, as a new generation is born, of hope. Here is a pageant of a small New England town slowly passing by."

This year, working with the Tyringham Historical Commission, the Hop Brook Club arranged to have the nearly sixty years of back issues of *Tyringham Topics* scanned by the Boston Public Library at no cost.

Now, through Regional Digitization in Massachusetts Internet Archive, you can read past issues on your computer, tablet, iPad or even a smartphone; *The Digital Topics* can even be downloaded to Kindle, iBooks, eReader, and many other formats.

You can also search the *Digital Topics* for names or events buried in old issues from 1958 to 2016. Let's say you wondered who Rev. Simmons was? Or you are curious about all references to your family? Or you want to know more about the Rake factory fire? Now you can find the details.

Don't have a computer? Don't know how to use one? Hate computers??

Fear not! There's computer access in the Tyringham Library, and we're happy to walk you through it step by step. Call Carol at 243-6185.

How does it work?

1) Go to the Town website (www.tyringham-ma.gov) and click on the link to *Tyringham Topics* Online.
2) You'll see three volumes: 1958-1973 (the Cap Couch years!); 1973-1988 (when Judy Reber was editor); and 1988-2016 (Roberta Myers, Editor, and Hop Brook Community Club).
3) Click on one of the volumes.
4) To search inside a volume, click on the magnifying glass icon on right of volume.
5) Enter a name or keyword in the box on upper right and click on the magnifying glass. Be patient while search is underway. Click on yellow markers at bottom to find results.

Very important!

The digital archive does not replace or supplant the annual printed version we all look forward to getting in December! Please continue to support the *Topics* this and every year through your donation and assure you won't be left out when the latest issue is released.

Carol Hardy-Fanta

All of Tyringham's a Stage

Bill Cosel

Chris Fanta

Tyringham's production of *Our Town* proved the point. This reenactment brilliantly used Tyringham's gorgeous settings: Union Church lawns, cemetery, all nestled within the distant rolling hills. It was a perfect fit for Thornton Wilder's perennial masterpiece and true to his minimalist theatrical style created in 1938.

Sitting at the cemetery watching our neighbors brilliantly play the conclusion of *Our Town*, I suddenly remembered being an extra in this very place. It was 1995. A cold and almost rainy morning for the opening scene of the Hollywood movie, *Before and After*, starring Meryl Streep and Liam Neeson.

We gathered early for last minute directions at Town Hall then went to the cemetery. The producers chose our cemetery, its simple beauty set on a knoll surrounded by hills. We were the mourners leaving the burial of a young Martha Taverner—allegedly murdered by her boyfriend Jacob Ryan.

The opening shot looks out from a slowly moving school bus, over the shoulders of school children—including our daughters Gabey and Molly—watching mourners leaving Tyringham's cemetery after the burial. Driving the school bus was our own Deanna Curtin hired by the film crew. Deanna was not used to taking loud and rude directions from cinematographer Luciano Tovoli who, under the stress of time, was constantly giving directions by yelling; "SLOWER", "A BIT FASTER", "GO AROUND, WE HAVE TO SHOOT THIS AGAIN DAMN IT!" Deanna was ready to scream. While the bus circled for a retake, we all moseyed back into the cemetery waiting for a cue to put on our mournful faces and walk again. This would make it the sixth time. It took over three hours to get the shot. Then it really started to rain.

Tyringham is an incredible location offering a variety of vistas and locations for the following:

Garden Story on PBS. Ashintully Gardens are featured. It is the story of composer John McLennan's discovery of peace through the creative process working closely with nature to explore a creative connection to his composing. The program was narrated by Katharine McLennan.

American Playhouse on PBS, *Lethal Innocence*, produced by our own Nan Bernstein, who used Tyringham's Riverside House, Henning Carlson, Sr.'s house now occupied by Ann and Peter Herbst. Jim Curtin, among others, worked on the project.

Evening at POPS, also on PBS, for the program "America, the Dream Goes On." The Tyringham Valley was viewed by helicopter up and over the cobble and around the valley. Those same shots were used to introduce the video version of the Children's production of *The Sound of Music*.

Could there be more that just these four?

How about using Breakneck Road for a version of Ethan Frome's "smash up" toboggan ride?

Or Union Church for a recreation of Jonathan Edwards' "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" for an 18th century fire and brimstone sermon? Or Upper Goose Pond as Peter Pan's hideaway with sneaky Capt Hook invading?

The Gingerbread House might offer a setting for the children's opera *Hansel and Gretel*. Fernside could be used for Rachel Urquhart's story, *The Visionist*, set around a fictional Shaker community that is in the throes of a religious revival.

The Cobble…might have been the main view of a summer White House.

I rest my case.

The Last Ride

Catha Grace Rambusch

In 1954, my father, Edwin J. Grace, MD (Fellow of the International College of Science), purchased a Ford V-8 Skyliner convertible. It has been climbing the Berkshire hills and byways for the last four decades, going as far east as Northampton (the back way via Cummington), as far west as Hudson, and as far north as Williamstown. It has been maintained first by Milton G. North of Lee and then Mike Ford and his dad of South Lee. It has brought smiles, pleasure and compliments from many and sundry. It was truly a car of our town.

It had its last ride in the valley in August. I am at the wheel with daughter Lucia S. Rambusch-Adam, and granddaughters Marygrace, Katrine and Cecelia, all of Denver, Colorado.

Tyringham in the Berkshire Hills

Jean Moore

According to the Census Bureau, the town of Tyringham has a total area of 18.9 square miles, of which 18.6 square miles is land and 0.23 square miles, or 1.20%, is water. As of the census of 2000, there were 350 people, 133 households, and 98 families. By population, the town ranks 30th out of 32 cities and towns in Berkshire County.

The land has been measured,
population counted, as if those were
the things that mattered.

Who was the first
with arrow and bow to
take a fox or to kill a crow?

To notch and bend the Cobble tree
crooked, marking the way
for another to go?

Who was the first with
powder and smoke
to drive out the arrow and bow?

Who placed the first rock
of the wall on McCarty Road?
Built the first home and farm?

Who was the first to survey
the land? To build a factory
and then a dam?

Who placed the first stone on
the library wall, hammered the first nail
of the new town hall.

Who was the first to teach the
children in the schoolroom
on the hill?

The first to leave after
the promise never to part?

The first to die of a
broken heart?

The first to marvel at the stars
on a winter night?

In summer to dive in Shaker
Pond and open her eyes?

To dry on the grass and
linger under the sky?

The first to marry and
have a child?

The first to kneel in the Church
and weep in the aisle?

The first to rest
beyond the iron gate?

Who lived and who died,
who built and tore down—

they are the ones who gave
us our town.

Steve Rubin

Katharine W. McLennan
(1923-2017)

Katharine White Bishop and John McLennan met over 50 years ago in the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio, where Katharine lived. Two months after that brief meeting, while on vacation, John was putting three or four letters to Katharine a day in the resort post box.

After their marriage in 1966, Katharine moved to Tyringham, with her four daughters, Susan, Judith, Katharine (Moo), and Jennifer bringing a new loving life and company to John and his daughters Holly and Angelica. The Bishop-McLennan Bunch soon became an integral part of our town.

Katharine took on the job of getting to know Tyringham, loving the beauty of the landscape and becoming the essential partner to John in the development of the garden area behind the farmhouse connected to the Ashintully ruins. Gradually, this work, brought into reality by Harry Loring's stonework and the devoted work of the families of Charles Loring Sr. and Fred Loring, came to be known as the Ashintully Gardens, when it was taken on as a property of the Trustees of Reservations. Katharine's encouragement and work bringing people to see the lovely space brought the gift of immense happiness and pride to her husband.

Back in Cleveland Katharine had worked hard during the Civil Rights Movement, was an active member of the community, and was cherished as a woman full of fun and love of friends. She brought these gifts to Tyringham and used them not just for the pleasure of others, but also to bring her modest composer husband into the wider company of other musicians. She encouraged John to have confidence in his talent and partly through her efforts his music was performed more often here and in England. She understood the difficulties for a composer who cannot hang up his work or give out printed editions of it so his friends and community could appreciate it.

Blessed with amazing talent for organization, Katharine contributed as a community member, and used these skills in the most delicious and delightful way to bring all the girls and family together for festive Thanksgivings and Christmases. She would say, when a McLennan daughter came to visit, "I have asked some of your pals over for a drink this evening," knowing instinctively and generously who would be fun for a distant New Yorker to see. Probably her greatest "bringing together" party was the annual candles-and-silverware lunch she gave for the Hop Brook Club, and it included husbands! Nobody laid out a better spread whether potluck or all her own wonderful food.

When John died in 1996, Katharine sought out new friends and old, joining Mary Ann Fennelly, and Sissy Curtin in daily mile-long walks. Friendships like these meant everything to her, and made it especially hard to make the final move fulltime to her family home in Florida. In the last two or three years her memories faded, but her love of company didn't. Friends came to play the showtunes she loved by her bedside, and even if you had to introduce yourself at first, she was thrilled by everyone who came by. Katharine McLennan died in that bedroom on August 21, after a very long, loving, and eventful life.

Holly McLennan Ketron

Katherine Bock Jocz
(1949- 2017)

Katherine Jocz died February 5th, 2017 at age of 68.

One can go online and read how Kathy interacted with the world. Googling “Katherine Bock Jocz” will get you there. But I am writing about the Kathy I knew: Kathy, my best friend, my lover, my wife and fellow builder. We were married under a large golden maple tree in the Berkshires in 1982.

Kathy and I first built a small summer place in Tyringham valley in 1986. Building our dream house here was a combined endeavor. It was an adventure from the beginning. Like the time we slept in our half-built house with snow blowing through—our only protection, the plywood sheathing—in a freak October snowstorm. House construction became our hobby! We split labor most of the time. She had her strengths, like plumbing fixtures in bathrooms and kitchens, and she could lift large pieces of sheet rock for our walls too. For years, we’d owned an old apartment building, a three-decker, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Owning apartments—that’s when you learn maintenance! By the time we got to Tyringham, we were prepared and somewhat seasoned to the task. For 23 years we lived and worked on this house, Kathy with her specialties and me with mine.

There are many potent memories—beginning with Kathy and me rolling large rock after rock down the hill to build a screened-in porch before the house even had walls. There’s my vision of Kathy standing on top of a mound of dirt in the center of the large field in front of the house. The dirt was left over from the hole that was dug for an addition. We turned it into a mound for “worship” with wild flowers. Kathy would stand on top of it to worship the gods of the Internet, with her IPad above her head. Most of the time it worked.

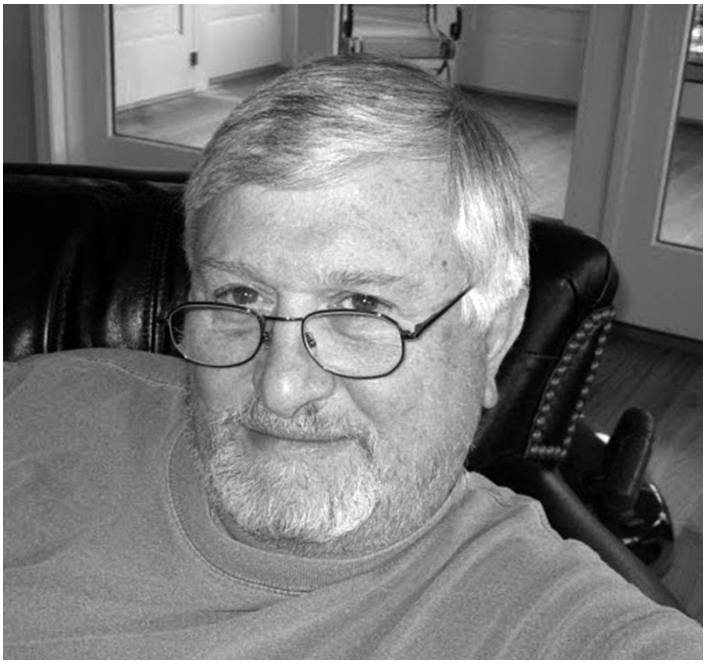
Another memory—at times I would call out to Kathy, wondering where she was, only to find her in the tangle of her small vegetable garden, blending in with the plants. This garden gave us so much wonderful produce. It was a joy for me watching her doing what interested her.

We loved the sense of togetherness this house provided. We loved it so much that we hardly ever came down the hill to engage with people in the town, although Kathy and I both felt Tyringham was a welcoming town and that we were so lucky to have landed here. But our time on the hill was the best. It fit our philosophy of doing nothing important together.

Recently, Kathy had decided that she wanted to be part of something more in Tyringham, so she joined the Hop Brook Club. She enjoyed both the camaraderie and the sense of purpose the club gave her, and she was happy, attending those meetings.

But as life goes, she contracted a rare, incurable form of cancer in 2016. And so, Kathy passed away in the living room of this house we loved, on February 5, 2017. Through this difficult time, the house gave us both strength, while the two long arms of Tyringham, those hills, cradled us peacefully in our home. Kathy made it special, our time here.

Dan Jocz



Richard Paul Biasin
(1945 - 2017)

My Dad loved the morning time. He whistled or hummed in the morning and always said, “Good morning!” in a strong, clear voice. He was sharp-witted and funny with a very analytical mind. He was born in Lee, the youngest of six children to Maria and Dominic Biasin in a bustling Italian family. He was the only one to graduate from college, receiving a Mechanical Engineering degree from Wentworth Institute of Technology in Boston. He married his high school sweetheart, Elizabeth Simone, and they had three daughters, and eventually ten grandchildren.

Dad’s first ties to Tyringham began when he was a young boy. He loved fishing at Goose Pond and would run down to the nearby mill on Forest St. where his father worked, to show him the fish he caught. My Mom and Dad moved back to the Berkshires and built a new home on Stonebridge Way in 2006. Dad was excited to be back in this familiar neck of the woods. My husband, Andy, and I had already settled in the neighborhood a few years earlier. Nothing made my Dad happier than to have our four daughters a short stone path away, and to have a place where his other grandkids from Boston and Florida could come and play. Dad proudly served on the Tyringham Planning Board and worked many pancake breakfasts and steak roasts.

Dad adored telling us all stories, always with a twinkle in his eye. One of our favorites was from the summer of 1960. Dad was 15 years old. He and Henning Carlson and John Peter Consolati worked on Ward McCarthy’s farm, just past Tyringham’s center. The old barn still stands on the right side of the road today. The boys were young and left to their own devices. They worked hard running the tractors and pitching hay. One hot day, a hay elevator collapsed and pinned Henning and Dad underneath. They wriggled their way out, and Henning drove them both to the hospital. I wondered, “where was Farmer Ward when this happened?” Things were just different back then and Henning acted wisely and quickly. My father ended up with a broken leg and Henning had a broken back!

Another Ward MCarthy story Dad would tell with his contagious laugh, was about gasoline After a long week of work, on Friday afternoons the boys would take turns distracting Farmer Ward and pull their cars up to the gas pump to top up their tanks for the weekend. Sure enough, during the following work week, one of the boys would complain about the poor quality gas that made the tractors sputter. Old Farmer Ward would reply in a slow drawl. “Seems to work pretty well in your car…”

We will always remember the many life lessons Dad instilled in us. Our kids will distinctly recall his advice and play-by-play critique of every one of their basketball and soccer games. But the most vivid recollection will be of his beautiful, happy laughter.

Sharon Biasin Brown

Francis (Frank) Clark, Sr.
(1926-2017)

My grandfather Francis (Frank) Clark Sr. was born May 31st 1926 to Wilbur and Carrie Clark. He was one of eight children. He served in the US Army in World War II as a Tec 5. Growing up he enjoyed logging with his brothers, Duffy and Martin, and their team of horses. He also started logging with other companies like Kimball's and Borgnis & Son. He was so mesmerized with the pulling abilities of these work horses they started taking them to fairs where they had horse pulls. In 1953 he won the horse pulling championship with his two horses, Dan and Baldy.

As years went on, my grandfather married my grandmother the former Betty Farnham. They had 8 children Terrie, Francis Jr., James, Dale, Gail, Jean, Karen, and Lori. He also had 15 grandchildren and one great granddaughter. My grandfather enjoyed going to all the different fairs and horse pulls to watch the new and old competitors. He also enjoyed spending time with his grandchildren and great granddaughter, watching them grow up.

He passed away on July 17, 2017. He has left us physically, but he is here with us every day in our memories. I know that I have a lot of great memories of him, and I've learned some very valuable life lessons from him over the years.

Jennifer Gardino
Granddaughter

Charles W. Clark
(1947 – 2017)

Chuck was born in Tyringham on August 27th 1947, to Irma and Duffy Clark. After marrying, he lived in Lee for seven years and then returned to Tyringham where he bought our house overlooking the park. There he had watched the "Tyringham Colonels" and played as a child. He enjoyed riding his bicycle and having many animals.

He started mowing lawns as a young boy, for Mike Winters, and continued mowing the same lawns in his later years. He enjoyed fishing. He also enjoyed going to local fairs with his Dad, going to horse draws, and sliding down hills in the winter. He lived next to the Tyringham School which he attended as a boy.

He really enjoyed going to auctions and tag sales, buying old tools, milk bottles, and collections of all sorts (saws, planes, hand drills, two-man saws, lanterns, wrenches). We still have a collection of Stedman rakes and Sunset Farm milk bottles - quarts, pints and half-pints.

He loved hiking with his beloved dog "Bear" and took several Tyringham boys hiking on the Appalachian Trail, from Connecticut to home.

He never played any sports, but always enjoyed watching his boys in sporting events; and he was involved in fund-raisers, sometimes in Boston, for the Special Olympics.

He was a good friend to all who knew him.

Terry Clark

Selectmen News 2017

Our town is a proud and caring town. It is steeped in tradition, but embraces the future. We honor, respect and protect our history. We look forward to future advancements, but never forget the lessons of the past. Our town is blessed with natural beauty and a population that is actively involved in community affairs and is dedicated to maintaining the highest quality of life for all. This is evident in the caring and dedication exhibited by our volunteers, clubs, councils, commissions, committees, employees, appointed officials and elected officials. It is the collective efforts of the community members that make our town one of the nicest places on Earth. We are grateful to all for preserving tradition while setting the course for an even better tomorrow.

Our town government continues to focus on the repair and restoration of town grounds and buildings. During the fiscal year ending 6/30/2017, much progress was made. Work was completed on both Stonebridge Ways and McCarty Road. The refinished Cemetery Fence was reinstalled and further improvements were planned. Town Hall repairs were completed, the building was painted, a new Assessor's Office was completed, electrical improvements were made and a new projector was installed. At the Transfer Station the Attendant's shed and all electrical wiring were replaced. In tribute to all those who worked so hard to build it, our Library roof was expertly restored. The red tiles were removed and refurbished, a new deck was applied and the refurbished tiles were reinstalled, which are sure to be admired by many future generations to come. Accomplishments were not limited to physical renovations. Our Planning Board worked hard to draft bylaws for Accessory Dwellings, which were adopted at the 2017 Annual Town Meeting. We appreciate the work of the Planning Board and hope the new bylaws will be beneficial for our longtime residents.

More projects are planned for the FYE 2018 and beyond. The first project completed for FYE 2018 was the installation of a new windmill at the swimming area, which is the central piece of initiatives that we are taking to improve water quality. We will review proposals for insulating the Library roof and for upgrading its wiring. For our School House, we will look at options for restoring the exterior and will solicit proposals for the renovation of the interior. Our Highway Department will make needed repairs to Main Road and will repave portions of Webster Road. For snow removal, a new 6-wheeler dump truck will be put into service beginning with the winter of 2017/2018. Agreements between Tyringham, Massachusetts Broadband Institute and Charter Communications, our town will be receiving new high-speed Internet, TV and phone services. We expect to complete the paperwork in 2017 and complete construction to at least 96% of residences in 2018.This will be a 100% fiber-optic network, which is sure to improve the quality of life for all served.

The successful completion of such varied projects is due to our employees' dedication to our town and their willingness to complete tasks that go above and beyond their regular duties. We are very appreciative of the many and varied services that are provided by our Town Offices, Highway Department and Police Department. All of our employees are always ready and willing to do whatever is needed for the betterment of the town. Our employees wear many hats and this has been a critical factor in the successful ongoing operation of our town.

The Board of Selectmen thanks residents for continued support and the opportunity to serve. Thank you for supporting friends, family and the community. It's what makes our town one of the nicest places on Earth.

On behalf of the Select Board
Jim Consolati, Chairman

Farewell to Mimi Crandall, long-time town secretary Bill Cosel

Community Clean Energy Project

What could be better than saving money while going green? Our Tyringham friend and neighbor, Steve Cowell is president of E4TheFuture and is proud to bring a Community Clean Energy Project to our town. The Community Energy Project will incorporate renewable energies and household energy efficiency measures to lower electricity costs, reduce carbon emissions, and modernize the town's energy grid. By signing up, members will be given access to resources for energy efficiency upgrades and receive savings from renewable energy. As a result, members will be able to reduce energy consumption and generate additional savings. The Community Clean Energy Project is free to join with 10% of Tyringham residents and the municipality already signed up! The Community Clean Energy Project will help to create a more reliable, resilient energy system for Tyringham. For more information, or to sign up, visit us at https://e4thefuture.org/ccep/tyringham-clean-energy-cooperative/.

Gabe Epstein
E4TheFuture

Tyringham Free Public Library

The Library was open 100 times this year on Tuesday afternoons from 3-5 pm and Saturday mornings from 10-noon. Both attendance and circulation were up this year.

In order to make space for new books, we discarded over 200 books. Some were donated to the Lee Senior Center for their Library, others are in our Library and are being offered free or for a small donation. Come in and see if there is anything you might want. We purchased 161 new books and accepted 39 donations of books which we thought would circulate. We cannot accept all offers of books because of lack of space, so please check with the librarian before donating books.

The refurbished roof is finished and looks beautiful. Thanks go to the Historic Commission and the Selectmen and the town for funding this work.

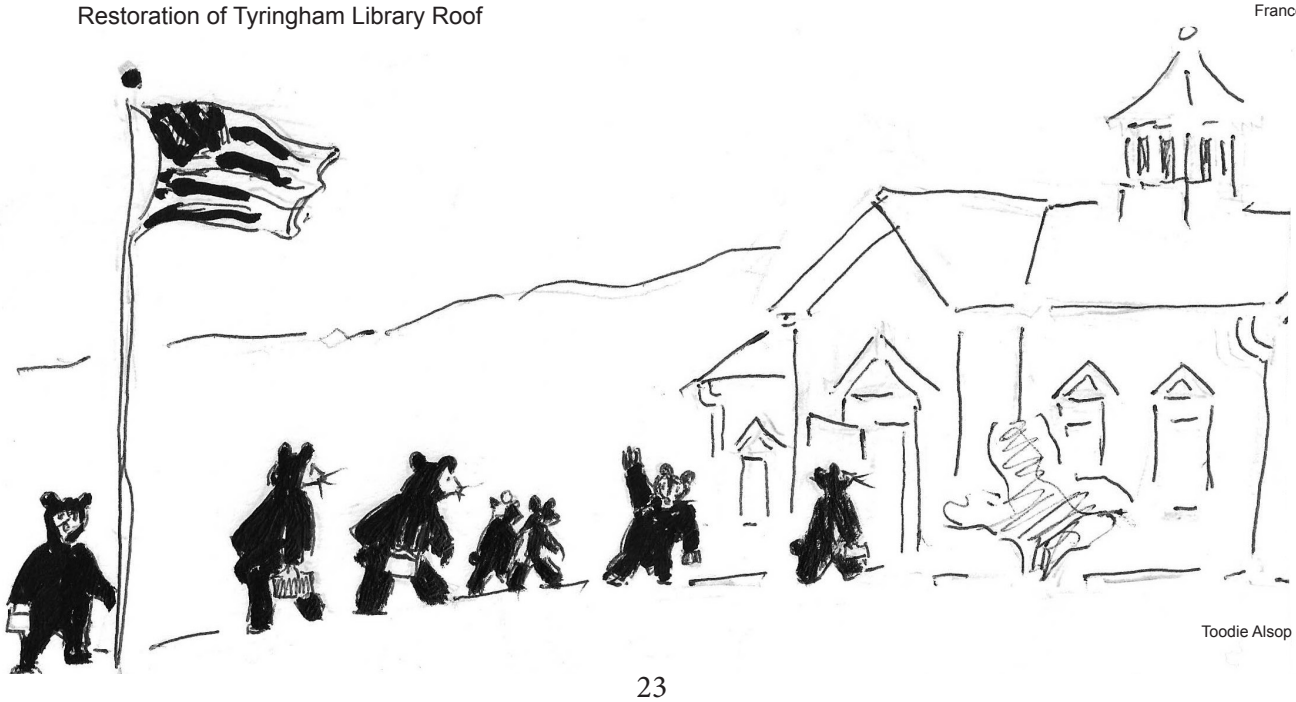
We are going to switch to a new Internet Service Provider in November and expect to have faster service. This is being sponsored by CWMARS and Crocker is the service provider.

We offer Museum Passes to the following Museums: The Bidwell House, Ventfort Hall. The Norman Rockwell Museum, Hancock Shaker Village, The Clark, MassMOCA, Berkshire Museum and this year have added a pass to the State Parks.

Mary Garner, Librarian

Restoration of Tyringham Library Roof

Francesca Gallo



Toodie Alsop

Historical Commission

The Historical Commission had a busy year, particularly on two fronts.

First, on the preservation of local historic buildings, we worked with the Select Board to find an appropriate solution for the terra cotta roof of the Library, and we are grateful to the Board for their support. We were also involved in discussions with the Board on the School House, and are again appreciative of their agreement to having the School House considered for listing on the National Register of Historic Places. We are working on the initial application.

Second, under the guidance of our consultant genealogist, Pat Reed, we are organizing our archives and cataloging our entire collection—a major achievement. (We have also held several discussions with Charles Flint on the preservation of fragile archives and artifacts, especially objects relating to Native Americans.)

Much work has also been done on digitalizing all back issues of the *Tyringham Topics*, which was done by the Boston Public Library free of charge. This will help with preservation and facilitate accessibility.

Can anyone identify this road,
photographed in 1910 by Clarence Hale?

Our exhibit on Historic Roads of Tyringham was well received at the Bidwell House Township #1 Day celebration. It is now hanging in the Town Hall meeting room, available for all to see.

Last but not least, we would like to reiterate our gratitude to the Highway Department for the excellent job they did on the cemetery fence during this year.

Alice Hale, Chair

Tyringham Topics, Winter 2017
Robert Oakes, Graphic Designer
Editorial Staff: Betty Bean, Ann Gallo, Nini Gilder,
Carol Hardy-Fanta, Maggie Howard, Sarah Hudson,
Holly Ketron, Jean Moore

Tyringham Properties Committee

Toodie Alsop

Our Tyringham Properties Committee supports the efforts of the Trustees of Reservations (TTOR) and affects policy for the care of the four TTOR properties in Tyringham: Ashintully Gardens, McLennan Reservation, Tyringham Cobble, and the Goose Pond parcel.

At Ashintully, TTOR will be installing a new bridge in the meadow on the north side of Sodom Road. TTOR is considering a plan to access the McLennan Reservation from Ashintully, linking the two properties. Over the last several years we have worked on garlic mustard mitigation in selected areas at McLennan Reservation and have seen an overall reduction in the amount of the invasive. We are hoping that the ongoing study of this invasive species will shed light on the effect of removal and the natural cycle of the plant. We learned of another invasive to watch called hardy kiwi, a non-native plant that resembles bittersweet that has been found to be particularly destructive in Berkshire County.

TTOR staff has worked at Tyringham Cobble clearing the trails and removing brush on the Cobble face. For our November 4th work day we continued clearing brush from fence lines, maintaining key vistas and replacing fence posts in the red barn field.

In August, we were saddened to learn of the passing of Katharine McLennan. We are forever grateful to Katharine and the McLennan family for their generosity in bequeathing two spectacular properties, Ashintully Gardens and McLennan Reservation, to The Trustees of Reservations (TTOR). Their gift comprises over 70% of the total TTOR acreage for the public to enjoy in Tyringham. We will strive to honor Katharine's memory by helping to maintain the high standard that she set for the care of these properties.

We hope to see you out enjoying these beautiful Tyringham properties. Please consider joining us for one of our work days and let us know of any comments you may have.

Larry Bravo, Chair

Tyringham Volunteer Fire Company

The Tyringham Volunteer Fire Company had another active year, responding to 34 calls for assistance and conducting 26 practice sessions. Membership remains steady, but new members are always encouraged to join. We need more EMT's. The Fire Company will reimburse anyone, for the cost of tuition, who takes the EMT course, passes the exam and joins the department.

We traveled to Otis three times last April to practice burn a house. These sessions are very beneficial to the crew. We never know when we will need to work with other departments. There is no greater experience than fighting fire under controlled situations.

Our fundraising has shifted to an annual letter and the two scheduled pancake breakfasts. Attendance continues to be strong and growing. We have two pancake breakfast tee shirts for sale. The original Flippin Good Time shirt and the new Batter Boy's shirt. They can be purchased anytime by contacting a member. We also did a private breakfast for a wedding party in October. That was great fun!

We continue to offer scholarships to graduating high school students. Our last scholarship went to Madison DeSantis. We also help sponsor the annual Halloween party and hayride. We have opened a dialogue on Engine # 4.This truck is well over forty years old, and it's time to update and replace it.

We ask everyone to keep their smoke alarms updated and change those batteries! Please check your house numbers. Are they visible from the street, both day and night? If not, consider changing them to reflective numbers.

One final change. The Lee Dispatch center has closed. We are now dispatched from the Berkshire County Sheriff's Office. You will be served by highly trained dispatchers whenever you call 911. We will receive better radio transmissions from the Sheriff's office. This has been a positive change for all involved.

The Fire Department wishes all a Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays. Stay safe and as always, we are only a 911 call away.

Charles Slater, Fire Chief

Pancake Breakfast—Andy Slater, Tom Ryan, Julie Slater

Sandy Farnham

Garrett and Luke Roche at the Pancake Breakfast

Sandy Farnham

Jim and Eugenie Fawcett's grandchildren Elliott Sedgwick, Clara and Richard Fawcett, Zachary Sedgwick

Sandy Farnham

Francesa Gallo

Sissy's Stroll

This year marked the tenth anniversary of the Sissy Stroll. Through the years, the Stroll has raised approximately $80,000. This money has been given to worthy causes such as, scholarships, school sports, theater and town functions. We have also been able to help victims of fire and illness with the monies raised. This was all made possible because the people in our community were generous enough to donate their time and money. Lori started the Sissy Stroll as a way to carry on the memory of her mother. Through the years many people have shared their stories of Sissy while attending the Stroll. This was the final year of the Stroll, and the Curtin and Whalen families would like to thank all who have taken part in the Sissy Stroll.

John Curtin

Front row: John Wilson, Lori, John, Pam, April and Madison Curtin
Back row: Colby, Mike and Mark Curtin

Ruth Heath & Kate Van Orman

Union Church in Tyringham

Our Town, Act 2 Nannina Stearn

Dear Friends,

Our beautiful historic church has been the stage for many of life's major productions; weddings, funerals, baptisms, Christmas Eve and Easter Sunrise services, communion and community suppers, and now the stage for *Our Town* has reminded us of how the church is central to the life of our community. The beautiful façade of our church with its stately columns, steps, wide porch and door presented the perfect stage for the play. The voices of the actors echoing off the walls of the church gave just the right magnification to their voices so there was no need for microphones. We are grateful to Ann Gallo, for her vision to bring new life to our church from a new vantage point.

I wish to thank all those who support our church in many various ways. We never know what the winds of the Holy Spirit will bring from one Sunday to the next. This year we had a refugee from the hurricane winds of Florida attend our service. She found comfort in worshipping with us while waiting to find out if she had a home to return to. It was the sound of the bells ringing out into the community that called her to come and join us. This year we also witnessed a baptism of George Brooke and funerals for Chuck Clark and Katharine McLennan. On Anne Palmer's 99th birthday in July, Holly Ketron offered a special Schubert song as part of our service.

We wish to welcome everyone to our Candlelight Christmas Eve service at 5 p.m. on December 24. We also would love the participation of anyone who wishes to sing in the Christmas Choir or play in our Bell Choir. To play in the bell choir contact Holly Ketron (243-2012). To sing in the choir contact Rev. Janet McKinstry (413-212-1080)

Peace and Joy to all,
Rev. Janet McKinstry

Council on Aging

The Tyringham Council on Aging continues to have coffee hour every Tuesday and Thursday from 10:30 AM to 11:30 AM at the Town Hall – 52 weeks a year. We have a luncheon at the Union Church the second Tuesday of the month, September to May. In June we had a Volunteer Awards Luncheon at Fiddle Heads Grille in Lee.

Eighty-one exercise classes a year are held on Wednesdays from 9 AM to 10 AM at the Town Hall. A movie matinee is held every third Monday starting at 2 PM. Our Calendar usually has the name of the next coming attraction. Porch Light provides blood pressure screenings on the first Tuesday of the month at 11:30 AM.

In October we sponsor a flu clinic in conjunction with Porch Light. Fewer than twenty people turned out this year. We need a bigger turnout to continue to offer this.

We belong to Triad based in Dalton and get updates from Elder Affairs, Berkshire County Sheriffs Office and from the D.A.'s office to keep us informed on new scams and other issues elders need to be aware of.

This summer with the help of the Town of Tyringham, we sponsored a bus trip to New London, Connecticut for a ferry trip around the Harbor visiting seven light houses and other interesting things. Everyone who went had a fun time.

Transportation is always available for seniors with medical appointments.

Thomas L. Fennelly, Chair

Ruth Heath

THIS PROJECT IS SUPPORTED IN PART BY

MASSACHUSETTS CULTURAL COUNCIL

A state agency that funds your community's local cultural council

This project is supported in part by a grant from the Tyringham Cultural Council, a local agancy, which is supported by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.

The Valley Club

After a long winter nap, the Valley Club came out of hibernation to plant their flower display in the center of Tyringham. Annually, Rodney Clark from Clark's Garden Center located on Pleasant St. in South Lee helps the club members choose flowers that will have long lasting blooms for everyone to view. He is kind enough to donate his flowers for all to enjoy. The members noticed that their planting "barrel" had become lopsided through the years of wear and tear, so they discussed replacing the barrel the following year. However, Tim and Linda Taylor donated a new barrel. Therefore the members were going to set a date to transplant the flowers to the new barrel. But low and behold, some elves dropped by to transplant the flowers to the new barrel. The elves were the kind and generous Tyringham highway crew who not only transplanted the flowers, but also replaced the old soil with new along with leveling the area! The club wishes to extend a great big thank you to Rodney Clark, Tim and Linda Taylor, and the town workers.

As the season progressed, the members enjoyed a potluck dinner at Barbara Adams' home to catch up on all the summer happenings within their town and families. Potluck meals are always a hit, so members can sample and share recipes with each other. Other evening meetings were filled by relaxing and enjoying a social gathering while playing board games. Yes, "old fashioned" board games are still enjoyable in this world of digitally driven games.

Members met at Greenock Country Club for a luncheon out on the town and discussed the play *Our Town* which was produced by Ann Gallo and performed right at the Tyringham Union Church. The actors and actresses included members of the Valley Club and a multitude of other Tyringham citizens. It was a once in a life time event!

The club wrapped up its year with a Christmas celebration at Chris Curtin's home. The members again enjoyed a pot luck meal where they exchanged small gifts and family holiday stories.

Ruth Heath, President
Chris Curtin, Treasurer
Barbara Adams, Secretary
Dede Loring, Good Will Ambassador

Barbara Adams and sons, Pete and Steve, after their performance at Bidwell House Township #1 Day

The Bidwell House Digs into Early History

This past summer we at the Bidwell House Museum hoped to discover a little bit more of our 250 year story when we had a team of archaeologists spend five days excavating test pits in the immediate vicinity of the house. This group of women from the archeological services department of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, using nothing more than shovels and their own strength, dug pits and trenches in more than a dozen locations on the site first settled in the 1760s by Rev. Adonijah Bidwell.

For two days enthusiastic volunteers from the local community also helped with the digging and sifting. Each day the team pulled fascinating bits of pottery, glass, nails and other small items out of the dirt that they planned to take back to Amherst for analysis. The Museum will receive a full report of the archaeological findings sometime in the spring and we can't wait to hear the new stories that the grounds will tell us!

The Bidwell House is so grateful for all of the Tyringham friends who support the museum and programs! If you are interested in helping the museum, either as a volunteer or a donor or if you even know a teen who would like to become an intern next summer, please send an email to me at bidwellhouse@gmail.com or call 413-528-6888. Don't forget, the house may be closed for tours from October-May but the grounds and trails are open all year for hiking, snowshoeing or just walking your dog. You can find trail maps on the front porch of the house or on our website, bidwellhousemuseum.org.

Please visit your local history museum and be sure to come to "Township No. 1 Day" next July!

Heather Kowalski
Executive Director of Bidwell House

Erica Baluk and Jamie Shepardson with Eila and Everett

Sisters of the Visitation

Dear friends of our town, Tyringham,

Since 1995, we have called Tyringham our town! We are from three countries, a U.S territory and seven states, but we find Tyringham to be our chosen home.

We were unable to attend the fabulous performance of the play, *Our Town*, starring our faithful former maintenance man, Tom Fennelly. We felt the wonderful "our town" spirit in every corner.

In order to be more a part of things, we made the "big step" of voting in person some years ago. This took each of us out of the cloister and into the Town Hall where we experienced dropping our ballots into the venerable box. It helped to make us feel more a part of the larger community.

Although you do not see us too often, we appreciate all the services rendered to us, and we keep all in our prayers. We keep up the spiritual connection, quite invisible, but deeply real. May God bless all of you—and our town!

Hop Brook Community Club Scholarship News

We once again gathered our Scholarship Committee to interview candidates in April for our scholarship award.

Madison DeSantis is our award recipient for 2017. "She has been extremely active as an athlete, a student, a volunteer, and a worker who is respected by her peers and teachers." (Thomas Trabka, Lee High School). We were very impressed by her academic achievement with a 95 GPA and as a National Honor Society member with one of her recommendations citing her keen interest in complex issues in US History, government policy, and economic theory.

She was also very involved in Helping Hands, Lee High School Drama Club, Prom Committee, Student Council, Mock Trial, and as a Class Officer. Madison still found time to be on the Varsity Tennis Team and helped coach tennis, played Varsity Soccer as well as other team sports and participated in collaborative art projects.

While keeping her grades up and involving herself in extracurricular activities, she worked as a waitress and gardener. What impressed us were her realistic plans for the future, choosing to major in Business Marketing or Finance at Roger Williams University.

Thanks again for the generosity and caring exhibited by our Tyringham friends. All contributions are gratefully appreciated and never taken for granted. Thanks again to our committee members for being so flexible for the interviewing process. They are: Lauria Puntin, Kate vanOrman, Maureen Lenti, and Maggie Howard.

Betty Bean

Hop Brook Community Club

This past year brought new members, and with them new ideas, and new projects.

Most exciting is the on-line *Tyringham Topics*. Every issue over decades is now available to search, study and enjoy. The instructions in this issue show how easy it is to find on the internet. The library will also offer access.

The club also held its second "Meet the Candidates" in May featuring the two candidates for the Board of Selectmen. Many reported valuing a chance to hear from the candidates.

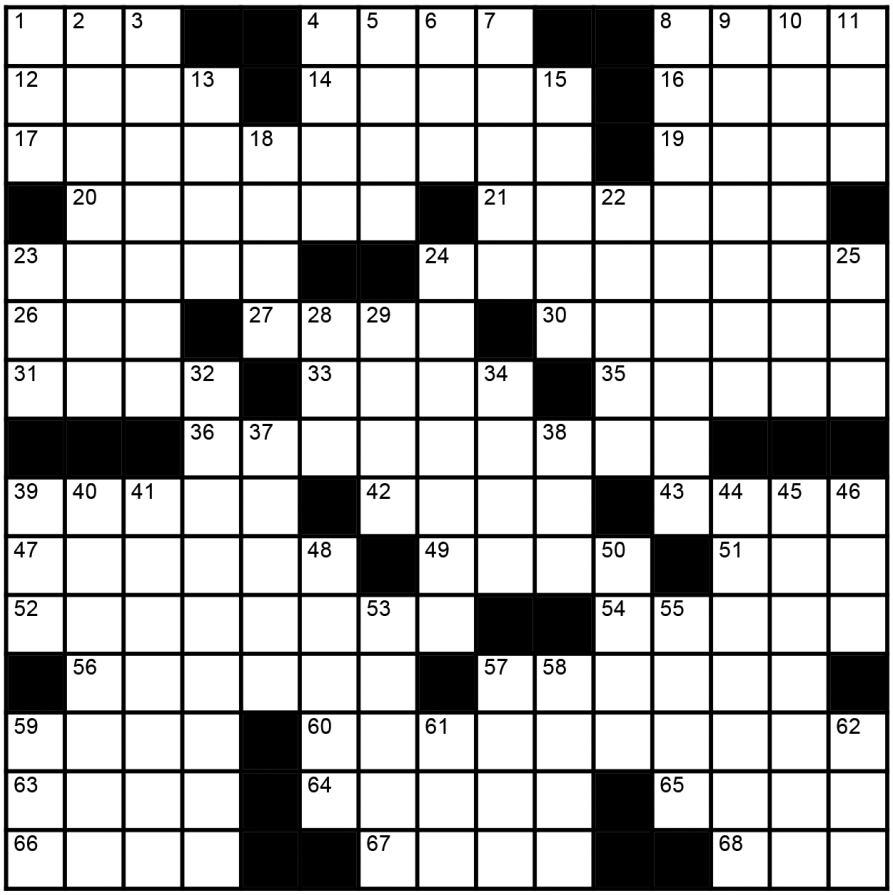
Barry Meier, an investigative reporter at the *New York Times* and a longtime summer resident, brought the gripping story of his new book, *The Forgotten Man*, to our summer lecture. And finally, sales of Hop Brook items from tee-shirts to water bottles to note cards at the *Our Town* productions and at a November sale, brought big support to our scholarship program. The Club is, as always, grateful for everyone's support.

Holly Ketron, President

Adrienne Meismer

Lauria Puntin and Betty Bean in the Town Library selling Hop Brook Club wares

Crossword Puzzle by Alison Donald



Across

1. Perform in a play

4. Tetley products

8. ___ dixit

12. ___-Pei (dog breed)

14. Playwright Edward who wrote "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

16. Brother of Abel

17. Our town, for example, with 60-across

19. Fencing sword

20. Big bomb trials, briefly

21. Back-talker

23. Vice___ (the other way around)

24. "Our Town" setting for act iii

26. Sun Devils' sch.

27. Building near the barn

30. Short commercial

31. Radiation units

33. Clinton attorney general Janet

35. Lock of hair

36. Our town

39. How actors enter

42. iPhone assistant

43. Flexible Flyer, e.g.

47. Sailor

49. Relinquish

51. Author LeShan

52. It runs through town

54. Ostrich cousins

56. Wrestling hold

57. Conger catchers

59. Arias, usually

60. See 17-across

63. Potter's oven

64. Continental money

65. White House VIP

66. Limp as _____

67. Tree with needles

68. Mexican Mrs.

Down

1. Emerald ___ borer

2. Popular takeout option

3. Hissy fit

4. Small fruit pie

5. Building annexes

6. Lawyers' org.

7. Taste, touch, or smell

8. Winter weather woes

9. Capital of French Polynesia

10. California mountain chain

11. WSW's opposite

13. GPS displays

15. Red-coated cheeses

18. Those, in Madrid

22. Nasal partitions

23. Alt. spelling

24. Singer Harry ___ Jr.

25. Football field units: Abbr.

28. Flawed, as mdse.

29. Luau necklaces

32. Almost falling

34. Grimm villain

37. Months and months

38. Concealed

39. ___ Kosh B'Gosh

40. Modern film genre with dark themes

41. "A ___": singing without instrumental accompaniment

44. They look lasciviously

45. "Mary Tyler Moore Show" co-star

46. "___ Kapital"

48. Rope loop

50. Writer ___ Stanley Gardner

53. Get the better of

55. Rope fiber

57. British prep school

58. "What ___ is new?"

59. Reggae relative

61. Prefix with lateral or cycle

62. Airport screening org.

Answers to crossword puzzle on p. 33

NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR

Our most remote response in the *Topics* mailbag came from the North Pole! Here is **Charles Mirotznik** greeting his Tyringham neighbors from the land of reindeer and Santa Claus.

Writing from closer to home, Waltham MA, **Ken McIntosh** reflects on the *Our Town* experience "Peggy and I saw the next-to-last performance on August 12. We loved the production – the acting, the directing, and, of course the setting! Congratulations to the town!"

Transitions, moves, weddings, awards… all these came from faithful *Topics* readers.

Gail Charpentier writes, "Lissy received her M.A. in Clinical Psychology with high honors. She is working in the county as a clinical psychologist. Matt and Christina are working hard fixing up their lovely home in Hillsdale, NY."

Dot and Dick Loring celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at the Fireman's Pavilion in July. Dot reports on the extended family: "Ashley and Drew Rivers and three children moved back to Texas. Drew has a good job there. All is well with them. Amy Hunt is studying to be a RN at BMC. Henry Hall has a new job in Dalton and very happy there. Lizzie Hall and Chris Peppy and two daughters bought a new home in Sheffield." Dot, the veteran of gardening on a Tyringham hillside, adds: "Their new yard is nice – all level ground!"

Just over the Lee line on the Tyringham Road, **Edgar Chamorro** reflects, "I am retired now, living in the same place since the 1990s. Edgar Ignacio moved to LA and Linda Maria to Miami Beach. All is well and wishing you all at Tyringham a Merry Christmas and Feliz Navidad!"

"This has been a year of transition," writes **Helena Palmer Gatterburg** from Germany. "Damian is a senior at Virginia Tech and announced his engagement to his high school sweetheart Mariana Foster. Therese and Francesca graduated high school in June and have embarked on their first year of George Mason University and James Madison University. They are doing well joining swimming, choirs, youth groups and more! Stefan wrapped up his long professional career and is plunging into family and house projects. I will be moving back to the US for a job in Virginia at Langley Air Force Base (the military rules are: only 5 years overseas!) I will be happy to be close to the kids, and Stefan will visit as often as possible. We love our Tyringham visits! Cheers!"

"Christmas came early this year for our family," writes **Mary Ann Brown**. "It is truly a miracle if your grown children can find employment in the Berkshires, and that was our gift to each other as Nicole became an Assistant Professor of Classics at Williams College and her husband, Michele, was offered a position as Visiting Assistant Professor of Comparative Literature. Their two year old daughter, Livia, is very happy to be nearer her twin cousins, Miles and Emil. Alexis continues to be Head Librarian at Lenox Memorial Middle and High School and husband, Kris Kennedy, commutes to Enfield, CT for his position as architect for Steffian Bradley Architects. We look forward to making many memories together in the coming years with other family members and our special friends in Tyringham.

For **Petey Perkins** the summer of 2017 was a series of joyous family events. "Sarah Perkins (David's eldest) was married on August 12 to Zach Hirchtrist in Bethany, CT, near New Haven. A wonderful celebration—prayers, toasts, pizza, family, friends under the big top—all at the bride's maternal grandmother's house. Emily Perkins (Neddy and Cathy's eldest) received her PhD from University of Rochester in May. She is presently teaching at Hobart and William Smith Colleges and on weekends pouring wine at Three Brothers Winery in Geneva, NY. Madeline Clewell (Kate's daughter) graduated in June from Goucher College and is working in Reading, PA as a re-entry coordinator helping prisoners get back to the work force. Max Hoblitzell (Hobb and Louie's son) graduated from MIT School of Business in May and is presently working for the consulting firm, Bain & Co."

Another graduation in the Schaefer family. **Molly Curtin-Schaefer** writes, "Benjamin graduated from Georgia State University in May with his master's degree in Anthropology with special focus on Andean Bio archeology and ritual violence and warfare. He is currently teaching a course at Georgia State on 'Introduction to Biological Anthropology' and manages the Bio Archeology and Stable Isotope Laboratory. He also works for the Rollins School of Public Health at Emory University and the US Center for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta. He is applying to doctoral programs to earn his Ph.D. in Anthropology." In other family news, on June 8, Molly, our town administrator, was recognized by the Small Town Administrators of Massachusetts

Professional Certification Program for her "outstanding contributions and service in local government." And Cody Schaefer continues his public service as a part-time police officer in West Stockbridge and Lee, a paramedic/ firefighter in Lee and Lenox, and a paramedic with County Ambulance.

Barbara Palmer writes: William is a senior at Emory University in Atlanta, majoring in Economics and Political Science, and hoping to work in something related to public policy next year. Henrik is a sophomore at Wesleyan University, majoring in Physics and the College of Social Sciences. Some of you saw him waiting tables at Alta and Tanglewood last summer. This year he's hoping for an internship—he'd be happy to know if you have any leads. Both William and Henrik are thankful for the Hop Brook Club Scholarships. It's an ongoing gift, as the scholarships have helped reduce their student loans.

More wedding news! "The highlight of our year," **Dede Loring** writes, "was the wedding of our grandson. Jordan Arnold married Meghan Crandall on June 17. It was all beautiful with a reception held at the Terrence Curtin Pavilion. They are now living in Otis with their dalmation "Jake." **Kathryn Greenthal and Ted Stern** are happy to announce that their son Thomas was married to Sara Kratovil on September 16th in Greenwich, CT. **Betty Kramer** writes, "Alice Truax and Betsy Tanner were married at Fernside on August 12." **Nini and George Gilder's** son Richard married Irene Cubero in a festive occasion on May 27 in Old Westbury, Long Island. The wedding brought many far-flung relatives of both the bride and groom including Geroge and Nini's grandson Gus (Mellie and Greg's baby) from Thailand and his young cousin, George Brooke, from Ukraine. George was baptized at the Union Church in early June.

"Weddings, Graduations, Birthdays and a Book," is the headline **Elizabeth Elliott** gives her family news. Her eldest granddaughter, Page Atcheson, married Jake Matilsky on May 28 in Seattle. Clint's eldest grandson, Caleb Glassman married Holly Walker on June 23 in Tyringham. We celebrated three college graduations: Lucy Currell from the University of Vermont, Varney Glassman from Bennington, and Cray Novick from Hampshire. Cray also worked with Ann Gallo on Tyringham's *Our Town* by Thornton Wilder. Among all these large events, Clint managed to celebrate his 90th birthday even as Elizabeth celebrated her 85th. In June, Elizabeth's *Climate Change and Nature; While Choice Is Ours* was published. On October 21 she gave a reading from it in The Bookstore in Lenox.

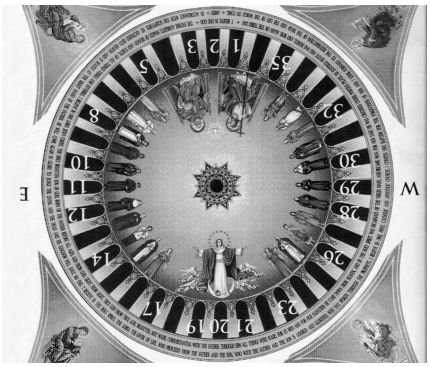
Inveterate travellers **Jim and Kathy Curtin** have returned from their second bus tour of Ireland. This trip was very exciting, including visits to their grandparents' hometowns in Counties Cork and Tipperary. In other family news, "Joe and Jess bought a house in Bow, NH where she grew up. He's a firefighter-paramedic in Concord; she works as assistant manager at Sam Adams. Baby William will be two in December. Kara is a junior at BCC and Anita a sophomore at St. Michael's in Burlington, VT. Shawn is a third year apprentice of the carpenters' union."

Sandy and Mark Farnham are unstoppable travelers when they aren't, as Sandy puts it, "keeping the medical community supplied with funds." This year the Farnhams went on an Eastern European adventure—Munich, Budapest, Vienna, Prague, Krakow, Auschwitz and Warsaw and every art museum within arm's reach."

"Having three grandchildren close in age keeps us hopping!" **Bill Cosel and Adrienne Miesmer** took time to write. "Our grandsons, Jack, 2½ & Rickie, 1½, are daily visitors. What a treat! We're in awe as Molly Cosel and Will Wendt build their artist's photography studio next door. Our daughter Gabey and her husband Luke Thompson celebrated their daughter Inez's first birthday in October. They have recently moved into their renovated Washington, DC home."

Others had visits from more distant grandchildren. **Mary Ann Fennelly** reveled in summer visit from her Australian clan. "Our daughter Kathleen, her husband Terence and four-year-old son Liam were in Tyringham for a month. We did a lot of touristy things and had a wonderful time with Liam. They will be back next year and we look forward to that visit!"

Grandmother, **Catha Rambusch**, relished a long summer visit from her Colorado granddaughters (see delightful photo p. 15), progeny of Lucia and Neil Adam. Lucia is a "Customer Satisfaction" consultant to companies including the satellite mapping firm, Digital Globe. Daughter Kristin continues her medical missions work in India with Virginia Children's Connection. In addition to her nursing skills she has become a travel co-ordinator for the group. They go to a remote hill district, Giridih, and operate on girls with facial deformities. Catha and Viggo's boys, Edwin and Martin, had a banner year with the family firm, Rambusch Company. Martin oversaw and participated in the artwork on the spectacular mosaic dome at the great crossing of the Washington, D.C.'s Basilica of the National Shrine of Immaculate Conception. His twin, Edwin, has completed another long-term project, the design and painting of a massive banner (10'x20' feet) commemorating the martyred Guatemalan missionary, Stanley Rother. It was unfurled at his beatification mass in September in Oklahoma City. Viggo has been involved in a challenging



project moving a series of stained glass windows he created 53 years ago! They are now successfully incorporated in a modern office building, the new quarters of the original client, *America*, a Jesuit weekly magazine. They honor Father John La Farge (son of the great artist), a longtime editor of *America*.

Reflections come from California from our much-missed longtime *Tyringham Topics* editor **Roberta Myers**. “Our beloved Cold Spring Farm in Sandisfield sold in August to a very nice couple from the Boston area. I am relieved and sad at the sale as part of my heart remains in Berkshire County. My husband Bob Evans and I saw a number of folks on our trip back this summer.” Roberta remains in touch with local issues through her daughter Susan Baxter, “who is actively monitoring the pipeline being installed in Sandisfield in the ‘Permanently Protected’ Otis State Forest. Now that it has been installed, Tennessee Gas has informed us there is no need for this transmission capacity. I am hoping they will decide to decommission the 66-year-old original pipeline which is a true danger to the area.” She closes, “I miss Tyringham and treasure memories of working on the *Topics*.”

Another reflection from old timers, **Mary and Ozzie Rathbun** now living in Lee on Marble Street, “We want everyone to know that we miss Tyringham and all the people. It was a decision we had to make.”

Shaker Pond Ricki Cowell

Sadly we have just learned, as we go to press, that Ozzie Rathbun died on November 15th 2017. He will be much missed by his many Tyringham friends.

Cobble Trail

Answers to crossword puzzle p. 30

A	C	T			S	A	E	T			P	I	S	E
S	H	A	R		A	L	B	E	E		C	A	I	N
H	I	N	T	E	R	L	A	N	D		E	P	E	E
	N	T	E	S	T	S		S	A	S	S	E	R	
V	E	R	S	A			C	E	M	E	T	E	R	Y
A	S	U		S	I	L	O		S	P	O	T	A	D
R	E	M	S		R	E	N	O		T	R	E	S	S
				T	Y	R	I	N	G	H	A	M		
O	N	C	U	E		S	I	R	I		S	L	E	D
S	E	A	M	A	N		C	E	D	E		E	D	A
H	O	P	B	R	O	O	K			R	H	E	A	S
	N	E	L	S	O	N		E	E	L	E	R	S	
S	O	L	I		S	E	T	T	L	E	M	E	N	T
K	I	L	N		E	U	R	O	S		P	R	E	S
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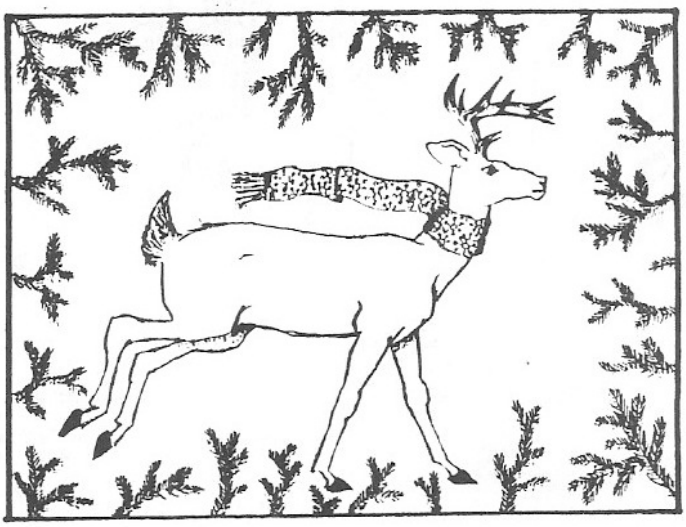
SEASON'S GREETINGS!

In Memory of Stet
Barbara Adams & all the Adams family
Robin & Ken Almgren, Gunnar & Suzanne
Robert & Toodie Alsop & family
Happy Holidays! Ken & Sue Baker
Betty & Bill Bean & Ricardo
Lynn Bertelli & Alan Wilcox
Kim and Mary Lou Bradley
Teresa Bragdon & John Cannon
Denise Hoefer & Dennis Brandmeyer; Tracy; Alex Brandmeyer, Elisenda Peters & Alma Brandmeyer
Larry Bravo
Mary Ann Brown and family
Sharon and Andrew Brown and family
Jack & Irmgard Bucher
Joyce & Henning Carlson & Kimberly; Michael, Ryan & Zachary
David Carriere
Feliz Navidad! Edgar Chamorro, Edgar Ignacio y Myra, Penelope: Linda y Mateo Chamorro
Peter & Gail Charpentier; Lissy & Matt & Christina Charpentier: Hollis Ellerbee; Alexandria & Michael
In loving memory of Dorothy Choquette
Bob & Sue Choquette & family
In loving memory of Francis E. Clark Sr.
Betty Clark & family: Terrie & Ray, Francis Jr. & Jennie, James, Dale & Linda, Gail & Carm, Jean & Wayne, Karen & Randy, Lori & Dennis; and grandchildren: Joey, Jennifer, Buddy, Ellie, James Robert, Dale Jr, Matthew, Michelle, Dominic, Christopher, Samantha, Nicole, Anthony, Kaitlyn, Brooke: and great granddaughter Madison
Pat Clark & family
The Clarks: Terry & Jon;
David, Shannon, Jacob & Zachary Clark
Kevin, Sarah, Kayden, Charlie, Ezra & Max
Jim & Karen Consolati; Ben, Austin, Darren & Evan
Bill Cosel & Adrienne Miesmer, Gabey Cosel & Luke Thompson & Inez; Molly Cosel & Will & Jack & Ricky
Ricki & Steve Cowell
Carl & Chris Curtin; Christopher & Chrissie, Quinn & Paige Barry; Larry & Chrissy Curtin
In memory of Carl and Mary Curtin & Roy and Mary Fisher: Gene & Nancy Curtin; Kevin, Cindi, Hunter, Caden & Kendall Curtin; Gene, Lee, Oliver & Sawyer Curtin; Scott, Kristen, Aubrey, Kenzie & Elianna Curtin
Gerry Curtin
In memory of Neil Curtin and all loved ones
Helen Curtin & Mary Erichetto
In loving memory of Katy Beth Curtin Murphy
Jim & Kathy & Denise Curtin; Joe, Jess & Will Curtin; Jim, Helen, Kara & Anita Curtin; Shawn Murphy
In memory of Sissy Curtin, Joe & Marion Whalen, Neil Curtin
John & Lori Curtin
In loving memory of Deanna & Peter Curtin
Tom & Maggie Curtin, Missy and Peter Curtin Jr and sons Ethan, Collin; Jamie Curtin and family, Joshua, Nissa & Asia; Matt Curtin & Joni, Dillon & Devon; Eden & Joshua Curtin, Dominic; Tina Earl & Megan
Sue & Joe Delmolino; Brody, Mariah, Amara Hale, Brian Delmolino, Nicole & Dustin Hover
Tom Dillon, Joe & Margaret Dillon Katz, Rebecca
Alison Donald
Adam & Shelby Donald
David, Jill & William, Andrew and Daniel Donald
John Donald & Penelope Borax,
In loving memory of Roy & Candace Heath & my sister Candace Coco
Donna & Gerry Drake
The Elliotts: Clint & Elizabeth; Susannah Elliott & Kim Novick; Alex Elliott; Rosy Elliott & Hank Glassman
Mark & Sandy Farnham
Donald, Bridget, Elisabeth & Rudd Fawcett
Jim & Eugénie Fawcett; Nan, Rob, Zachary & Elliot Sedgwick; James & Kathy, Richard & Clara Fawcett, John, Carol & Eliza Fawcett
Bill & Marilyn Fennelly, Parker & Ethan Dakota Fennelly; Catherine, Brian & Phoebe & Phin Bailey
In memory of Eddie S. Fennelly
Dianne, Adam, Darrell Fennelly & Pat & families
Everett & Mary Ann Fennelly; Everett Jr, MaryBeth & Luke; Amy Fennelly & Byron Renderer; Kathleen & Terrence Harris & Liam
Thomas Fennelly
Ann & Joe Gallo; Adriana, Phoebe & Francesca
Allan & Mary Garner; Nancy Garner Wood, David Garner & Levi
Helena (Palmer), Stefan, Damian, Francesca & Therese Gatterburg
Nini & George Gilder; Louisa, Mellie & Greg Tyrosvoutis & Gus, Richard & Irene, Nannina & Joe Stearn
Kathryn Greenthal & Ted Stern
Sally Griffin & Eric Griffin
In memory of Mary Hale and the Hale family
Donald B. Hale, Alice M. Hale; Bill & Christine Corcoran; D.C., Dylan, Mason & Mary Yvonne Bienvenue; Christian & Maizie Bienvenue, Wren & Roque
Jean Hale
In memory of Deborah Hale: Stephen Hale
John & Elizabeth Hanson
Carol Hardy-Fanta & Christopher Fanta
The Hartmans: Steve & Judy, Tess Moore & Hazel, Nadia, Dave, CoCo Wyatt Watts
Gladys Heath
Ruth A Heath; John; Karie, Wendy; Paul, Jennifer, Rhiannon, Jacob; Christina Heath; Herb & Debbie Heath; Karen & Joe Pulver; Amy, Abby & Lily Fredsal; Eric, Brian, Terri, Dylan, Brooklyn Heath;

SEASON'S GREETINGS!

Connie & Kevin Keegan; Shawn Heath & Darlene Ferritti; Nancy & Randy, Robert, Adam & Lora, Tyler, Cameron Wade; Steve & Ruth LeCompte: Anatoly, Shannon & Alexander Davidenko; Tim, Erin, Olivia & Owen Hart
Robert Hildebrand
Murray Hochman & Lois Jensen
Maggie Howard
Sarah Hudson
Dan Jocz
The Joyner and Kearns families
Holly & Roger Ketron; & the Lefkowitzes, the Wheelwrights, the Birdsalls & Susanna Ketron
Mary D. Kierstead; Plum, Susanna & Sophie, Willem; Nick & Lisa, Hopper, Lilabel Virginia
Celia Kittredge, Kit Clucas, the Jay Ogdens, Tom Ogdens, the Sullivans, the Charlie Kittredges, the Scotts & the Rowleys
Betty Kramer; Alice Truax & Betsy Tanner; Jane Thrailkill & Hawley Truax, Olivia & Naomi; Julie & Charles & George Truax
Lainie & Larry Krasnoff
Sue McIntosh Lloyd, Bob, Ben Seth and Tom Lloyd
Dot & Dick Loring; Deborah Hall, Ricky Loring & Tamy, Ed & Marion Loring
In memory of William & Jane Bond and Charlie & Bea Loring: Russ & Margaret Loring
Tunk & Dede Loring & all family members
The Ma Family: YoYo, Jill, Nicholas, Emily & John
Paul Margus
Carey McIntosh & Joan Ferrante; Rustin McIntosh & Than McIntosh; Amy Pullen, Ethan & Lydia
Ken & Peggy McIntosh
Angelica McLennan; the Sabri-Syps, Miranda & Dazzy Stewart.
Charles Mirotznik
Jean Moore & Steve Rubin: *Wishing all our Tyringham friends and neighbors a happy holiday season and a happy, healthy New Year*
Rainsford & Judy Morehouse: *May we have peace on earth!*
J. Robert Moskin & Lynn Goldberg Moskin, David & Camela Moskin, Nancy Moskin, Mark Moskin
John Muller and Cecilia Jones
Shaun & Holly Murphy
Roberta Myers & Bob Evans
Anne and Reese Palmer and family
Happy Holidays to all!
Marge Palmer, Kelly, Mark, Ben & Mikayla Kelly;
Butch, Kristen & Kenley Palmer
Tonio & Barbara Palmer, Caroline, William & Henrik
Petey Perkins, Louie, Ned, Jamie, David & Kate & the gang
Diana Hitt Potter; Horatio & Liz Potter & Jeffrey
Don & Lauria Puntin
Matthew & Amy Puntin; Emma, Sophia & Allie
Viggo & Catha Rambusch,
Kenzie & Pierson; Martin & Marjorie, Nicholas, Jackson & Fritz; Neil & Lucia, Marygrace, Katrin & Cecila Adam; Kristin & Sandy von Thelen.; Edwin and Sharon.
In memory of Ozzie: Mary Rathbun
Peggy Reber & Dennis Shapson
Margaret Olds Richards & the Luchars: Barrie; Alex, Poppy Thomas, Robert & Catherine; Jim, Betsy, Ian & Teddy
Michael Rood and family
Tim, Molly, Dakota, & Benjamin Schaefer
Judy & Tom Sides
Charles & Alice Slater; Julie; Bill & April, Andrew & Lindsey, Owen & MacKenzie Slater, Chas & Ellen Gonnello; Craig Slater & Melissa Maiorella; April & Bill Roche, Garrett & Luke, Ryan & Melissa Slater, Ethan & Emma.
Peggy Donald Snider, Gypsy Snider, Laska Leonard, Galia Leonard, Lorenzo Pisoni & Jes & Leandro Kelly Pisoni
In memory of Ryan Storti, John & Eleanor Canon, Carolyn Canon: Jennifer (Canon) & Gary Storti, John & Marie Canon
Edward & Anne Studzinski
Rob & Liza (Slater) Taylor, Bobby & Calla.
In loving memory of Gerald and Reed Swart:
Ruth Swart, Sally & Herb Schild
Brian & Sidney Urquhart
Rachel Urquhart, John Herrera & family
Gordon & Kate Van Orman & family
Sisters of the Visitation
The Wasserman family
Joe Wilkinson & Darleen Wilkinson
In memory of Mike, Evelyn & Ken Winters
Bert, Karen, & Chad Williams; Keith, Sandi, Ashley, Linsey & Cayce Williams; Tim, Diane & Dominic Williams
Mark & Liz Williams



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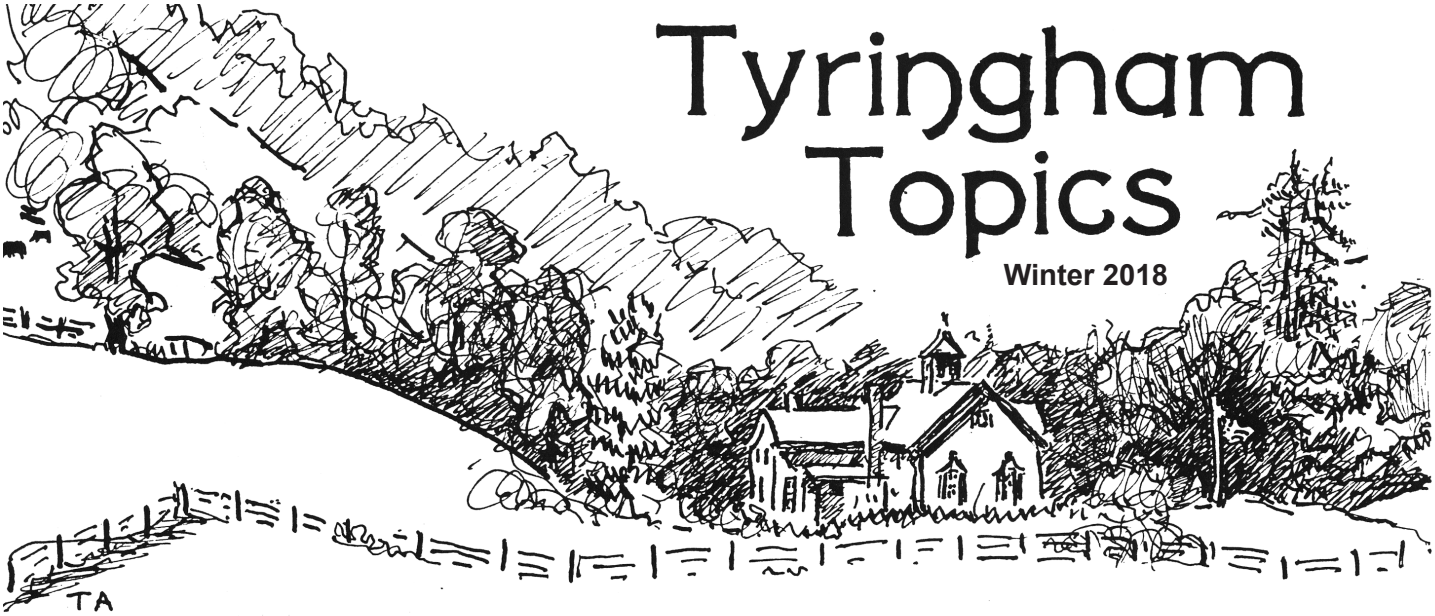
Francesca Gallo



Tyringham Topics

Winter 2018

Published annually by the Hop Brook Community Club, in the interest of church and community

"Tales of Courage" became the theme of this issue when we were meeting in September on the day of John McCain's death. Earlier in the year the Hop Brook Club had received an impressive scholarship application from a Goose Pond student and athlete who had overcome a serious head injury to start a nursing career. What other tales of courage might *Tyringham Topics* readers have to tell?

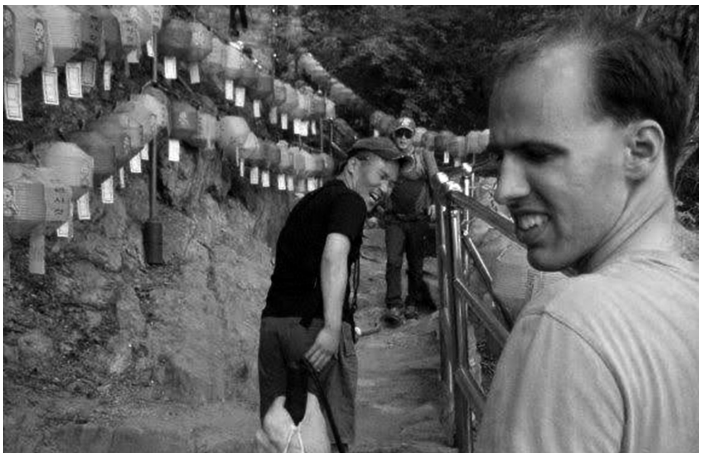
From icy waters in Antarctica to back alleys in South Korea, around local chicken coops and slippery sledding tracks, these accounts make great reading! Thank you all who wrote, photographed and contributed in other ways, including the crossword puzzle, to this courageous 2018 issue of *The Tyringham Topics*.

A Courageous Haircut

Brody Hale

The year I spent as a Fulbright Scholar in South Korea, teaching English at Yeungnam University outside the city of Daegu afforded me a multitude of fascinating experiences I shall think of and treasure for a lifetime. Without courage being present in large measure from the outset of one memorable experience, however, I would not be able to recount what I am about to write. On the evening of March 13, 2012, I decided it was time I went for a haircut. I had visited several barbers in the vicinity of my apartment previously, but that evening I had a bit of trouble finding any of them. Peering through the glass front door of a storefront I thought was a barber shop, I saw, in addition to several individuals inside, what appeared to be a table and possibly clothing or something else for sale. Figuring I had made a wrong turn, I backed up and prepared to try to find a barber shop again when a man rushed out and grabbed my hand.

To this day, I have no idea how the first word that poured forth from his mouth happened to be "HAIRCUT!" Perhaps it was his shop and I had mistaken it for a barber shop previously; perhaps he had ESP. Either way, he said several more times at the top of his lungs, "HAIRCUT!" My sense of smell soon led to the inescapable conclusion that the man had recently consumed a great deal of alcohol, and this triggered alarm bells in my brain. I wanted a haircut, however, so I answered the man, "yes, haircut." "COME!" he shouted as he took my hand and began walking. As we walked, he continued to shout at



Brody Hale climbing steps at a Buddhist temple in Korea

the top of his lungs "HAIRCUT, HAIRCUT!" A mixture of concern and embarrassment began to fill my mind as we walked down the street, which was filled with people, and they increased as the man transitioned into belting out a traditional Korean song at the top of his lungs. I wasn't sure at that point whether I wished I could see the expressions on the faces of those around us or if I should have been grateful that I couldn't.

When we reached the barber shop, the man sighed. Given the darkened windows, I was not surprised when he said "closed." What happened next, however, startled me and caused my level of concern to grow from about a three to a nine. "COME!" he shouted, as he locked his arm around mine in an intensely tight grip and began dragging me in another direction. I probably should have

fled when he stopped in front of the shop he had come out of, but I told myself that South Korea's crime rate was low and that it was unlikely anything bad would happen to me. When he reemerged (I still wonder why he popped inside for a moment), he resumed his tight grip on my arm and dragged me down an alley, which was pitch black. My concern level reached a full 10 when the man proceeded to drag me through a door into an unlit building and up a completely dark flight of stairs. I had visions of myself being robbed or goodness knows only what, and I seriously thought about trying to get away, but again, I realized guns were illegal for the most part in Korea and figured everything would be fine.

At the top of the stairs was a Korean beauty parlor; to this day I wonder how its proprietor got any business, considering its location! I got the impression, upon entering, that I was the first man ever to seek a haircut there; the female employee on duty seemed truly nervous to cut my hair. I became nervous when the man who had brought me there attempted to seize her scissors, seemingly to undertake the job himself! Luckily, she resisted his demands that she yield the scissors; it seems she also thought that an intoxicated non-barber might not be the best person to be cutting my hair. When she had finished and I had paid her, the man walked me back to the shop where I had first met him. Overcome with emotion, he bid me goodbye; I bowed and took my leave of him, as well. At many points during the nearly hour we were together, I was quite nervous, but I had the courage to realize that things would work out, one way or another. I never saw the man again while I was in Korea; I wonder if he remembers that evening now, and if he smiles when thinking of it, as I have while writing this piece.

The 30-year-old sign "Blind Child Area" is still in place near Brody Hale's house in town. In the 1990s we would see young Brody learning to navigate the grassy verges of the Main Road. Since then he has smoothly negotiated icy, steep sidewalks at Tufts University, Morningside Heights at Columbia, the streets of New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina and most dramatically those of Daegu, South Korea. Editor's Note.

A Brave Town

Holly McLennan Ketron

Burning season. Nowadays you have to get permission to burn, and the spring season is limited. But back in 1952, people burned trash outdoors all year round, no permission needed.

On a gorgeous April day in that year, one of the driest springs in years, a tiny spark from trash was lifted by the wind and ignited the ground behind the farmhouse where we lived (now itself called Ashintully). It launched a wave of fire that fed on the fields up to the "big house" and beyond, eventually burning 600 acres in Tyringham. My parents, John and Honora McLennan, raced into the farmhouse to call the fire department.

Because of the high winds, there were fires all over the county. Multiple towns sent engines in addition to dealing with their own fires. But the stunning response was from our own Tyringham: Everett Fennelly told me recently, "I think half the town turned out. I was about 12, and there was a huge gang of us kids. We all carried what were called Indian Tanks filled with water on our backs up the hill to help deal with the fire on the ground. It was a tremendous amount of work for everyone."

The need for adequate water was a huge problem. Trucks came in on the back entrance up the hill from the mansion, getting water from the stream that runs from Barnes Road down along Main Road to join Hop Brook. One truck set itself up on Sodom Road, so a

Ashintully fire The Berkshire Eagle

hose could be pulled up the driveway, which was very steep. Donny Hale was in the fire company, and when the men could not haul the heavy hose up the hill, he got on a tractor and pulled the hose up to the house. It may be that particular hose that is shown in the picture, along with the hoards of men, women and children who raced to help. As much water was poured on the stately white walls and the slate roof as possible to protect the building. "Sure, we were pretty confident that the house was alright, as the fire on the ground had gone around the houseup the hill behind." In fact, many of the kids took the chance to go into the house and explore. Some had never been inside. "Looking down from that little balcony into the ballroom was just really remarkable," says Everett.

But the time of danger did come. In the woods, falling burning debris was a danger. Dr. Vohr from Lee had set up a first aid station near the fire. Bruce Logan was looking out a window on the second floor when, suddenly, people below were yelling, "Get out! Get out! The vines on the outside wall are on fire!"

It was those huge flaming grape vines clinging to the outer walls that signaled the end. Sparks got under the slates on the roof, a short distance from the top floor rooms, which were completely constructed out of cedar, a beautiful and aromatic fuel.

Sid van Orman also remembers the fire vividly, and points out "we had to focus on the safety of 200 or so people. When the smoke started coming out from under the eaves, someone yelled "we gotta get away from this

thing." Everyone raced to the uphill side of Ashintully, up behind the driveway. "Even way back up there," says Sid, "once the fire got going, the heat was tremendous. This was a gigantic, dangerous fire, especially since the house was so huge."

Donny remembers seeing the round cupola on the roof cave in. The roof and the fire with it tumbled down all the way to the basement, and the wood and stucco house erupted into an inferno. The flames shot up in the air at least twice the height of the mansion. As the wind strengthened, it sent huge showers of sparks everywhere. As the fire took control, it was getting dark. The house was gone in about 20 minutes.

I think every fire that destroys a house, a barn, a treasured church, is a massive shock. We had only just moved out of Ashintully, the house my father was born in, four years before. Now, it was really gone. Just the four pillars remained and the chimney. I used to go up with my father to mow the lawn around Ashintully after we moved out, and now we would do the same around the ruins. There was loving care of what was left. I am so glad my schoolmates got to explore before the end of that era.

What I remember most poignantly now is my father talking, in the following days, about how incredible it was to see the Tyringham Fire Company working so hard with what seemed like the whole town pitching in. These men, so many of whom he considered friends, were volunteers giving everything they had to solving fire problems, ensuring safety in the face of the kinds of disastrous developments a huge fire can bring, and to try to save the house. Being surrounded by the community and watching its strength and resources being put to the test touched our family deeply. My father saw the fight as an act of incredible generosity in the face of danger. That stayed with my family as our definition of courage.

Remembering the Day Of the Ashintully Fire

Alice Hale

On Sundays, my family and I tried to relax—not always easy when you are running a large, active dairy farm. But we always had a steak dinner on Sundays—me, my mother and father, my uncle and my brother Don. The problem was that bad things tended to happen on Sundays and our steak dinners were often interrupted.

One very bad thing that happened on a Sunday was the big fire at Ashintully in 1952.

The men in my family left very quickly to offer their help. We women stayed behind for a while, but then I decided to go up there to see what was going on. We were very worried that people might be in serious danger.

To this day, I can't remember how I got up there, but I did, and I was overwhelmed to see that the whole town had turned out to try to save this beautiful mansion. I admired their courage.

Summer Dusk

Jean Moore

The peace of summer dusk.
On Jerusalem Road, I
breathe.
Tranquility is at hand.

On his leash, Sly walks
just ahead.
I look out over fields of
lacy white.
He stops, sniffs dirt,
and noseys in
for a deeper scent.

But alas, home and
supper wait,
so I give his lead a
gentle tug.
Everything is according to plan.

Sly
Steve Rubin

Until it isn't.

It happens fast…yet: A leap is frozen in mid-air.
A wild thing pounces, misses his quarry, and
bolts across the road into the underbrush.

Sly pulls hard and free. He bounds after in pursuit
barely touching down.
I scream, but he, so easily distracted
by squirrel
by bird
by reminders
of his feral past,
is gone.

Two creatures in the underbrush across the road.
The bushes shake. I tremble, calling for
(a motive forms): my protector!
He who tore off, after that wild thing.

The wild thing, muscled and broad,
with mottled fur,
pointed ears at head
but hardly any tail behind.

I know this is a fight my brave boy cannot win!

I scream. Numb with fear, I make my way across the road.
Then, the bushes part,
and like some battle-weary Odysseus,
Sly comes to me, leash trailing.

My protector-warrior!
No trophy hangs from his jaws to prove his mettle,
but he, the returning hero, is no less brave, no less loved.

Do You Feel Courageous?

Bill Cosel

I really don't. Have I ever been courageous? Maybe once, with the help of a string and a doorknob, when I pulled out my loose tooth. Courage or foolishness?

When I was a child, this act of courage from *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* by Frank L. Baum made a huge impression: "... suddenly somewhere deep within the forest, a startling roar, was heard. The next moment a great big Lion bounded into the road. With one blow of his paw he sent the Scarecrow spinning over and over to the edge of the road, and then he struck at the Tin Woodman with his sharp claw. Dorothy, fearing her dog would be killed, and heedless of danger, rushed forward and slapped the Lion upon his nose as hard as she could, while she cried out: "Don't you dare bite Toto! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big beast like you, to bite a poor little dog!"

When our hearts pound from fear, could we do what Dorothy did? Would we show that kind of courage? She just did what was right. No nerves. All heart.

But I don't need Hollywood to give me more fine examples; I've seen real courage right here in Tyringham.

Take Louisa Gilder Marsh, when she walked right up on our stage and sang "Climb Every Mountain" from The Sound of Music…one of the toughest songs from a Broadway musical. Tough because of the high notes, the message, and the enormous vocal range. Never pretending to be a singer, she overcame fear. She just did it (and she nailed it). Courageous.

Take our town's firemen and first responders, always there from wherever they were – eating a meal, sleeping, at work – not questioning for even a split second what they may face when they arrive at the scene. Just showing up. Courageous.

Take the men and woman of Tyringham who helped protect us by serving in the military. Some resting in our cemetery. Courageous.

Still, a final word of advice:

> **Cowardly Lion**: All right, I'll go in there for Dorothy (grrrr). Wicked Witch or no Wicked Witch, guards or no guards (snarl), I'll tear them apart (growl). I may not come out alive, but I'm going in there (ROAR!)
> There's only one thing I want you fellows to do…
> **Tin Man and Scarecrow**: What's that?
> **Cowardly Lion**: Talk me out of it!

The Courage of Women

Bonnie Costello

Marjorie Embrough Costello

My mother, Marjorie Costello, came often to spend time with us in Tyringham in the last 20 years of her life. She had always been a great walker, and even when she was severely crippled, she would head out early in the morning, ski poles supporting her, and walk along George Canon Road for an hour or two. Some of you may have spotted her there in all kinds of weather.

My mother was happiest in her gardening clothes, but in her younger years, when she had to dress up for an event or function, she would add a bright dab of lipstick, calling it her "red badge of courage"—a phrase she borrowed from a book by Stephen Crane. She was a great reader, and loved vivid language.

And she did have courage; it wasn't just makeup. We hear a great deal about the courage of men, especially in battle. But I find myself thinking, since she's gone, about the quieter courage of women.

In her case, also, the courage of the immigrant, the English war bride, barely out of school, choosing to marry an American soldier she knows mostly from letters, turning her back on the university education she'd prepared for, and setting out for a new world.

The courage to start a family in rural Ohio, a kind of frontier, away from everything familiar, to set down roots by renovating an old fishing camp beside a river, only to start again a decade later, in suburban New Jersey with its very different codes and manners.

It couldn't have been easy to raise daughters in the 60s, with its careless rebellions, or in the early 70s, at the height of the feminist movement, which changed the shape of women's lives, but also undervalued all that our mothers had done for family and home. Yet, my mother encouraged us to be independent, to write our own stories.

Courage can seem a rather grim word, implying adversity, but it can also mean a sense of adventure. There is no joy without risk.

Who but someone with a great sense of adventure would leave the complacencies of suburban life for the challenges of farming in the Adirondacks?

And every day she found joy in it—in the birth of a lamb in winter, the first sight of daffodils in spring, a cool lake swim on a sweltering day, the blaze of autumn color in the mountains.

Other words for courage come to mind to describe our mother: pluck, grit, spirit, hardihood. I think she found these qualities in the rural people around her and felt a kinship.

And then there is the ultimate courage of facing the necessity to leave what she loved, her beautiful Adirondack home on which she had labored for almost 40 years, not because she wanted to leave, but because it was time. And to bravely make a new life in the community of seniors in Beverwyck.

My four sisters and I were lucky in our parents. I hope we, and our children, have inherited their courage, to meet our chances as boldly and joyfully as they met theirs.

Tale of Courage or Tale of Youthful Innocence?

Don Puntin

Til and Ada Puntin (parents), Bill and Donald Puntin (children)

Back in the late 50s our family (Dad, Mom, Billy, Tim and I) would come up to the "camp" in the winter and ice fish. There were several things we would do to pass the time when the fish weren't biting. Back then we were lucky if we could drive up to the beginning of Cooper Creek Road. Several times, we would have to put chains on the car to be able to drive to get that far. Then we parked the car and walked down to the cottage.

One day the three brothers—Tim, Bill and Don—decided to hook our two flexible fliers together and go slide down Cooper Creek Road from the beginning at Goose Pond Road. The road was all ice, beautiful for steel runner sleds. We started down with the three of us on two sleds. As we approached the bottom of the hill AND Cooper Creek Brook, Billy and I realized we would not make the last corner because we were going too fast. Billy and I hollered "jump." We did, but Tim, too young to know any better, hung on and landed in the brook. Fortunately, it was frozen, and he never got wet.

I don't remember if we ever told Mom or Dad, but my guess is that baby brother Tim spilled the beans.

Courage or youthful ignorance or innocence?

Moving to Tyringham

Nancy Hickey

When I'm asked what led me to move here at this stage in my life, several things come to mind. I think of the woman I met at a Garden Club of America gathering, a certified lifecoach. Her card read "Bravery Becomes You." That stuck in my head.

At home in Tyringham, Nancy with her dogs Bonden and Bru

Another push toward change came from my son and daughter-in-law, who increasingly worried about the five-hour drive from their home in New York to my then-home in St. Michaels on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Rising tides that have caused the local farmers' alarm, and a 1600s farmhouse in need of more repair than the diminishing shoreline could justify, contributed to our thoughts of moving.

Still, I had established a circle of close friends since retiring from New York, and a second move seemed inconceivable, even foolhardy. Make new friends? Find my way around? At my age? Would it wear me out? Or bring new adventures?

Meanwhile, just 'out of curiosity,' my son started looking online within a three-hour diving radius of New York City, and our family conversations increasingly turned to imagining what it would be like to live elsewhere.

One afternoon, Rod sent me a link to a Sotheby's real estate listing. I clicked it open and saw a beautiful house high on a hill. The grounds were lovely, with a waterfall and a carriage barn where he could build his dream workshop. "Why don't we go see it?" we all said, so I boarded a train for the city, and we all drove up in April.

Gladys Montgomery, the real estate agent, met us at the top of the winding driveway. She opened the front door, and we stepped through to the front hall. My daughter-in-law, Angela, and I shot each other a look that said, "we're home."

By June, the house was ours, and the farm in Maryland, where I had spent 20+ years of weekends and 12+ full time as a widow, was packed from top to bottom.

Was I afraid? Absolutely! I had no friends or acquaintances in the area. But I had grown up outside Boston and knew of Great Barrington, and somehow, through the fear, it felt welcoming.

All the self-help books tell you to take the leap and trust that things will turn out. They may be right. Shortly after moving in, I was introduced to Nini Gilder and the Hop Brook Club. Before I had time to be lonely, I was hanging Christmas greens in the church. The warmth and welcome of the Tyringham community has made me feel at home, quickly.

So, was I brave? Maybe a little. But oh, what a little bravery has brought!

Fear and Courage in the Waters Off Antarctica

Charles M. Mirotznik

Not so long ago I imagined the great polar explorers and their indomitable courage in journeying to inhospitable, unmapped and frigid lands without the clothes of Patagonia and the high grade fabrics of today. These thoughts came to me out of thin-air as I had never road-mapped the polar regions as a travel destination or as part of my "bucket list."

With the reality of global warming, the challenge of witnessing first-hand these magnificent and extremely remote South Atlantic polar lands became an obsession and my quest became an ideological necessity. I was also fast approaching 65—and these adventures had a different perspective —the creeping-up of an imagined physical decrepitude!

Charles Mirotznik

It was now or never! Put up or shut up! Ship's ahoy!

I was also unsure of my own physical and mental strength as this is an epic journey and the seas and waters (the South Atlantic convergence and the Drake Passage) are extremely treacherous and seasickness is a real concern, as are other real, imagined and unknown dangers. I brought numerous prescribed medications (including scopolamine) for my own survival in the event medical issues arose (like hypochondria). There is a mandatory and extremely costly evacuation insurance policy that you must provide before embarkation. If one passenger becomes seriously ill—the ship may turn back - there are no refunds and this risk is clearly spelled out in the Embarkation Contract. Also the chances of a plane or other ship coming to your rescue - are slim and costly. You see no other ships and the Russian captain and his crew are vigilant about icebergs—think *Titanic*! The mechanics and computerization of the ship are impressive and eased the, hopefully remote, endless fears.

I began reading about the British Antarctic expeditions—specifically the heroism and valiant courage of Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton (1872-1922) and his ship, the *Endurance*. His bravery, courage and selfless fortitude became legendary and an inspiration that guided me and my fellow shipmates on our ship, the *Hebridean*.

I found an expedition—the Shackleton Centenary Voyage. That celebrated the 100th anniversary of the *Endurance* Expedition and followed Shackleton's remarkable journey. I was very lucky—as the history, scenery, smell and hearty wildlife are truly beyond compare. The brine of the sea perfumes the air and the cold energizes your soul—even with four layers of Polartec.

My journey started when I left New York City and flew to Buenos Aires on October 27, 2016, for a few days of touring this historic and cultured city. The expedition consisted of 100+ travelers from all over the world—Australia, Brazil, Canada, Holland, Israel, England, Scotland and a 16-member group from China.

I traveled solo and shared a cabin with another intrepid fellow from North Carolina. We left Buenos Aires November 1 and traveled for three days to Port Stanley, the capital of the Falkland Islands.

Leaving the Falklands and back at sea for two days leads to the magnificence of South Georgia—a land lost in time and one of the most remote islands in the world. It is a rugged, mountainous, snow capped island teaming with polar life—including seals, penguins, whales, birds, flora and fauna that only thrive in this wet and cold climate.

The length of travel through rough, turbulent seas is extraordinary—but the reasons are obvious and apparent once this destination is reached—there is no place like South Georgia—anywhere.

Polar travel is unimaginable. All preconceived notions, fantasies and travelogues cannot bring you to the realization of arrival. The natural dampness/ruggedness radiates with bewilderment and joy. I felt an inner happiness of exploration that has reawakened my angst-filled mid-life fears, arthritic ailments, anxieties, mortality and delusional dreads.

South Georgia's mystery lies in its isolated location and the richness of its pristine and (now) protected wildlife. It is teeming with king penguins, fur and leopard seals, and

the humongous (male) elephant seals—unimaginable and totally wild. The birds that inhabit this inhospitable frigid/polar windswept lands shine in their strength and magnificence—petrels, albatross, shags, skuas, sheath bills and the reintroduced pipits. The smells (feces and penguin carcasses) are distinct and off-putting—as there are thousands of mating king penguins and multiple species of seals (fur, elephant, leopard and Weddell) and all whimpering in their docility while regal in their stance. We were told to avoid any contact with the seals (stay five feet away)—they bite and can inflict a severe bacterial infection!

The scenery is wildly breathtaking—the snow-capped mountains form a backdrop of awe, beauty and fearsome desolation. Tussock grasses, rotting carcasses, a bellowing katabatic wind and a cacophony of marine mammals vying for attention and evolutionary procreation/seduction—in the safety of limited and strictly permitted access. South Georgia lies within a 200 nautical mile Maritime Zone. The intimacy of being so close to the wildlife—knowing of the underlying dangers—is simply thrilling and magical. It is a transcendent experience that enriches the soul. There is no superficiality in this habitat. I trekked onto the Salisbury Plains to walk with the beautiful king penguins in this other-worldly landscape—this is the reason for traveling to such a wilderness feast. The weather is a constant and frigid cold that is forbidding—with little glimpses of sunshine. The threat of changes in weather conditions is constant. The captain of our ship called us back to the ship unexpectedly due to a change in forecast—"inclement weather." The mechanics and technology of observation is advanced due to satellite imagery. But, when internet problems arise, the ship contacts North America for computer generated weather/wind conditions (see www.windytv.com.). Conservation and ecological/environmental management is progressive but needs improvement—as this island should remain open—only/strictly for scientific research—this should not be a luxury, tourist destination spot. I felt unwelcome and intrusive here—although mesmerized and truly privileged. Respect for this jeweled island is mandated as this is the last vestige of true, unadulterated wilderness.

It was Day 6 of the voyage, and we left South Georgia for the even more remote South Orkney islands. It was Monday, November 14, 2016. I was feeling energized as the scenery was so spectacular. We arrived at the beginning of the annual mating season, and the southern elephant seals were just arriving, marking their territory and assembling their harems.

I had signed up for kayaking and advised the leader and all the others that I was a beginner. They teamed me up with Eric from Kona, Hawaii who told me he had been kayaking for decades in the Pacific. He said he was very experienced and that he would be glad to be my kayak mate. I would get the front of the kayak and he would steer from the back. I was thrilled that I was going to kayak in such an isolated terrain and lucky to be a part of the group. Nonetheless I was concerned about safety and my own "endurance."

Eric and I started slowly paddling near the shoreline—getting used to the pace and building confidence. The scenery was breathtaking. The mountains, the snow, the ice—penguins in the distance.

We got away from the group and were slicing through the water—and moving at a good and steady pace—despite the freezing weather. We passed a bull elephant seal lying on the beach and were quiet and respectful as we were invading his territory. He had a mate about 20 yards away—but no other females. As we passed him, he rose up in an awkward non-menacing pose. He was 15 feet from the water and 30 feet from us. As we passed, he started "wobbling" towards the water and kept his eyes directed at us. He then slithered into the water and started to go after us at an aggressive pace.

Eric froze. I started yelling at him "move it," "faster" and other unprintable words of desperate and terrifying fright! He said "Let's head for the shore." I screamed "No! To the ship!" (which was then about a mile away). I said "f... move it" again and again, but he was frozen and frightened. I don't know where my strength came from, but I paddled as fast and as strong as I could to get back to the ship. I have never, ever been that scared—it was terrifying—the thought of being attacked by such a huge animal (especially during his mating season) in those frigid waters was beyond anything I could have ever imagined. I said to myself "this is the end." The water was icy, and the wind against us. You felt that biting cold which I will never forget! From a distance I saw one of the ship's guides in his black zodiac on a walkie-talkie heading towards us at full throttle. Miraculously he came between the elephant seal and our kayak (it must have been the 50hp engine that scared the seal away), and he turned back immediately toward the shore just in time!

The rest of the kayakers by then, had seen our shock and amazement. We then slowly paddled back to the group and headed back to the ship. I was immensely thankful that nothing had happened and that we were all now safe. In a minute things can turn with animals who are truly and unmistakably wild.

Finally on board I went back to my cabin to rest and check my blood pressure. Then I went down to the dining hall. As I entered the dining room, the entire group stood up to cheer me and the heroism and courage I showed to Eric and my fellow kayakers—a true hero's welcome! I didn't see that coming. I gave a short speech and told everyone that I was indeed thankful that we were all safe and that no harm came to any of us. I especially thanked Eric and the guides for their bravery and courage. The guides then spoke and said they never have seen that type of elephant seal behavior before and were shocked at the seal's aggression. I joked that I would have liked to have known that before I signed up!

This experience has given me more confidence in myself and I now know that you can never pre-judge others and that in rare circumstances each and every one has an inner strength that shines when put to the test.

Orville the Brave

Louisa Gilder Marsh

Nini Gilder

The retired war hero, Orville, enjoying indoor privileges

As everyone who owns chickens knows, free-range chickens are scenic and entertaining and inevitably fox food. But in 2009 I had just returned home from a 5-year California sojourn and had never been in charge of a flock of my own. I was lucky enough to be able to use my grandparents' very well-built chicken coop at Four Brooks Farm, with a concrete floor and hardware wire two feet up the walls, so I didn't have any predators breaking in at night when I locked them up. In the mornings I would run to the farm from my parents' house, and let them out, and they made themselves at home all over the farm, lounging in sunny areas, picking through cow poop, and generally being helpful and amusing (and thoughtfully returning to the coop to lay their eggs in the nest boxes).

My first massacre happened on the evening of my 31st birthday that year, when King Lear and three Shakespearean maidens were slaughtered by a fox; another evening massacre of more Shakespearean maidens followed the next spring. I was convinced that if I just locked them up early enough in the afternoon, the remaining six hens could live long, happy, free-range lives. But the massacre that finally caused me to rethink my system happened at high noon on May 16, 2010. The fox was changing his sleeping pattern so he could enjoy these nice chicken dinners! In this case, he killed four of my remaining six hens—one for dinner (which he carried away), three for the fun of it (which he left).

Down to 2 hens, I went on Craigslist and found some silver-laced Wyandottes in the Pioneer Valley. This is one of the most beautiful breeds of chicken (in my childhood I had been very impressed with the silver-laced Wyandotte rooster my aunt Cathy had christened "Gorgeous George"), and so somehow I convinced myself that it made perfect sense to do a three-hour round trip almost to New Hampshire to restock my henhouse.

The chicks were 2 months old, in a big run, and the owners said I should catch however many I wanted (at the bargain-basement price of $3.50 a head)—with the caveat that they were too young to tell if they were hens or cockerels. So, I jumped into the run and dove around trying to catch the five smallest, on the theory that this would skew my numbers in the right direction.

Five days later, the Hales had to move out of Sunset Farm, and Chris Corcoran asked me if I wanted to take her chickens. So suddenly I went from 2 chickens to 29, including two gentle giant black Langshan roosters the size of small dogs and a bantam rooster with crazed feathers and a Napoleon complex that my sister and I named Mr. Frizzle. With garden fencing collected from various mouldering piles in the sheds and backyards of friends and family, I lined the goats' pasture so that the chickens could range with the goats, safe behind a fence.

By this time, I had learned, amazingly, that my plot to catch only the smallest Wyandotte chicks had worked: of the group of five, only one was a rooster, who I named Orville. In August, when the chicks were five months old, they joined the larger group. The two gentle giants ignored the new arrivals to their kingdom, but Mr. Frizzle and the young Orville had a serious cockfight, with some blood drawn, and Orville won. After that peace reigned for nearly a year before a serious of mysterious events occurred in May 2011.

On more or less on the one-year anniversary of the noontime massacre, I came to the hen house in the evening to find Orville with blood on his claws, as he had been after the cockfight, but this time instead of Mr. Frizzle, a hen was a bit bloody (but ok). I was upset to think that my handsome rooster had bizarrely attacked a hen, but I didn't know what to do about it. The next day, Mr. Frizzle the aggressive bantam rooster was eerily dead, with not a mark on him, on the floor of the coop. But Orville again had blood on his claws. It was very disturbing but not at all clear to me what was going on. On the third day, another hen was bloody but fine—and Orville had lost an eye! It was awful, but was it just what he deserved?

I remember walking up to the Duck Pond through the hayfield thinking this all over and feeling like I was in the chicken version of an Agatha Christie novel. Did I have a homicidal rooster? But why did he have blood on him when the only death so far—that of the snow-white Mr. Frizzle—had been bloodless?

I tried to think of anything that had changed before these disturbing events. About halfway up the field I realized that one thing that was very different was that, as an experiment in early rising, I had been opening the chicken coop very early these mornings. Possibly an intruder was entering the coop that way. Also, Mr. Frizzle had gotten lazy about roosting and had taken to sleeping on top of the grain feeder, not very high off the ground, and directly in front of the little chicken door that I was opening so early in the morning.

I went home and did some research. I learned that finding a chicken totally unmarked but dead as I had found Mr. Frizzle could be consistent with a weasel attack.

Suddenly this put all the clues in a different light. A weasel had snuck into the coop three mornings in a row. While the two huge, but pacifist, roosters just watched, the weasel had killed poor Mr. Frizzle (and neatly drank his blood as they do), and tried to kill some hens, but each

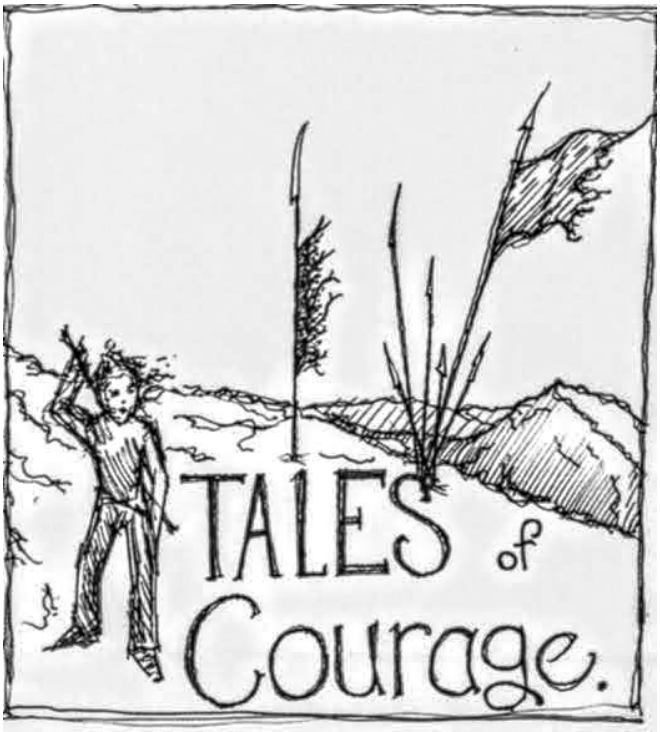
time Orville had fought him off—the final time at great personal expense.

The next morning I opened the door after the sun was well risen and closed it early, and there was no more blood on Orville or anywhere else. I've never had problems with a weasel again. Meanwhile, Orville healed quickly, though I can't even imagine how painful the injury was. (A year earlier, I had taken a goat horn to the eye which had resulted in a mere—but fabulously painful—corneal abrasion, so I knew he was just very tough.) At any rate, the place where the eye used to be healed up well, and Orville went on to a happy life as a retired war-hero. He never had to fight again.

The wounds of battle did shorten his life. In the winter of 2013 he got too cold out in the coop, even with hens grouping around him to keep him warm, and I brought him indoors. He seemed to enjoy the indoor life, hanging out in a crate in a sunny window in the main room of the house, and eating dinner with the family by the fire. He would perch on one arm of a narrow wooden armchair, with his food on the seat of the chair, enjoying the fire and conversation, the only sound the occasional thunk of his poop falling into the trash can conveniently positioned below his beautiful greeny-black tail.

The same thing happened the next winter—after a happy spring, summer, and fall back with the rest of the flock, I found him splayed on the ground of the coop after a cold morning with his body temperature very low—he was ice-cold under his wings, where a chicken should be most warm. Again he made a full recovery indoors, and we enjoyed another winter in his company, and his friends rejoiced to his return to the coop in the spring.

Orville died on a cold day in the first week of December 2014, not quite five years old, but having lived those years to the fullest.



Simon Herrera

Red Badge of Courage? Well, almost!

Sisters of the Visitation

Sister Emmanuel

Saturday, December 18, 2017, started out quietly and promised to be a nice leisurely day. However, is it a Murphy's Law "thing?" that challenges the optimistic to be tempted by doubt?

The Sisters had just finished singing the Lord's praises at Morning Prayer and were preparing for our time of worship, Holy Mass. A loud insistent fire alarm quickly broke the otherwise quiet tranquility of the morning. A message on the Fire Systems' Annunciator read: "Smoke in the boiler room."

Quickly responding to the message, one of the Sisters opened the cool door of the boiler room to see a fine haze in the air. One boiler was indicating "trouble" so Sister turned it off hoping that that was that. About 35 minutes later, while at Mass, a loud "BOOM" was heard along with the reactivated fire alarm system. Two Sisters whispered, "What was THAT!?" and flew down the stairs, whereupon opening the door they once again saw flames jutting out of the flue elbow. Quickly using an all-purpose extinguisher, our quick-thinking Sister put the flames out; a second attempt was needed when more flames reemerged.

Fire Chief Chuck Slater arrived with his faithful attendants and was relieved to see that all was under control. Chief Slater commended the quick action of the two Sisters and said, "You did exactly what we would have done. Great job!" We commend the courage of our two Sister Fire-Fighters, Sister Joan Bernadette and Sister Mary Emmanuel. Both are happy to be called our town's latest "Volunteer Fire-Fighters" for the Monastery!

Later in the morning our HVAC technician came and diagnosed the issues and made sure that all would be safe to operate without the offending boiler until needed repairs could be made.

Little did Chief Slater know that one of the Sisters was serious about being a volunteer "Fire-Fighter." Sister Emmanuel asked if she might have the privilege of donning a firemen's gear! A special celebration at the monastery in January was just the right time to recall this event and encourage the Sisters to all become "Fire-Starters" for the Lord.

Courageous?—Or Foolhardy?

Carol Hardy-Fanta

The *Covadonga* on its transatlantic inaugural in New York,1953

Why in the world would my parents take their young children, my sister and me, across the North Atlantic in a Spanish freighter? In ***February***?

Even if our 1960 voyage predates James Cameron's film, *Titanic*, surely they must have seen *A Night to Remember*, which came out in 1958, just two years before. For all the romance in the 1958 film, the key similarity is that neither ends well: ocean liner hits iceberg and lots of people die in waters of North Atlantic, which were freezing in April; just imagine February!

Why will come a bit later. First, let me take you back to the moment the four of us laid eyes on the *Covadonga*. We had taken a train from Los Angeles, California, to New York City, where we were to board the ship that would take us to La Coruña, on the northwest tip of Spain. When we arrived at the pier, I remember my mother excitedly looking at all the shining ocean liners and asking my dad, "Which one is ours?" He looked around and pointed down—very far down—to what seemed to be a tiny, somewhat dingy, boat. Yes, at about 450 feet long, it was half the length of most ocean liners at that time (the *QE2*, for example, was about 1,000 feet long). That was our introduction to the *Covadonga*! I can still see my mom's face and hear her say, "We're going to sail across the ocean in ***that*** boat?"

Reader, we got on that boat. And thus began our adventure abroad.

I recall little of preparing for what was supposed to be two years away from our home in Southern California (but ended up being 15). What I remember most were the dresses my mother had sewn for the fancy dinners we anticipated on what we thought would be a luxury trip. Traveling at a maximum of 17 knots, the *Covadonga* was not a speedy ship, either, so we had plenty of nights to dress up for dinner! Of course, the North Atlantic in winter is rough, and I spent most mornings in an acute stage of sea sickness. Lucky for me, as an 11 year old, icebergs were not big in my imagination, and by dinner time I was always ready to dress up. (My favorite was made of sky blue organza with a bouffant skirt—women of a certain age will remember those.)

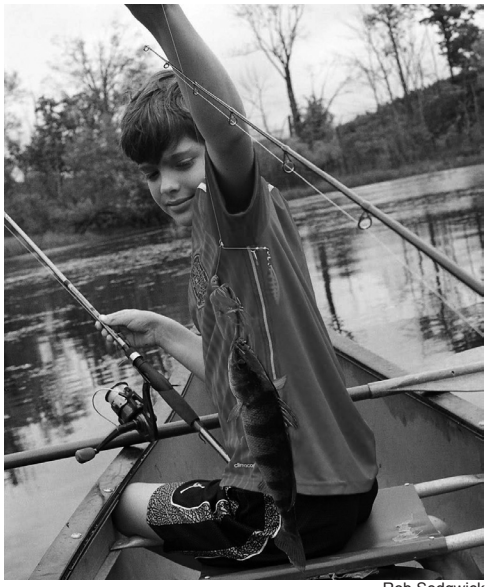
To answer the question, Why? I can only say, You had to know my parents. My father joined the US Navy at 17 and was at Pearl Harbor when it was bombed. Having married my mom, who always wanted to travel, he looked for opportunities overseas. A position working with the Spanish and American navies opened up and they leapt at the chance. It didn't matter that the part of Spain we were going to was called Cabo Finisterre—translates to "end of the earth"—because in Roman times it was literally as far from anywhere you could get to in the known world.

So, were my parents courageous taking the *Covadonga* across the North Atlantic in February?—Or foolhardy?

On the one hand, I have to commend them because it opened up doors for them and for my sister and me. For those who say they were foolhardy? All I can say is "Hardy ***is*** my middle name!"

The Fishing Challenge

Zachary and Elliot Sedgwick

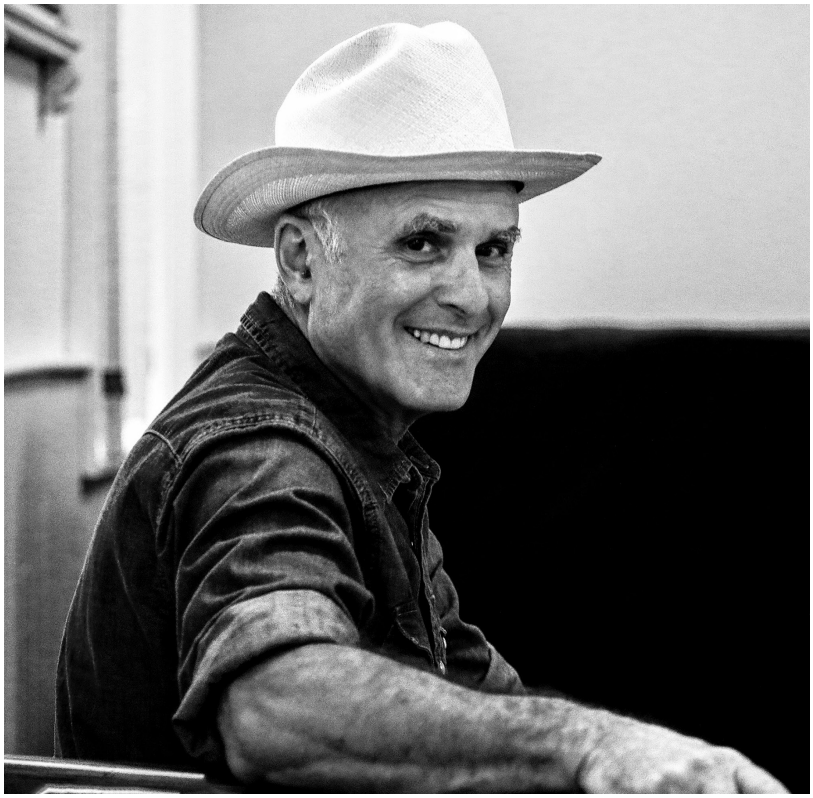


Rob Sedgwick

Elliot Sedgwick

Every summer we go fishing at Shaker Pond. Sometimes we catch a lot of fish but other times we don't catch anything. If the weather is hot and dry the fishing is not good, but we usually catch a lot of fish when it's colder and rainy. One time, Zachary hooked a four-pound Largemouth Bass that was hiding down in the weeds. He pulled and pulled but it almost snapped the line. It took all his strength and courage to pull the fish into the canoe. Another time Elliot caught a Largemouth Bass and there was something in its mouth. At first, we thought it was a lure but turned out to be a live crayfish. Still another time, Pops caught a humungous pickerel using a crank bait. As he was reeling it in up out of the water, the fish bit through the line, looked back and seemed to smile at us before diving back into the water with the lure still in its mouth.

Fishing is a fun thing to do but can also be challenging. Sometimes you sit in the boat for a long, long time and nothing happens. You need a ton of patience to fish. As Jim Guachione once said to us, "If it were easy it would be called "catching," not "fishing."



William (Bill) Dillof
(1948 – 2018)

My husband, William (Bill) Dillof, passed away suddenly and unexpectedly on June 25, 2018 at the age of 70. He was a Tyringham resident for over 20 years. Besides me, his wife and musical partner, he is survived by his adored children Emily Dillof (husband Jerry; son Henry) of San Anselmo, CA and Thomas (Tom) Dillof (wife Vanessa, daughter Aurelie) of San Carlos CA. Bill also leaves behind siblings Dick Dillof, Jane (Mincer), and Lis (Dreizen).

Born in Brooklyn NY and raised on Long Island, Bill graduated from University of Pennsylvania and University of Wisconsin Law School. He left a very successful NYC law practice after a 20+ year career to pursue his passions for music, the outdoors and reading. Bill was an avid musician his whole life, starting with guitar as a young teen, and later expanding to banjo, fiddle, harmonica and Hawaiian guitar. He loved folk music and dedicated most of his life to not only mastering his instruments, but to teaching others and sharing his extensive research and knowledge of traditional American “old time” music.

When my job with Mead Specialty Papers brought us to the Berkshires in 1998 (from Mason, OH) we were thrilled to settle in Tyringham! We loved hiking the Cobble (almost every guest we had hiked it with us at least once), kayaking on Goose Pond, and exploring the Appalachian Trail and hiking paths in our neighboring woods. We were married 9/8/2001 at Eastover in a large music-filled wedding that we both vowed was indeed the happiest day of our lives; the world as we all knew it would change forever in the following days with the tragedies of 9/11.

Bill and I started performing as “Moonshine Holler” around 2000, and to our delight, we were still going strong until his sudden passing. Our music enabled us to be part of so many wonderful community events, as well as to travel and entertain throughout the U.S. It was something we loved doing together, and we were thrilled to be so warmly received by so many. In 2015 we made a CD, “Old Time Melodies” recorded in the Berkshires by local Bobby Sweet - another high point! The CD earned us slots at several prestigious festivals, including the Old Songs and New Bedford Folk Festivals. But it was performing locally and being part of local events that we truly relished and we counted ourselves extremely lucky to entertain our friends and neighbors.

Bill was known for his wit, sense of humor, and loving kindness; his family and friends miss him terribly. Memorial contributions may be made to the ACLU or Doctors Without Borders in Bill’s name.

Paula Bradley

Caleb Richard Cabral
(1975 – 2018)

Caleb Richard Cabral, 42, of Tyringham, passed away after a long battle with heart disease at the home of his parents, Lynn Bertelli and Alan Wilcox on January 24, 2018. He earned the nickname “Bubb,” which is what his younger brother called him when he was a toddler. He tried to shake that name as he grew older but it stuck, like it or not.

Caleb was born April 9, 1975 in Pittsfield and was a graduate of Lee High School. As a child he was a Cub Scout, played the trumpet, enjoyed camping and family celebrations (especially Christmas). On many a Christmas morning he was the first one up—sometimes even before Santa went to bed! He also enjoyed playing golf—once when he was teeing off at Greenock Country Club his ball hit a tee marker, ricocheted back and hit him right over his eye, knocking him out. The result was a ride in an ambulance, stitches and a great story.

Caleb’s physical disabilities prevented him from steady employment, but he enjoyed volunteering at festivals and concerts and helping the homeless when he was able. He spent many of his adult years in the mountains of California where he excelled at horticulture, with his four legged companion Rocket Man by his side and where he met his long-time love Vanessa. He loved watching sports, especially football, and was a fan of the New England Patriots. He enjoyed several trips cross country by train, airplane, bus and car and didn’t need much more than his backpack and his dog by his side.

Caleb was a good natured free spirit and was able to make the best of any situation, he never complained about the illness he fought and continued to have hope until the end. He is greatly missed.

Lynn Bertelli

Edward Harvey Choquette
(1942 – 2018)

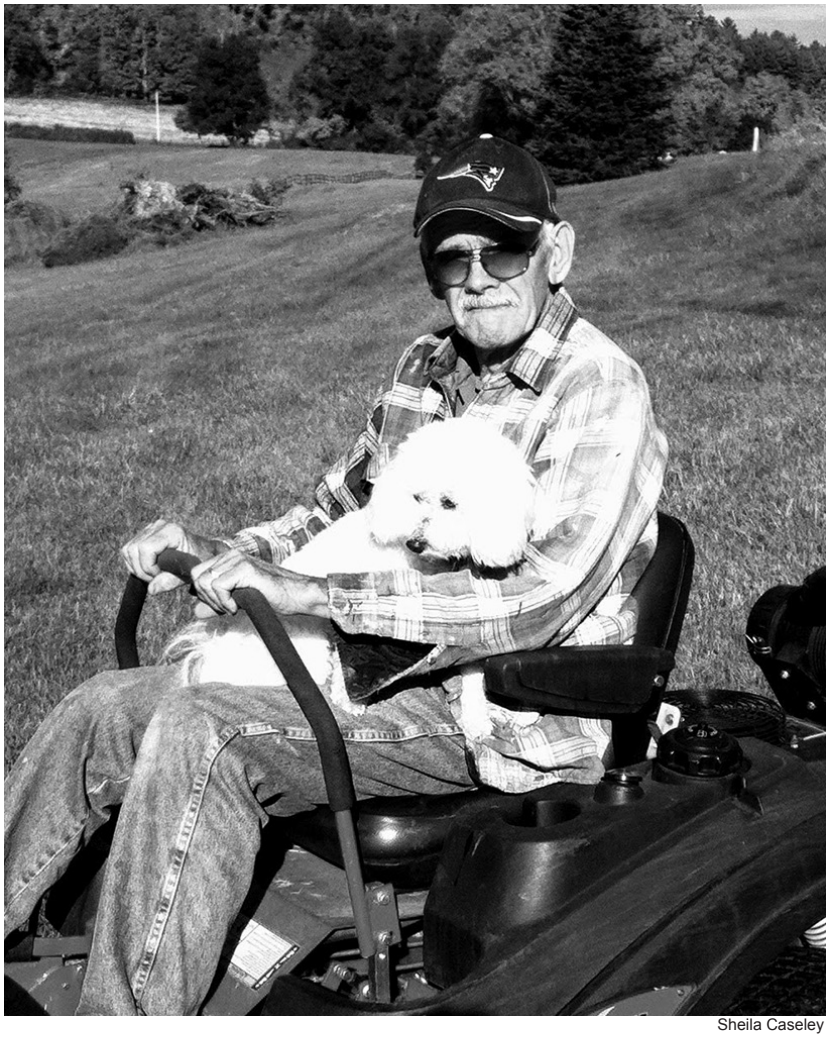
Ed Choquette passed away July 23, 2018, at Fairview Commons, Gt. Barrington, MA, where he had resided for 4 years after having suffered a serious stroke.

Ed was the son of the late Harvey and Dot Choquette and attended Tyringham and Lee public schools, graduating from Lee High School in 1960. Soon after graduation, he enlisted in the army and was stationed in Germany where he met his first wife, and a daughter, Sandra, was born to them. When discharged from the army, Ed and his family returned to Lee, MA, where he took up the trade of electrician and worked for Canon Electric until 1970 when he moved to Connecticut. He spent the remainder of his life in Bloomfield, then in Granby, CT, working for The Hartford as a facility electrician and maintenance technician.

Ed retired in 2012, and for 2 years, followed the adventures of numerous “RVer’s” as he prepared to sell his house, buy an RV and hit the road in search of his own adventures. This he did, and then traveled the country, touring many of the state and national parks of America, his favorite state being Utah. He spent his winters in an RV community that popped up annually in the desert in Arizona, (he loved to pan for gold in Arizona’s streams, tho’ he never struck it rich!) and the summers he spent in Tyringham parked in the driveway at his mother’s house on Main Road. In the early fall of 2014, two days before he was to hit the road again, he suffered a stroke that ended his care-free wanderlust days.

We’ll remember Ed as a great guy with a warm heart; who cherished family; had a great sense of humor; who always had a story to tell; and who loved life and lived it to the fullest.

Sue Choquette



Sheila Caseley

James Lincoln Caseley

(1928-2018)

James Lincoln Caseley died January 12, 2018. He was born and grew up in Quincy, Massachusetts. He graduated from North Quincy High School. He went to work after serving two years in the Army in Germany. Jim worked for 30 years doing structural painting.

In 1980 Jim came to Tyringham courting Sheila Anderson. It's probably Tyringham that he fell in love with but he stayed. Jim and Sheila were married in the Union Church in Tyringham making him a permanent resident. The years that followed included raising two teenagers—Jim's youngest son, Steven, and Sheila's daughter, Kerstin—and raising Arabian horses. The horses were definitely easier.

Jim no longer wanted to travel around the country doing structural painting. He started his own building business doing renovations of old houses and building custom homes. He loved creating beautiful structures and the people for whom he worked appreciated his skills.

When Jim was ready to retire, he decided to build one more house. He wanted one on the water and so began the search for a waterfront building lot on the Chesapeake Bay. The lot was found and thus began the many years of commuting from Tyringham to Rumbley, Maryland. Thus began the saga of two lives, many miles and many wonderful friends in both places.

Jim's ashes are buried in the Tyringham cemetery. He wanted to be buried there in a post hole, and he almost got his wish. It's a little bigger than a post hole, but we hope he doesn't notice.

Sheila Caseley

Petey Perkins
(1925 – 2018)

Petey came to Tyringham in 1938 when her father, Arthur DuBois, inherited the summer estate of his cousin, Banyer Clarkson. She was thirteen years old, and her little brother Johnny was five. The house (now the Felix house) sat part-way up Webster Mountain Road, and Petey could cross the road for a swim in the Palmers' Duck Pond. From there she could spy on nineteen-year-old Ned Perkins, playing shirtless with his friends on the tennis court, while his sisters Louie and Polly busied themselves with their horses in the barn.

Petey's parents sold the Clarkson house in 1941 and moved into Merrybrook (now the Kittredge house) on the Main Road. Meanwhile the tennis player entered Harvard, enlisted in the National Guard, and got sent off to the South Pacific to fight the Japanese. When he returned in 1945 Petey was twenty; Ned was twenty-six. Petey's mother had passed away in 1943—it was the one summer she would not come to Tyringham. Petey and Ned's mothers had been good friends and it didn't take long to arrange a marriage—Ned and Petey were married in July, 1947, and celebrated with a reception at Roz's barn (the studio on George Cannon Road built for Rosamond Gilder, owned today by Will and Mary Pappenheimer).

When Ned's mother Kate passed away in 1948, Petey (age 23) was left responsible for not only her young husband Ned and her thirteen-year-old brother John, but also her father, Arthur, and her father-in-law Edward. Arthur and Edward both summered in Tyringham and wintered in NYC, but they had very different personalities. Petey found that ferrying them back to the city was particularly problematic, as Edward refused to drive on a road named after FDR.

She knew and loved EVERYBODY in the Valley, and surrounded by her children (Louie, Neddy, Jamie, David, and Kate) and their families and her many friends, she loved picking blueberries, taking walks over the Cobble, making "Sat-Upon–Pudding," and effortlessly (seemingly) entertaining anyone and everyone who showed up for breakfast, lunch, tea or dinner at Glencote. She will be missed.

Neddy Perkins

Walter ("Ozzie") Rathbun
(1938 – 2017)

There are many stories to tell of the thirty years that Ozzie lived in Tyringham, which he loved, as I did.

He was a great carpenter and handyman; Sidney and Maggie Howard always asked him, "is there anything you can't fix?"

There was one story that he thought was funny. Rachel Urquhart's car (without Rachel), rolled down Sidney's driveway and smashed into the green cottage. It made an opening like a hole. While Ozzie was fixing it, Rachel peeked through the opening and said, "You really saved my bacon." It was fixed just like new.

Ozzie had every tool possible and sometimes two. If he couldn't find a tool, he would buy another.

He was a Navy veteran and an active member of Eastern Star Lodge. He was very proud of being a Mason. He also loved all the friends he met while he was a Mason. He loved his children and his stepsons. They meant a lot to him. He also thought the world of Sidney and Maggie and their family.

Now, God has him in his keeping. I have him in my heart and his memory will always be.

Mary Rathbun

Susan McIntosh Lloyd
(1935-2018)

Susan McIntosh Lloyd died on July 2, after five weeks of the complications of Parkinson's, in the loving company of her husband Bob (they had been married for 62 years), her three sons, her brothers, grandchildren. Tyringham was the most important place in the world for Sue until she and Bob moved to Vermont—she hiked and swam and camped delightedly in its hills and valleys all her young life. In high school she learned to conduct, so she directed the church choir here one summer. Until she met Bob, her life plan was to be a farmer, and in Vermont she raised beef cattle and sheep. She taught (liberal) courses on American History at Andover Academy. She brought some of her students to Tyringham on weekends, for 'rest and recreation'—or to sing in church.

Music was important to Sue—she played viola and violin and guitar; she had an enormous repertory of songs, cowboy songs, Schubert, whatever. She used to visit house-bound elders and sing for them; she founded the Fidelio Society at Andover that is still going strong; she was president of the (national) Amateur Chamber Music Program for many years and conducted several choruses at various times. She was a committed liberal—took a bus to Washington to hear MLK's "I Have a Dream" speech, another bus to Mississippi in the 1960s to help the civil rights movement, started an Urban Studies program that brought high school kids from Lawrence to Andover and vice versa.

Everyone who knew her admired her enthusiasm, her physical and intellectual strength, and her devotion to helping those who were less fortunate than she was.

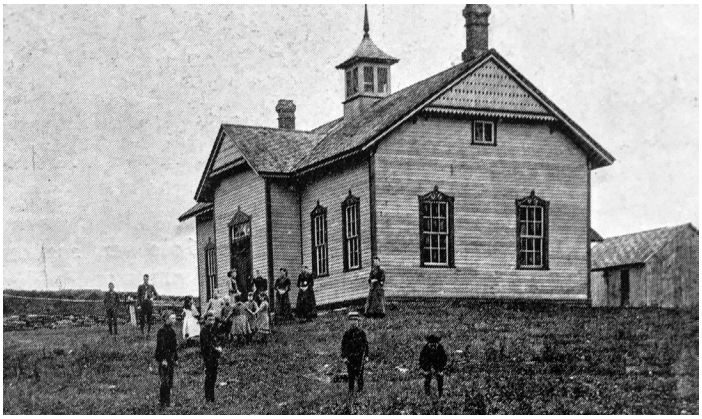
Carey McIntosh

Selectmen News 2018

Tyringham is continuing on its path to repair, restore and preserve all things that are dear to us. At the same time, while always being respectful of our traditions and character, we are adopting some new technologies that will create efficiencies, help us achieve our goals and improve the quality of life for all residents.

The Highway Department completed a much-needed paving project on Webster Road. Planning for replacement of aging culverts on Main Road is complete and the construction phase has begun. Planning is underway for repair/reconstruction of Jerusalem Road Bridge and Monterey Road Bridge. The major costs for both bridges will be funded by the Mass DOT. Planning has begun for paving portions of Monterey Road and Main Road. We expect that approximately 75% of costs will be covered by Mass. Chapter 90 funds. The Town entered into a Land Management Agreement with the Mass. Department of Fish and Game. This led to the total reconstruction of the Goose Pond Boat Ramp, which was fully funded with a State grant. We took delivery of our new 6-wheeler dump truck. It's fully equipped and at the ready for the 2018/2019 winter season.

In the Town Hall old carpeting was replaced and new fire-resistant filing cabinets were installed. The new cabinets are now housing the Town's critical records. Thanks to hard work by the Historical Commission, the Library was added to the National Registry of Historical Sites. A plaque will be installed near the entrance. Our recent work at the Town's swimming area was rewarded with favorable water-quality test results throughout the summer months. The Board of Selectmen was happy to work with the Hop Brook Club to bring summer swimming lessons back to this beautiful site. We are grateful to all who worked so hard to bring this tradition back to life. With Town Hall and Library repairs behind us, we are now turning our attention to the schoolhouse. The Schoolhouse Advisory Committee was formed in May and its main purpose is to make recommendations to the Board of Selectmen in regard to how the building



An 1893 view of the schoolhouse in *Picturesque Berkshire*

can best be used for the benefit of the Town. The Committee will solicit opinions from the public and we look forward to reviewing all recommendations and to presenting alternatives to the Town.

After a few setbacks, we are inching toward the installation of fiber cable that will provide high-speed Internet, TV and phone service to 96% of residences. The BOS issued a cable TV license to Charter Communications, which became effective on March 7, 2018, and will extend for a period of 15 years. By the end of March, Charter submitted all applicable utility pole applications to the pole owners. The work to make poles ready for fiber installation has been underway since then and Charter expects the pole work to be completed in early 2019. Charter expects to begin fiber installation in the spring of 2019 with completion in the fall of 2019. Under a grant from the Berkshire Regional Planning Commission, we have completed preliminary plans for the creation of a Town intranet. The intranet will be used by employees and elected officials to securely store and share Town records, store old Town records

Carol Hardy-Fanta

(left to right) Calvin Vannah, Hanna Vannah, Lily Driscoll, Mia Storti, Leanna Driscoll, Gavin Choquette, Mathew Santoro

after conversion to an electronic format and to host 2 web cameras for monitoring road conditions. The web cameras were paid for by a grant; one will be located at Town Hall and the other at Goose Pond mailboxes. Eventually, we hope to provide public Internet access for certain Town records and the web cameras.

As always, the Board of Selectmen appreciates ongoing public support and the opportunity to serve. We thank all Town employees for their willingness to complete tasks outside of their normal duties. We thank Molly for taking care of daily operations and ensuring that all deadlines are met. We thank elected officials, appointed officials and members of our councils, commissions and committees for their contributions to the successful operation of the Town. We thank Ann Gallo for bringing theater and arts to the Town. We thank the Valley Club for beautification of Town grounds and we thank the Hop Brook Club for sponsoring fine events throughout the year. Your collective efforts have made Tyringham a very special place to live.

On behalf of the Selectmen,
Jim Consolati

"This is exciting!"
Swimming Lessons at Town Pond

The 2018 Tyringham Swim Program was a success on many levels. First was the positive response to our inquiry about community interest; as one mother wrote, "I took swimming lessons at the Town Pond when I was a kid, so this is exciting!"

Second, the enthusiasm translated into strong registration: Seventeen children were registered and 15 showed up at the first lesson, which was held on Thursday, July 12. When we arrived at 4:25, the parking lot had more cars than ever before. I got a bit choked up when I saw parents holding their kids hands while walking down the track to the pond. It didn't hurt that it was a gorgeous day; the water was clean and warm, too!

Third, it was very heartening to see so many moms and dads and grandparents chatting together; it was a real community-building experience. Quite a few said they remember learning to swim at the same pond, and were pleased that now their kids could have the same experience. The water was lovely—and free of goose poop (except one day) and algae.

Jim Consolati and the select board were great as they helped to pay for the swim instructor. Before we even reached out to Noah Choquette, Patrick Holian and Charlie Slater to make sure they would be quick in responding should there be an emergency, Molly Curtin-Schaefer had already contacted them. The Town Pond was beautiful, clean and was protected by two new swan decoys—and zero geese! And thanks to Gail Charpentier who recruited a wonderful instructor, Prashad Adabeysinghe, director of aquatics at Girls Inc. and Caroline Palmer who joined as Prashad's assistant.

Due to a rainy August several lessons had to be rescheduled. Nevertheless, we persevered and held seven of the eight scheduled classes. The children who participated received a Certificate of Participation; we are still tallying

Molly Cosel

Prashad Adabeysingh, Jack Wendt, Reese Galanti, Gavin and Jackson Choquette and assistant, Caroline Palmer

results of a survey we sent out, but so far the consensus is overwhelmingly positive: When asked if they would recommend the program to others, parents responded "Absolutely" and that they would sign up the children next year.

How valuable was the swimming program this year? In the words of a parent with a young boy who came regularly, "He can swim now!"

Carol Hardy-Fanta
Gail Charpentier

Jen Nykiel

The Valley Club

This past year has fortunately been a stable year. We have had our usual meetings centered around our social mores. It is always a joy to share our daily events with friends. Our annual pot-luck dinner was hosted by Gail Charpentier. The evening was a great success with many delicious dishes and plenty of stories of summer events. Our Christmas party was Chris Curtin's big December bash. We exchanged gifts after an evening of assorted foods, games, and chitchat.

Ruth Heath's Arts Festival
Fairy House Workshop

Sarah Hudson accepted the roll of town decorator. She acquired flowers with the assistance of Rod Clark who also donated them through his business, Clark's Garden Center in South Lee. She then oversaw the planting of the flowers around the center of Tyringham. Rod Clark's expertise with the beautiful flowers and donation are much appreciated by all.

We ended our year with a successful luncheon at Greenock Country Club. We are thankful for the time we are able to spend together as a community of friends, and look forward to decorating the town with flowers next year.

Ruth Heath, President
Barbara Adams, Secretary
Chris Curtin, Treasurer

Hop Brook Community Club

The Hop Brook Community Club had a busy and very productive year. We continued to rally volunteers and raise funds from donations, and from sales of food and Tyringham items at events to support activities and provide services in and for our community. Thank you all for your many generous contributions.

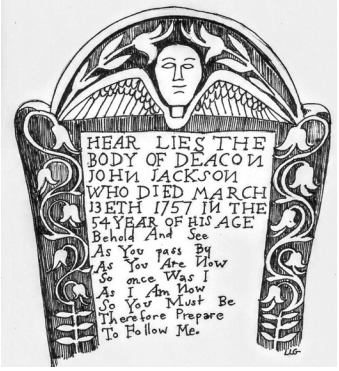
This year we awarded scholarships to two well-qualified students: Mikayla DeSantis and Kelsey Brown (for the Georgia Birkett Good Citizen Award), for significant contribution to the community.) Under Adrienne Miesmer's leadership, we produced a new town directory with the theme of "Man's Best Friend." We are grateful for the many contributions we received that helped defray the cost of producing this wonderful publication. And we made a matching donation for a grant from the Pilcrow Foundation for children's books for the Tyringham library.

Chris Fanta

Betty Bean and Barbara Palmer at the Author's Table

This summer we organized swimming lessons at the town pond for up to 19 children. At the Tyringham Arts Festival we sold food to the general public and manned the local Tyringham authors book sales table. Thank you to Rachel Urquhart and Jean Moore who donated the sales of their books to the Hop Brook Club. We had the privilege of donating funds to the Bidwell House for a summer intern. And finally, we offered flowers for the July memorial service of our dearly departed long-time member, Petey Perkins.

In August we hosted Dr. Richard Greene's talk about local wildlife, where he thrilled us with videos and photos taken by his hidden tree cameras. We recently presented a talk and reading by talented resident Elizabeth Elliott entitled "Why Poetry?" In November John Hanson presented a talk about tombstone epitaphs in local cemeteries called, "The Stones Cry Out."



The Hop Brook Community Club wishes to thank the town, and especially Selectman Jim Consolati, for their tremendous assistance and support of our efforts throughout the year.

For the past 77 years Tyringham women have been working to build community spirit and raise money for worthy local causes through the Hop Brook Club. We meet on the third Wednesday of every month and welcome new members.

Mary Lou Bradley, Co-President
Maggie Howard, Co-President

Hop Brook Community Club Scholarship News

Lauria Puntin, Kate van Orman, Maureen Lenti, Maggie Howard and Betty Bean gathered as the Scholarship Committee last April in our Library to interview two candidates.

The first to interview was Kelsey Brown. Kelsey has lived in Tyringham her entire life enjoying everything from the Halloween Hayride to hiking the Cobble. She attended Miss Hall's School for four years with a Cumulative GPA of over 93%. While maintaining this high academic standard, she played on the basketball, soccer, and lacrosse teams until injury forced her to act as an assistant coach.

One of her many volunteer activities was at Kimball Farms Assisted Living where she developed a painting project for dementia patients. This program is still being held for these patients. Because of her extensive volunteering such as helping the curator at the Norman Rockwell Museum and interning for State Representative Tricia Farley-Bouvier, the committee decided to award her not only the scholarship but also a citizenship prize in memory of Georgia Birkett, who was a long-time scholarship chair. This award is not presented every year, and only given to a student who exhibits exceptional citizenship and community service. Kelsey is attending Boston University and is part of the Kalachand Honors College.

Our second interviewee was Mikayla DeSantis who graduated from Lee High School. Mikayla's essay for the scholarship was both inspirational and heart breaking. She was a three sport athlete and team leader during high school. During a basketball game she suffered her third major concussion and had Post Concussive Disorder which wasn't discovered for several days, when she passed out and had seizures. She was air-lifted to Boston Children's Hospital. She's had to retrain her brain to do all the basic tasks such as walking. She couldn't speak correctly for months and needed help in every aspect of daily life. She credits her family with getting her through all of this.

Finally returning to school she struggled with headaches and trouble focusing for any length of time. Her experience, " . . . has added strength and determination to my character and has taught me there are no guarantees in life. I have learned from this and I truly believe that if I continue to work hard, I will reach my goal of graduating from college to become a nurse."

Throughout all of these adversities, Mikayla helped coach and volunteered. She also was accepted at college. The Committee was very proud to award her a scholarship this year and glad to share her inspirational story.

Betty Bean, Chair

Tyringham Topics, Winter 2018
Robert Oakes, Graphic Designer
Editorial Staff: Betty Bean, Ann Gallo, Nini Gilder, Carol Hardy-Fanta, Maggie Howard, Sarah Hudson

Tyringham Volunteer Fire Company

The Tyringham Fire Co had another busy year. We responded to 33 calls. Medical calls topped the list at 15, followed by 11 alarm calls. We had 2 fire calls, 2 motor vehicle accidents, 1 serious bike accident, 1 mutual aid search and 1 call for wires down/traffic control.

Membership remains constant, but we always welcome new members. Persons with medical training or related experience are always encouraged to join.

Our pancake breakfasts continue to be the highlight of the summer. We held two well attended public and one private breakfasts. We held our first breakfast to coincide with the Arts Festival weekend. We have a few of our world famous pancake breakfast tee shirts for sale. Sizes are limited, but still make great Christmas presents. We expect to reorder more next spring. If anyone wants a special size, just let us know and we will try to accommodate you.

The Fire Company continues to offer scholarships to our graduating seniors, sponsor the Halloween hayride and party, and do roadside cleanup each spring.

The new firehouse project continues to move forward. We spent the summer going through the conservation committee hearing process. We received our permit in August and now we are fine-tuning the building design and financing side of the equation. It is entirely possible that construction could start next spring.

The Fire Company enthusiastically thanks the many community volunteers who have helped us throughout the year. Volunteers have helped us with the breakfasts, helped with advertising and generally helped get the word out whenever the need was there.

Merry Christmas, Happy Holidays, and Happy New Year!

Charles Slater, Fire Chief

Council on Aging

The Tyringham Council on Aging is the town's point of contact with the Massachusetts Office of Elder Affairs. We benefit from several programs on a wide variety of topics. This year we had a representative of Berkshire Rehab and Skilled Nursing give us a presentation on the services and programs they offer.

Also, a Shine program official gave a talk on Medicare changes and explained their availability for consultation, the open enrollment period, changes to part D and TRIAD. June Green from Hospice spoke about having a health care proxy and the support Hospice offers.

On the lighter side, twice weekly coffee hours (Tuesday and Thursday in the Town Hall) remain our most popular program allowing elders to check on each others' health and catch up on the latest gossip. We have a small but dedicated group attending monthly movie showings with movies from the Library chosen by the group. Exercise classes are regularly attended. Once a month we hold our meeting at the Union Church followed by a pot luck luncheon.

Tim Taylor, Chair

Tyringham Properties Committee

The Tyringham Properties Committee meets bi-annually and works cooperatively throughout the year with the Trustees to support the four properties owned by the Trustees in Tyringham. These properties encompass 1,032 acres and include Tyringham Cobble, McLennan Reservation, Ashintully, and a parcel on Goose Pond.

Ann Gallo

Katie Meehan, Gail Charpentier, Bryan Mindermen, Marcie Kammel, Peter Charpentier

This year the Committee hosted a work day in the spring to continue removing garlic mustard from the McLennan Reservation. We recently had a very successful Cobble Work Day on November 3 with exceptional turnout of volunteers and Trustees folks. The parking lot field's fence line both across and up the side of the Cobble was cleared. And a wonderful group did amazing work opening up the vista near "slippery rock" on the back/south side of the Cobble trail. Thanks to all who came out.

Rachel Urquhart Ann Gallo

At Ashintully, The Trustees have increased visiting hours for visitors to seven days a week from dawn to dusk. A new trail has been cut that will enable access to McLennan Reservation from the Ashintully grounds. A small parking area has also been installed near the trailhead off Sodom Road.

The Committee has recently launched an initiative, spear-headed by Ann and Joe Gallo, to engage a wider group of residents with the properties. Please let us know if you would like to be included in the periodic updates. We are always interested in your comments and ideas.

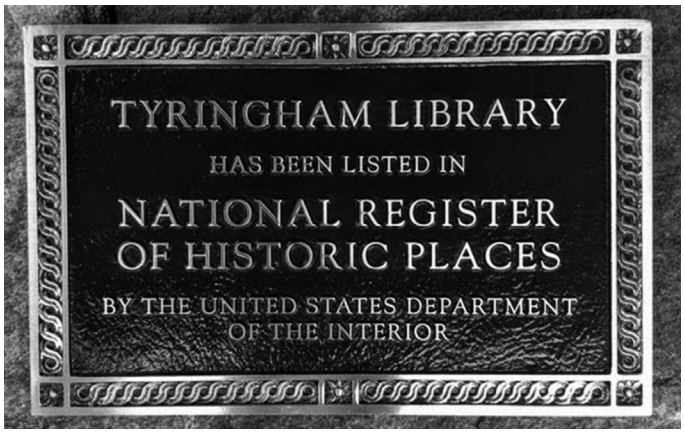
Larry Bravo, Chair

Ann Gallo

Cobble Work Day Potluck with Stephen Hodgin, Peter Charpentier, Joann Larsen, David Carriere, Joe Gallo, Jake Chase

Tyringham Historical Commission

This year, Tyringham Historical Commission has been working with the Massachusetts Historical Commission toward listing Tyringham's School House on the National Register of Historic Places. In the course of the year the Tyringham Library has been officially listed on the National



Plaque attached to library

Register and the commission is ordering a plaque to put on the Library building. The Historical Commission has reviewed demolition permits for agricultural buildings at the former Sunset Farm.

With the help of Pat Reed, a Canon descendent living in Houston and a professional genealogist, the Historical Commission archives are being catalogued and organized.

Other commission activities include digitizing the oral history cassette tapes, and inventorying historical artifacts which were formerly stored in the Library.

Two fragile early 19th century Tyringham samplers have been professionally stabilized and restored by a needlework conservator, Ruth Baumann in PA. For the Bidwell House Country Fair in July, the Commission prepared an exhibit of photographs of local men and one woman who served in World War II from an album created by Rev. Cap Couch in our collection.

Clinton Elliott, who has given some forty years service to the Historical Commission collecting most of the material in our archives through his own prodigious research and energetically leading the creation of the inventory of Tyringham historic buildings, has now become our Chairman Emeritus. Two other valued longtime members John Demos and Tom Dillon have also stepped down, and we welcome Ann Gallo, Amy Fennelly, Carol Hardy-Fanta and Catherine Mardula to our Commission.

Alice Hale, Chair
On behalf of the
Historical Commission

Tyringham Free Public Library

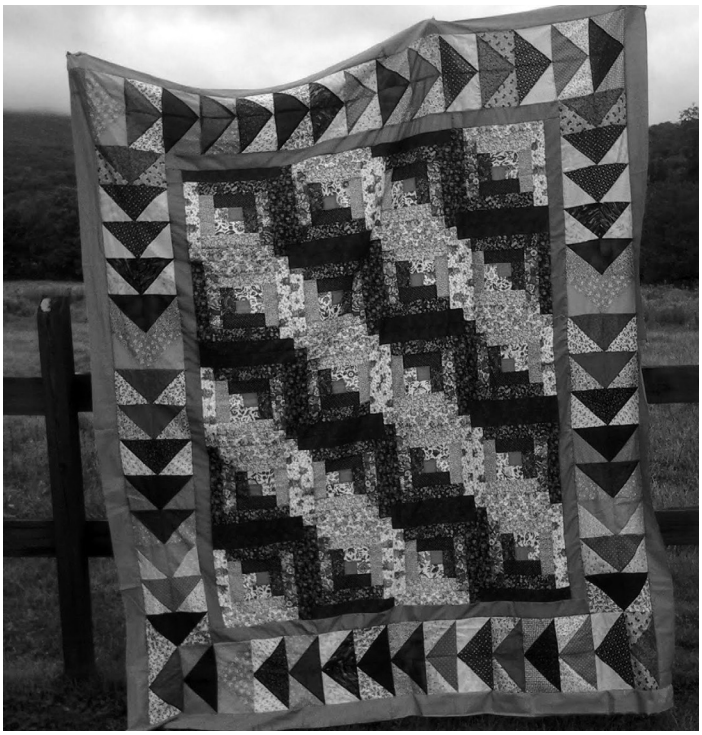
The Library was open 102 days for 208 hours this year. Library hours are Tuesday from 3 to 5 pm and Saturday from 10 am to noon. Attendance was up and circulation down slightly this year. We have added 250 books and DVD's to our collection this year.

We wish to thank Patricia Clark for her years as a Library Trustee and we welcome Catherine Mardula to the Board of Library Trustees and hope that she will be with us for many years. Catherine has already taken on two projects; one is an on-line catalogue which was desperately needed, the other is a grant for children's book which is partially funded by the Hop Brook Club. As always, we are grateful to the Hop Brook for their generosity to the Library.

We want to give thanks to those who have made generous donations to the Library and particularly to our local authors who have donated their new books to the Library, as they have in the past.

We offer passes to the following museums: The Bidwell House, Ventfort Hall, The Norman Rockwell Museum, The Clark, MassMoCA, The Berkshire Museum, Hancock Shaker Village and a pass to the State Parks.

Mary Garner, Librarian
Kate VanOrman, Trustee
Catherine Mardula, Trustee



Pat Clark's quilt donated to the Union Church to raffle

Union Church in Tyringham

Dear Friends,

The Tyringham Union Church's grounds were humming and buzzing with creativity in all forms this past year at the summer Arts Festival, organized by Ann Gallo. It takes courage to perform in public or share your art for public viewing. We are so grateful to those who courageously participated and shared their talents.

Throughout the year there were other opportunities to share talents. Doug Schmolze and Rev. Janet McKinstry honored all those who courageously served our country with a sing-a-long concert, "Songs of World War I," coordinated with a slide show featuring photos of some of Tyringham's honored veterans including Clifton Clark, Blaine Littell, Gilly Palmer, Ned Perkins, Richard Watson Gilder and Gerald T. Curtin.

Courtney O'Connor

Noelia Salinetti dancing in the reading of "The Visionist" by Rachel Urquhart

We had several "Paint and Sip" fundraising evenings coordinated by our moderator, Dede Loring. We are very grateful to Pat Clark who has donated a beautiful king size quilt for the church to raffle. Raffle tickets are available at the Tyringham post office.

The church continues to hold festive suppers at harvest time and Mardis Gras bringing together townspeople and welcoming newcomers in the darker months of the year.

In the course of this year, our little church has witnessed joyful weddings—Louisa Gilder and Matt Marsh's in June and Laura Clark and Roger Stedman's in October—and solemn funerals and memorial services for Caleb Cabral, Petey Perkins, and Sue McIntosh Lloyd.

With architect Mark Smith, we have been working on exciting renovation plans for our beloved building and have already been encouraged by early gifts. More about that in 2019!

Please join us Christmas Eve for our beautiful Candlelight Christmas Eve service at 5pm.

You will notice the sanctuary is brighter, due to a gift from Maggie and Tom Curtin of new LED bulbs in the chandelier and sconces in the sanctuary, and when those lights are dimmed you can thank Mary Lou and Kim Bradley and Tom and Judy Sides for new "drip-proof" candle holders for the individual candles as we sing "Silent Night" at the high point of this lovely service.

Peace and Joy to all,
Rev. Janet McKinstry

Tyringham Arts Festival

What happens when a poet, an upholsterer and a painter meet in the post office? An Arts Festival! Yes, that's more or less how it happened.

On July 27, 28 and 29, the world discovered the hidden talents lurking within our tiny town. In and around Union Church we listened to eight original literary/poetry readings, four musical groups and enjoyed three theatrical performances and one dance. Under the three tents were art exhibits by four ceramicists, seven fine artists, five photographers, one upholsterer and six artisanal exhibits including beads, textiles, needlepoint, knitting and furniture stencils. And I hope you visited the fairy house construction site curated by Ruth Heath!

In the cemetery was a historical walking exhibit of past Tyringham artists and in the field next to the cemetery was a sculpture installation. The Hop Brook Club graciously sold books by Tyringham authors along with a Union Church raffle basket. And how about the Community Loom? It attracted virtually every festival participant and visitor...similar to a colony of ants gorging on a dollop of maple syrup. Thanks to Rudd Kierstead for envisioning and constructing the loom.

Last and NEVER least are the festival volunteers. Thanks to the Heavy Lifters who lugged and hoisted so many tables, chairs, easels, hay bales, logs and furniture over two weekends! Without the Lifters the festival would literally not have happened. And thank you to the ticket ladies, parking attendants and docents inside and outside the church and under the tents. Your watchful eyes ensured the smooth, safe running of the festival.

Ann Gallo

Arts Festival "Heavy Lifters" Joe Gallo, David Berman, John Herrera, and Chris Hardy-Fanta

For those who like numbers there were over seventy participants and artists and two hundred festival attendees.

But wait...there's more. Many thanks go to the Cross family for the use of the iconic 1891 barn for the community square dance. Thank you to the Tyringham Volunteer Fire Department who hosted a scrumptious pancake breakfast. Simultaneously we were entertained by a live, old-fashioned radio show. Specifically the Honig-Briggs clan serenading us with their foot-stomping music, along with several actors (think "Our Town") who brought to life a radio show that reminded many of when radio was king and our imaginations soared.

Tyringham, you should be proud. We are showing the Berkshires what community looks like. And thank you for believing in the power of the arts.

Ann Gallo
Executive Producer

Artist Mark Farnham Chris Fanta

Pete Salinetti with Rudd Kierstead David Edgecomb

Artist Julia Hartman

Clark Wallace playing for “The Visionist” David Edgecomb

Bill Cosel

Cast of “Tyringham, Away and Back Again” by Jean P. Moore and Elizabeth Elliott: (left to right) Jean P. Moore, Steve Rubin, Deborah Coy, Joe Gallo, Katherine Oakes

Gabrielle Murphy

Amelia Kemp, Noelia Salinetti, Isabella Kemp

Francesca Gallo

Thomas Fennelly reading at the Arts Festival

David Edgecomb

Rachel Urquhart and Noelia Salinetti - “The Visionist”

Sandy Farnham

Steve Adams

Sandy Farnham

Virginia Demos with her bead collection

Sandy Farnham

Lynn Bertelli with her watercolors

Jen Salinetti

Sidney Urquhart reading

Francesca Gallo

Adriana Gallo by her installation

Courtney O’Connor

Pancake Breakfast Entertainment with Tonio & Barbara Palmer, Larry Bravo, Mark Curtin, Joshua Briggs, Rebecca Honig, Miles, Sadie and Noa Honig-Briggs

Sandy Farnham

Robin Clark Fitzpatrick

Sandy Farnham

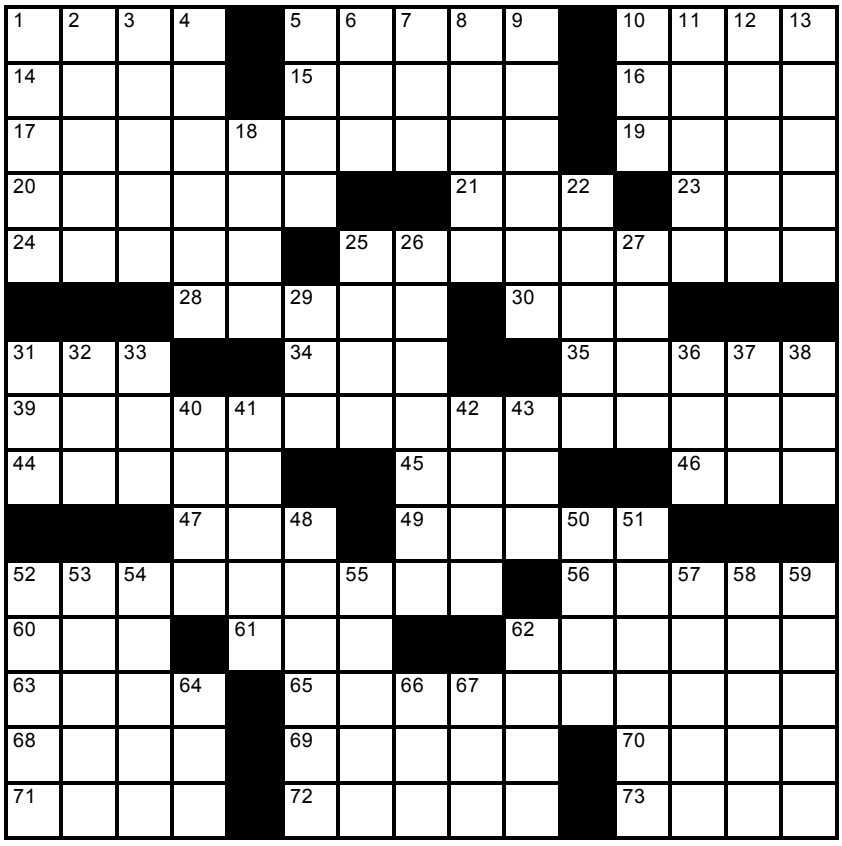
Hawley Truax and Rudd Kierstead in front of Community Loom

Photography exhibit with Diego Salinetti Sandy Farnham

Square Dance in the 1891 Barn Francesca Gallo

Square Dance in the 1891 Barn Courtney O'Connor

"Courage" Crossword Puzzle by Alison Donald



Across

1. Stage prompts

5. Procrastinator's word

10. Part of I.R.A.: Abbr.

14. Norway's capital

15. "Goodnight" girl of song

16. Former Iranian leader

17. "The ____ Courage": War novel by Stephen Crane

19. Duo

20. Southwestern Indian dwelling

21. Actor Chaney

23. Wrath

24. Shopping binge

25. "Frightening" cornfield sight

28. Decorative sticker

30. Scratch or dent

31. ___ Paulo, Brazil

34. Sugar suffix

35. The pyramids, e.g.

39. Where to find tales of courage

44. Suspicious

45. Neither's partner

46. Trick taker, often

47. Babysitter's handful

49. ___ a fox

52. Talked very quietly

56. Foundation

60. Clumsy person

61. Garden tool

62. Purify

63. Short skirt

65. "____ Courage": Best-seller by Senator Kennedy

68. English school since 1440

69. George who created "Star Wars"

70. Workers' ID's

71. Evening, in ads

72. ___ nous

73. Little kid

Down

1. The "C" of U.S.M.C.

2. Deplete

3. Tribal leader

4. Wept loudly

5. Italian resort

6. Braz. neighbor

7. Golf bag item

8. ___ Gay (W.W. II plane)

9. Make better

10. Egyptian snake

11. Committee head

12. Egypt's capital

13. Flung

18. Sheltered at sea

22. "Groovy!"

25. Beauty pageant wear

26. Wash

27. Farmer's yield

29. Gear tooth

31. Cardinals, on scoreboards

32. Affirmative vote

33. Bauxite, e.g.

36. "Mamma ___!"

37. Pittsfield educational inst.

38. Montreal-to-Boston dir.

40. Spring bloom

41. Nature spirit of myth

42. Growth on old bread

43. Have a go at

48. Magazine with human interest stories

50. Cain's brother

51. Least risky

52. Restroom door sign

53. Country next to the Dominican Republic

54. Otherwise

55. Summer TV offering

57. Actress Spacek

58. How contracts are signed

59. Sight or hearing

62. Ascend

64. Suffix with hero

66. World Series mo.

67. Distant

Answers to crossword puzzle on p.29

NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR

Henning and Joyce Carlson write: "Michael's oldest son, Zachary, is engaged to be married in April, 2019; Ryan is in his second year at Texas A&M."

Peter & Gail Charpentier share that Elizabeth is working very hard as a community clinician and owns her own home in Pittsfield. Christine is in school for her nursing degree, and Matthew is head of maintenance at a local inn.

Kathy Curtin reports on all her grandchildren: "Denise's son Joe is a firefighter-paramedic in Concord, NH. He and his wife, Jess, live in Bow, and Jess is assistant manager with Sam Adams beer. Their William will turn three on December 22." Of Jim's girls, she writes that "Kara Jean expects to graduate from Berkshire Community College in June; Anita attends St. Michael's in Vermont. Shaun Murphy is a journeyman carpenter."

Mary Erichetto

Joe Wilkinson, Gino Errichetto, Tim Schaefer with Helen Curtin

Molly Curtin-Schaefer sends two photos recording family events: The first shows **Helen Curtin**'s 85th birthday on July 21 in Sheffield, MA, with her family at a pool side barbeque; from left to right: sons-in-law Joe Wilkinson, Gino Errichetto and Tim Schaefer. The second is of **Cody Schaefer** at his graduation from the firefighter's academy. Molly also shared that "**Helen** volunteered this past winter with the American Heart Association and the Children's Heart Foundation and crocheted tiny red hats for babies born in February, which is designated as American Heart Month. Many babies born in February receive red caps as part of Little Hats, Big Hearts, which draws attention to heart disease."

Molly Curtin-Schaefer, Dakota and Tim Schaefer

John Donald & Penny Borax write from Lakeside, California, "Son David and Jill and their three little boys (William, 5, Andrew 3, and Daniel, 1) are moving to Naples, Italy, as I hope Jill will tell you."

Jill Donald fulfilled her mother-in-law's wish, adding: "We're all excited for this big change! The kids think Naples is all pizza, gelato and volcanoes—all things that make them really happy."

Sandy Farnham reports on her aquatic grandchildren! Her only granddaughter, Laurel Cooper, now aged 12, is in the Junior Olympics playing water polo as goalie. "She's

Catharyn Hayne

Lauren Hayne (kneeling at left) at Indiana University Water Polo Competition/Junior Olympics

been watched since she was 6; by age 10 was fastest swimmer in her age group in Northern California. This recent picture, taken by her mother Catharyn, was at a big Olympic meet at Indiana University. Laurel is kneeling in the front on the left. Laurel's older brother Holden is also in Junior Olympics playing water polo. Holden will be 17 on Thanksgiving." Sandy's daughter, Catharyn, specializes in water sports photography, and her work has taken her all over the country. Sandy concludes, "Have no clue how she does it all, as she has four children. Laurel has a twin brother, Griffin, and there is another brother, Oliver."

Nannina Stearn

Matt Marsh and Louisa Gilder at their wedding, June 16, 2018

Close to home, **George and Nini Gilder** exclaim, "What a year! Louisa and Matt Marsh were married in June; Anne turned 100 in July; and two days later, George's new book, *Life After Google*, came out! Hard to believe it has all happened, and we are so blessed in so many ways!"

John and Elizabeth Hanson write: "We were thrilled to celebrate our daughter, Abigail's wedding in Tyringham last October. The rehearsal dinner was under a beautiful tent at Bliss Farm, and everyone enjoyed the fall colors from the porch at the brunch the next day. Dorothea has moved from Williamstown to Arlington to be nearer family and sends a big hello to all her friends in the valley."

Janice Kerk sends her "best to all in Tyringham. I have wonderful memories of my time there." She still lives in her home in Pittsfield, and while she doesn't travel as much now, she is in good health. Her daughter June and husband live in Warner, NH, and are doing very well. They have two sons, Freddie and Toby. Freddie and wife Kelli have two children, Mack (16) and Paige (15). Meanwhile Janice's son Mack and wife Jan have two children (Rylee, 10, and Ava, 8)." Sister Dolores is well, but her husband (Gary) is not so well. Dolores will soon be a great grandmother.

McIntosh Clan in June, 1982

In August the **McIntoshes** convened from all over for **Sue Lloyd**'s memorial service. Since then **Peggy Means McIntosh** has sent a photo of a historic and happy gathering of the clan thirty-six years ago for Millicent and Rustin McIntosh's 50th wedding anniversary. In this picture children and grandchildren surround Milly and Rusty. Dick and Ken are in kilts at both ends of the back row, Peggy is beside Ken, Carey is to the right of Rusty. In the front row Jim McIntosh and Sue Lloyd are just in front of Milly. Grandchildren are intermingled.

The new caretakers at Ashintully, **Riley & Katherine Meehan**, send greetings and hope to meet their new neighbors: "Wave hello the next time you visit the gardens or hike up to the ruins!"

Roberta Myers may "win the prize" of news from most distance traveled: She and her husband of three years, Bob Evans, took a "12,000+ mile trip around the United States this past year. Such fun! The trip included two family reunions, two bike tours (actually recumbent trikes for us) and a great visit to Tyringham and Sandisfield." Despite all the excitement, she concludes, "Still, I miss the Berkshires and you all. You still possess a piece of my heart!"

Anne Alsop Palmer shared her news writing simply: "Anne became 100 years old."

Tonio Palmer, Celia Kittredge, Barbara Palmer, Anne Palmer, Robert Alsop and Toodie Alsop

Bill Bean

Viggo & Catha Rambusch report that "Rambusch Studios has been selected by the National Park Service to restore the original torch of the Statue of Liberty. It will be displayed in a museum at the base of the Statue in New York Harbor."

If Roberta Myers won the prize for the number of miles traveled, **Ben Schaefer** wins for most news! He writes: "Since my last lecture for the Town, I have finished my Master's in Public Health at Georgia State and became a registered professional archaeologist." He has moved to Chicago and begun a PhD program in Biological Anthropology at The University of Illinois at the Chicago Field Museum of Natural History and in Molecular Genetics at Macquarie University in Sydney, Australia[!]... He has already "published a few articles, the most recent is 'Diet and Foodways across Five Millennia in the Cusco Region of Peru' in the Journal of Archaeological Science, and 'Fake News, Fake Science? Teaching Introduction to Biological Anthropology in the Era of Trump'... Come summer of 2019, I will return to Peru and begin surveys and excavations at an archaeological site called Yarkan under my direction, together with a Peruvian co-director. I hope that I can also begin to bring high school students from the Berkshires to work at my site and give them a cool experience led by a Berkshire native."

After a lifetime in academia **Tony Stretton** "has retired, finally, from the University of Wisconsin." Tony's wife, **Philippa Claude** writes, "we send warm greetings in this cold season and plan to spend Christmas, at last, in our red house on Jerusalem Road: We plan to be in Tyringham by the second week of December, so we can pick up the *Tyringham Topics* in person!"

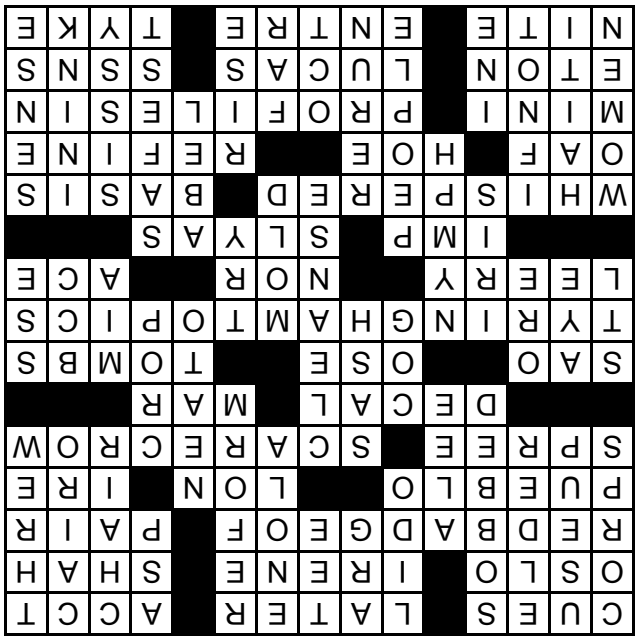
THIS PROJECT IS SUPPORTED IN PART BY

MASSACHUSETTS CULTURAL COUNCIL

A state agency that funds your community's local cultural council

This project is supported in part by a grant from the Tyringham Cultural Council, a local agancy, which is supported by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.

Answers to crossword puzzle p.27



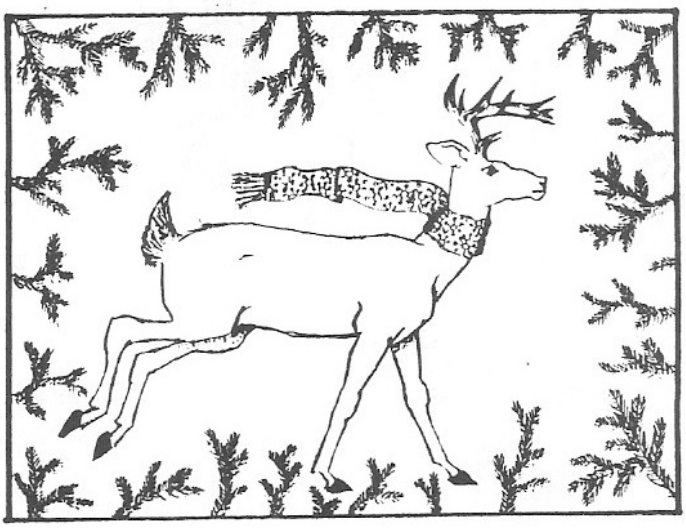
SEASON'S GREETINGS!

In Memory of Stet
Barbara Adams & all the Adams family
Robert & Toodie Alsop & family
Ellen & William Apfel
Ken & Sue Baker
Betty & Bill Bean & Ricardo
Happy Holidays to all our friends and neighbors :
Lynn Bertelli & Alan Wilcox
Kim and Mary Lou Bradley
Teresa Bragdon
Denise Hoefer & Dennis Brandmeyer; Tracy & Cedric; Alex & Elisenda & Alma Brandmeyer
Jack & Irmgard Bucher
Joyce & Henning Carlson & Kimberly; Michael, Ryan & Zachary
David Carriere
In loving memory Larry & Betty Cernik
Richard, Larry, Dawn, Robin, Jeffrey, Randy, Chris & all their grandchildren
Teresa & Mark Caldwell
Peter & Gail Charpentier; Elisabeth & Hollis, Matthew & Christina Charpentier: Hollis Ellerbee; Alexandria, Michael & Lillian
Bob & Sue Choquette
In loving memory of Francis E. Clark Sr.
Betty Clark & family: Terrie & Ray, Francis Jr. & Jennie, James, Dale & Linda, Gail & Carm, Jean & Wayne, Karen & Randy, Lori & Dennis; & grandchildren: Joey, Jennifer, Buddy, Ellie, James Robert, Dale Jr, Matthew, Michelle, Dominic, Christopher, Samantha, Nicole, Anthony, Kaitlyn, Brooke: & great granddaughter Madison
Pat Clark & family
The Clarks: Terry & Jon
David, Shannon, Jacob & Zachary Clark
Kevin, Sarah, Kayden, Charlie, Ezra & Max
Jim & Karen Consolati; Ben, Austin, Darren & Evan
Wishing all a very Merry Christmas:
Bill Cosel & Adrienne Miesmer, Gabey Cosel & Luke Thompson & Inez; Molly, Will, Jack & Rickie Wendt
Carl & Chris Curtin; Christopher & Chrissie, Quinn & Paige Barry; Larry & Chrissy Curtin
In memory of Carl and Mary Curtin & Leroy and Mary Coakley Fisher & Eugene Fisher:
Gene & Nancy Curtin; Kevin, Cindi, Hunter, Caden & Kendall Curtin; Gene, Lee, Oliver & Sawyer Curtin; Scott, Kristen, Aubrey, Kenzie & Elianna Curtin
In memory of Neil Curtin & all loved ones
Helen Curtin & Gino &Mary Erichetto & Nick
In loving memory of Katy Beth Curtin Murphy
Jim & Kathy & Denise Curtin; Joe, Jess & Will Curtin; Jim, Helen, Kara & Anita Curtin; Shawn Murphy
In memory of Janice "Sissy" Curtin
John & Lori Curtin
In loving memory of Deanna & Peter Curtin
Tom & Maggie Curtin, Missy & Peter Curtin Jr & sons Ethan, Collin; Jamie Curtin & family; Matt Curtin & Joni, Dillon & Devon;
Eden & Joshua Curtin, Dominic; Tina Earl & Megan
Alison Donald
Adam & Shelby Donald
David, Jill & William, Andrew & Daniel Donald
John Donald & Penelope Borax
Clint & Elizabeth Elliott & family
Chris Fanta & Carol Hardy-Fanta, Allison & Caroline
Mark & Sandy Farnham
Donald, Bridget, Elisabeth & Rudd Fawcett
Jim & Eugénie Fawcett; Nan, Rob, Zachary & Elliot Sedgwick; James & Kathy, Richard & Clara Fawcett, John, Carol & Eliza Fawcett
Bill & Marilyn Fennelly, Parker & Ethan Dakota Fennelly; Catherine, Brian & Phoebe & Phin Bailey
In memory of Edward S. Fennelly
Dianne, Adam, Darrell Fennelly & Pat & families
Everett & Mary Ann Fennelly; Everett Jr, MaryBeth & Luke; Amy Fennelly & Byron Renderer; Kathleen & Terrence Harris & Liam
Thomas Fennelly
Bob and Ellen Freeman
Ann & Joe Gallo; Adriana, Phoebe & Francesca
Allan & Mary Garner; Nancy Garner Wood, David Garner & Levi & Deanna
Helena (Palmer), Stefan, Francesca, Therese & the newly married Damian & Mari Gatterburg
Nini & George Gilder; Louisa & Matt Marsh, Mellie & Greg Tyrosvoutis & Gus, Richard & Irene, Nannina & Joe Stearn
Josh, Anne-Lee & Max Gilder
Kathryn Greenthal & Ted Stern
In memory of all deceased members of the Hale family
Donald B. Hale, Alice M. Hale, Stephen Hale;
Bill & Christine Corcoran;
D.C., Mary & Mason Bienvenue;
Christian & Maizie Bienvenue, Wren & Roque
Merry Christmas to all:
Jean Hale
John & Elizabeth Hanson
Ruth A Heath; John; Karie, Wendy; Paul, Jennifer, Rhiannon, Jacob; Christina Heath; Herb & Debbie Heath; Karen & Joe Pulver; Amy, Abby & Lily Fredsal; Eric, Brian, Terri, Dylan, Brooklyn Heath; Connie & Kevin Keegan; Shawn Heath & Darlene Ferritti; Nancy & Randy, Robert, Adam & Lora, Tyler, Cameron Wade; Steve & Ruth LeCompte: Anatoly, Shannon & Alexander Davidenko; Tim, Erin, Olivia & Owen Hart
The Herbst family
Nancy Hickey, Rod Hickey & Angela Cason, Ellery Hickey, Roddy Hickey

SEASON'S GREETINGS!

Murray Hochman & Lois Jensen
Maggie Howard
Happy, Merry Holidays to everyone!
Sarah Hudson
Al & Martha Joyner; Jason, Jemm, Aiden; Allison, Tim, Zack
Ketron, Wheelwright, Lefkowitz & Birdsall families
Janice Kerk
Mary D. Kierstead; Plum, Susanna & Sophie, Willem; Nick & Lisa, Hopper, Lilabel Virginia
Celia Kittredge, Kit Clucas, the Jay Ogdens, Tom Ogdens, the Sullivans, the Charlie Kittredges, the Scotts & the Rowleys
Betty Kramer; Alice Truax & Betsy Tanner; Jane Thrailkill & Hawley Truax, Olivia & Naomi; Julie & Charles & George Truax
Lainie & Larry Krasnoff
David, Marge, Matthew and Katelyn Loring
Dot & Dick Loring & all family members
In memory of Joe Jr:
Joe & Evelyn Loring, Rodney & Laurie Loring
In memory of William & Jane Bond and Charlie & Bea Loring:
Russ & Margaret Loring
Tunk & Dede Loring & all the family
The Ma Family: YoYo, Jill, Nicholas, Emily & John, Teddy & Ollie
Thank you all for a very warm welcome to Tyringham!
Catherine Mardula & Jen Nykiel
Paul Margus
Ken & Peggy McIntosh
Katharine & Riley Meehan
Charles Mirotznik
Jean Moore & Steve Rubin
Rainsford & Judy Morehouse
Robert Moskin & Lynn Goldberg; David Moskin & family, Nancy Moskin, Mark Moskin & Shuko Tashihshi
Roberta Myers & Bob Evans
Anne Alsop Palmer & Reese Alsop Palmer
Marge Palmer, Kelly, Mark, Ben & Mikayla Kelly; Butch, Kristen & Kenley Palmer
Tonio & Barbara Palmer, Caroline, William & Henrik
Matthew & Amy Puntin; Emma, Sophia & Allie
Diana Hitt Potter; Horatio & Liz Potter & Jeffrey
Don & Lauria Puntin
Viggo & Catha Rambusch; Kristin & Sandy von Thelen; Martin & Marjorie, Nicholas, Jack & Fritz; Edwin & Sharon, Kenzie & Pierson; Neil & Lucia Marygrace, Katrin & Cecelia Adam
Margaret Olds Richards & the Luchars: Barrie; Alex, Poppy Thomas, Robert & Catherine; Charles; Jim, Betsy, Ian & Teddy
Holiday wishes from the Roods
In memory of Ozzie:
Mary Rathbun
Peggy Reber & Dennis Shapson
Tim, Molly, Dakota, & Benjamin Schaefer
Tom & Judy Sides
Peggy Donald Snider; Gypsy Snider, Laska Leonard, Galia Leonard, Lorenzo Pisoni & Jes & Leandro Kelly Pisoni
Brian & Sidney Urquhart
Rachel Urquhart, John Herrera, Isabella, Theo & Simon
Gordon & Kate Van Orman & family
Sisters of the Visitation
The Wasserman family
In memory of Mike, Evelyn & Ken Winters
Bert, Karen, & Chad Williams; Keith, Sandi, Ashley, Linsey & Cayce Williams; Tim, Diane & Dominic Williams
Mark & Liz Williams

Thank you for supporting this publication!



Hop Brook Community Club
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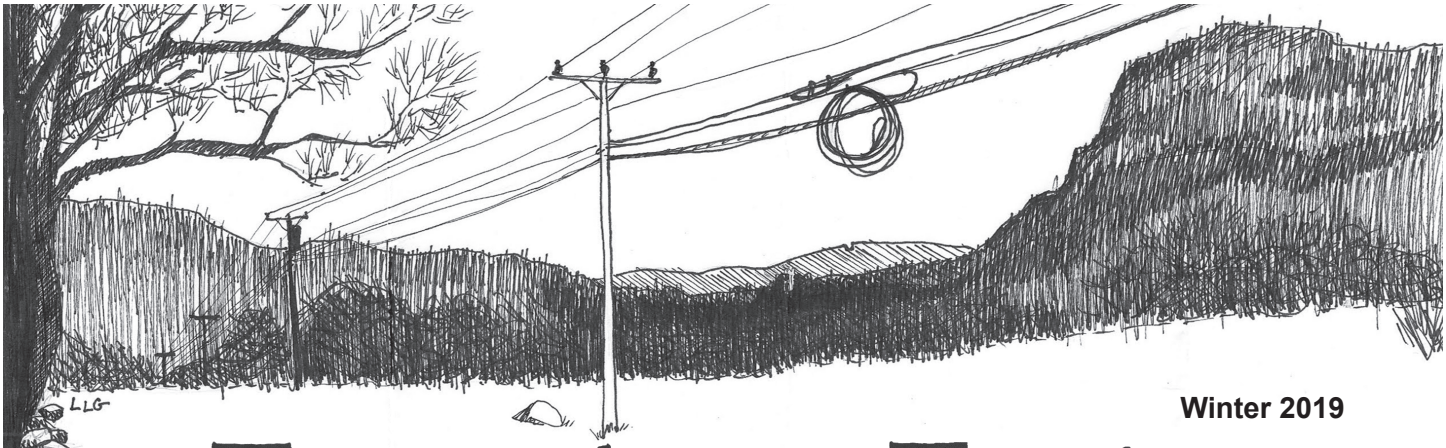
Tyringham, MA 01264

Ashintully before the fire, circa 1950



Winter 2019

Tyringham Topics

Published annually by the Hop Brook Community Club, in the interest of church and community

Loops of fiber optic cable on the telephone poles around town tell us that we are at last on the verge of a communication revolution in Tyringham. In this "communication issue," we hear funny stories and poignant memories about old ways, as well as brave encounters with emerging technology.

Tyringham's communications, even through love notes left in tree stumps, have usually been loud and clear, unlike the murky exchanges of the outside world.

Thank you all who wrote, photographed, and contributed in other ways, including the crossword puzzle, to this communication issue of the *Tyringham Topics.*

From Smoke Signals
To Smart Phones
Gordon VanOrman

In Tyringham, our first phones were very basic; you asked the operator to connect you to whomever you wanted. Then came dial phones on a ten-party line. This was a great boon for getting the news out, as someone always listened in on all phone calls.

All news spread like wildfire, from births to deaths, all were informed in short order. Some people had other means of getting a message out, from a note in a stone wall or a light left on in a window, or a certain number of toots on a car horn. Now it is smart phones that rule the roost.

Smart Phone Rules

1. Never turn it off
2. Have it in view at all times
3. If with someone while eating, keep the phone out and the conversation with each other at a minimum
4. Check phone while exiting or entering your car
5. Remember that the Phone Rules the Day

Perhaps the old party line wasn't all bad.

Two roadside conversations: 2019 Mike Curtin and Donny Hale (inset), circa 1910, photo by Clarence Hale (above)

Letters from New Zealand
Teresa Caldwell

John Flannery

I can still recall in my mind's eye how exciting a letter from my pen pal was!

How do I begin? Perhaps it was an ad in one of the teen magazines I got from the school library. The pen pal and I were matched by things we described. So another young woman and I began writing in our mid-teens. We learned about each other and our countries through our frequent letters. Words described and enlightened. The anticipation of a letter was so exciting. Looking at the stamp on her letter was an adventure. I went on to obtain two other pen pals! But my first pen pal from New Zealand and I wrote for years until our correspondence faded as we went into our adult lives.

Now we can be in touch with another person in an instant! I benefit from being able to text, do Facebook and look up facts and information on the Internet. But I also continue to write letters, cards, and notes to family, friends and more.

Message of the Forks
Elizabeth Elliott

Words aren't the only way we communicate. Body language can be so powerful it actually contradicts the words being said. But that doesn't happen here. Putting away forks after dinner becomes the occasion for communicating to the reader the love between a daughter and her mother.

Small Forks In The Wrong Drawer
reprinted from *Burn All Night*

Maggie Howard

A twinge, a somersault of love, to see
the small forks in the wrong drawer;
they mean: my daughter was just here.

Instantly the morning aches are gone,
I am back in yesterday when she left on the first train,
back in the day before, when she arrived,
I think how I watch her soul paint beauty on her face.

A bluebird feeds on the rail,
the first I've ever seen,
But oh, the small forks in the wrong drawer.

Little Ears
Christina Canon Craigshead

My early memories of Tyringham are clear and vivid, as if it were just yesterday. Most weekends, school vacations, and the summers of my young years under the age of ten were happily spent either at my grandparent's farm, where Clifford, Abbie and my Aunt Carolyn lived, or at the home of my great-aunts, Lena Garfield and Blanche Rouse, across from the Cobble and Hop Brook. This house was later left to Carolyn about forty years ago, and where she spent the rest of her life.

Whenever I was staying at the farm or with my great-aunts, the daily routine included nap time for the aunts and free time for me to either play in the attic with the old-fashioned dresses in the trunks or, better yet, the telephone.

I cannot draw, but it was an old-fashioned phone on a stand with a speaker and the earphone that was picked up to receive a call when the telephone rang. The telephone number for the aunts was 4W3. This was a multi-party phone with a very pleasant operator located at a central board somewhere. If I picked up the phone, she would greet me by name, and we would have a little chat. "How was school? How is your little brother? What book did you pick out at the library? Did you walk the Cobble today with Aunt Lena?" She was always eager for some news of the family. Then she would ask me who I was trying to call and she would put it through.

But during nap time for Lena and Blanche, I would tiptoe into the front parlor, pick up the receiver very carefully and listen to the conversations on the party lines. Most were just general family banter or farm issues but occasionally there was juicy gossip - most of which I did not understand or about people I didn't know, but I would ask my Aunt Carolyn during our milk runs and she would fill me in! I never knew who was speaking when I was listening in to those party line talks but it did add to my early learning…

Good Old Days
Dianne Fennelly

Yes, I do remember the party lines. I was on one with Georgia Birkett. One little incident, which I think was funny, was with the regular landline phones and extensions which are now almost extinct.

One day I was on the phone upstairs (we lived at Fernside) talking to Joyce (Carlson) who had called. As I heard her voice, I also heard another voice—it was my son Adam. I told him, "Adam, you get off that phone!" As I continued to talk to Joyce, Adam came running upstairs all excited with big eyes and said "Mommy! Mommy! That lady told me to get off the phone and she knew my name!"

I will never forget it. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, as they say.

A Message from Above

Adrienne Miesmer

It was the summer of Bill Cosel's 55th birthday. His wife was racking her brain trying to come up with original ideas to surprise him. Long gone were stale solutions like books or ties, gone too the more complicated efforts like treasure hunts or restaurant adventures and absolutely gone were surprise parties that she had promised him she would forsake no matter the heartfelt tugs of family and friends. No. This had to be something

original, a birthday wish communicated by a means he'd never experienced, delivered from on high. Hmmmm.

And then, it came to her. A hot air balloon ride launched from Tanglewood's rolling lawns – a place close to Bill's heart - preceded by a picnic of vodka shots and caviar at the lift-off site. Especially vodka, she thought, because anybody who gets in a small basket to be lifted hundreds of feet off the ground by a huge balloon with a fire under it has to be insane. But anything would be better than a birthday card, right? What was needed was something that cried out, Birthday Boy up here! Loving wife next to him! Both happily waving to the ever-vanishing well-wishers on the ground below! Now that was a message he'd remember.

Once Tanglewood management was on board, all there was to do was find a balloon pilot who could be trusted with their lives. She called around. Turned out that this particular birthday wish to her husband would cost some money – but, she reasoned, that's what teachers' salaries were for, right? When she finally found somebody, settled on the price and date and was assured that the death rate of hot air balloon rides was 1 in never, everything seemed all set. She and the pilot discussed the possibilities for the trajectory of the ride, allowing for the vagaries of the winds and the will of the gods. She hoped that once in the air, the balloon could be persuaded to fly above the beautiful valley of Tyringham and pass over Penelope and Blaine Littell's barn on the journey. Why? Because their son Kim was going to spray the words HAPPY BIRTHDAY BILL in giant letters on their roof with multiple cans of shaving cream. As soon as they were launched, a call would be made from a friend on the ground so he could get started. Given a bit of luck, the un-melted message would still be loud and clear, punctuated by Kim who would be up on his roof madly waving his arms and yelling Happy Birthday!

And so the time arrived. It was a gorgeous August evening and Bill was indeed impressed with his birthday "card." The balloon - gloriously striped in primary colors - was waiting, the picnic spread, the vodka abundantly tossed back. Bill climbed into the gondola with only a little trepidation, far less than that of his wife who, it must be admitted, had consumed enough alcohol to launch the balloon with her breath. The pilot fired the burners, and in a roar of birthday wishes, off they went.

Well, long story blessedly short, the balloon lifted, crept slowly over the property abutting Tanglewood —– less than a mile away - and then stalled out. Winds vanished. Hopes were dashed. So as not to get tangled up in the nearby woods, (I guess there's a reason for that name) the pilot landed in a shallow swamp on the fields of Under Mountain Farm. We had to climb out into the muck and weeds, mud up to our knees, but that was O.K. In fact it was just dandy, because never, ever in the history of man was there a happier person to get out of an air-borne basket than Bill's wife. She had sent her message from heaven, right? Bill was delighted, right? All that was left was for poor Kim to hose all the melted shaving cream off his roof.

Excerpts from *Tyringham: My Summer Memories*

John DuBois

The Cow Bell

One of our summers during World War II, we could not get phone service at Merrybrook. In this era we had been on a party line with, I think, six others. We were one ring; the Howards were two rings. When you picked up the phone, an operator said "number please." The operators knew where everyone was… At any rate we made an arrangement with Mrs. Reber to help with our lack of telephone. Our friends would call her, and her wonderful maid would step out her side door (currently the Gallos' house) with a huge cowbell and call us over.

Toilet Paper Rolls

…The town hall was at the circle. The upstairs is where square dances were held. The library and, I think, town office was next to the town hall, in the stone building, still very much there. Across from the circle lived Iram Smith and his wife (more recently the Birketts). One winter vacation we stayed there…Iram would wear his hernia truss on the outside of his pants, using it as a belt. His wife was stone deaf. There were empty toilet paper rolls scattered around the house, and he would communicate with her screaming through the empty roll into her ear.

Ring! Ring!
Angelica McLennan

Ring, ring 3w3
Hi, Angel. It's Donna.
Ring, ring 4w2
Hi, Donna. It's Angel.

We were ringing each other often! What should we do today? Sometimes delayed by the infamous Party Line! Who was on our line? Carolyn Canon? Lord and Lady Salter? Did I ever say excuse me, I MUST be in touch with Donna? Could you please free up the line soon? HA! I think not…So it was in 1953...

Donna Heath, Karen Williams, and Angelica McLennan

In '58 school in Switzerland was far away. No email, no phoning. So telegrams it was, for arrivals of loved ones to visit and yes, letters and letters to connect during difficult times of homesickness. Mother Honora wrote splendid newsy, loving, encouraging ones and to say that my requests of clothes and special items were on the way. My father John wrote too, nothing practical but love-filled, can't wait to see you, the animals are well letters. I waited for them and hung on every word. And funny ones sprinkled throughout from sister Holly and grandmother Olivia. I felt very fortunate for the flow of creative, comforting words, no emails and texts.

Return and school away for the 8th thru 12th grades meant more and more letters including my first of many from the arrival of boyfriends on the scene. I have everyone still...grateful for the reminders of the excitement and love. I have typed letters from my mum to Olivia and from her, during the war in North Africa. No need for a literary masterpiece. Just the daily log of chat and stories and happenings I would never otherwise know.

Letters are the treasure trove that continued all my life apart from family, loves and friends. I love to write and hopefully will keep the art form alive in writing a little memoir of adventures throughout, to pass on mainly to my grandchildren! I hope many of you have the same, finding precious words to savor for your legacy!

People and Cows and a Dog Communicating
Carey McIntosh

Once upon a time, 20 or 25 years ago, we heard heifers from the Slater Farm next door, communicating to us with "MOO!" From our bedroom window, we saw the heifers coming up the hill from Crystal Brook, through the field and into our garden. So I ran out and began communicating with the cows, "OUT! GIT OUT! GO ON! GIT!" etc., etc. They understood my communication, slowly, and ambled slowly back down the hill, into the woods and across Crystal Brook where the old fence was down. I followed, into the Slater's farmyard, cause I wanted to communicate with Charlie and Liz about their cows and their fence. Charlie's dog saw me, a stranger, invading his farmyard and decided to communicate to me that he didn't like this, with his barks and with his teeth. Charlie was horrified, of course, and he communicated his apologies by giving me some Swiss chard from his garden. We all lived happily ever after, especially the dog and the cows.

"Someone There?"
John Hanson

Nini Gilder
John Hanson

This is a great Tyringham Topic, which made me think about when my family spent summers at Bliss Farm back in the late 1950s and early 1960s. The Tyringham resident I saw the most back in those days was Ward McCarthy, who let me ride on his tractor while he hayed my grandmother's fields. As far as I can remember, Ward regarded conversation as for emergency situations only—his communication with me consisted mostly of warning me to hold on tight and not fall off and get baled along with the hay.

But I vividly remember the party line phone at our end of the valley. The story goes that one evening my Grandmother Reynolds called up her neighbor Mrs. Spencer to share some interesting gossip. In the middle of the conversation, it occurred to her there might be an eavesdropper on the line, so she stopped mid-sentence and asked in her stern voice, "Is there anybody else on the line?" Long pause. Then a strange voice replied: "Certainly not!"

Delivered Messages

Julia Hartman

Comfort Gilder
at Singlebrook c.1939

Some time ago, I found a short story written by my grandmother, Comfort Gilder, describing the day a telegram from the Army Air Corps arrived saying Richard, their eldest son, was missing over the Atlantic. In 1943 there was a telephone and a car at Singlebrook, but Comfort and Helena, my mother, walked the mile to the Red House to console Anne (Anne Alsop Gilder Palmer).

In my search for this story, I found poems that my grandfather, Rodman Gilder, wrote in place of letters: birthday greetings, acknowledgments and, of course, love poems. I found letters between him and Clara Clemens, Mark Twain's daughter, when she was dying in Italy. With the weeks-long time lag for international mail service, Rodman's replies never quite matched her failing situation.

When my grandparents purchased Singlebrook, they blazed a trail across Webster Road to the Carlsons at Riverside. Carolyn Carlson said they visited back and forth sharing vegetables, canned goods and friendship. Later, by the time I was old enough to wonder how Carolyn knew that we had arrived, she said she kept an eye out her kitchen window each night for lights in our window. The next morning Henning (Sonny to us) would come to play with my older brother Rod. It seems that the telephones were not needed.

The telephone has changed so much in my lifetime. As a young girl, I remember picking up the phone and hearing a kind voice asking what number I wanted to call. Then telephone operators became obsolete; we had a party line with 4, maybe 8, other households. The first year we tried to figure out who was on the line with us. It required listening longer than was polite. One year I realized that the elderly gentleman at "Bill's Hill" (now Diana Potter's) was on our line. I must have picked up just as he had dialed, so his call didn't go through. Unaware he was talking to a recorded message, he kept saying "but operator, I did dial the correct number."

In those days, if we wanted to talk to the extended family—Treats, Gilders, Palmers or Pappenheimers—we walked. The telephone was to be used for emergencies only.

Years ago, when it was dinnertime at Glencote and Singlebrook, Ned Perkins or Dad would holler toward the Duck Pond, and children would come running. One summer, we thought that a pig-calling contest should be scheduled to figure whose holler was the loudest and most efficient at dinnertime.

Cell phones have changed things a lot. I can text the children at the Duck Pond when dinner is ready, and they, too, come running!

The Creator and Operator of Tyringham's Electronic Bulletin Board

Jean Moore

When speaking of communications, we have to mention the Tyringham Electronic Bulletin Board, better known as TEBB.

We have come to rely on this asset for much of our town's news, for everything from announcing town election results, to providing information about upcoming community events, to letting us know who is selling a piano. In other words, it covers us.

And yet how many know who is responsible for this communications resource? The header provides the clue: "The TEBB is a privately created bulletin board." That means it is not owned or funded by the town.

That private creator, operator is none other than Tyringham resident Adrienne Miesmer, and TEBB is her "baby."

Adrienne says she hatched the idea at a Hop Brook Community Club meeting some years back when members were wondering about an efficient way to get the word out on a club-sponsored event. She knew there had to be a better way than a mass mailing. But Adrienne had another motive in mind: She wanted to provide a tool to help residents get to know each other, to literally help us to communicate better.

She began with phone calls to get email addresses and approvals. No one would be on the list who did not want to be. She also promised that the list would not be shared. The first TEBB announcement went out in January of 2011 with 100 or so subscribers. As of today she has 325 of us onboard. Some of those who originally were not enthusiastic have since joined on, coming to realize the value of being connected.

Adrienne says she averages two or three TEBBs a week, each taking about an hour to create and mail. But that is actually just the beginning. There is also a huge "behind the curtain" operation, and there's only one wizard. Adrienne, who also produces the town directory, keeps the TEBB subscriber list current, adding new residents and deleting the names of those who leave. She uses town records, she subscribes to a real estate website for property transactions, and makes phone calls to new residents, asking them to join, making her something of a town Welcome Wagon.

For Adrienne, the town directory and TEBB are labors of love. She is motivated by the belief that the more connected we are, the more vibrant we are as a community, and the more we tend to help each other out.

When asked if she is pleased about the success of her contribution to the town, she says, "I'm happy there are those who agree it's a useful tool." A very modest response from the creator of an indispensable Tyringham resource.

If you would like to connect with Adrienne electronically, you can reach her at amiesmer@aol.com.

Our Library, Then and Now
Mary Garner with Jean Moore

Many residents of our town are familiar with a slender, old volume entitled *Tyringham: Old and New,* published in 1905 as a souvenir of Old Home Week. In the opening pages, John A. Scott, author and "Secretary to the Committee" at the time, comments on "the handsome library and town building" at the center of the celebratory events. He describes the fieldstone and red tile exterior as well as the interior "finished in natural woods," with "a huge rustic stone chimney"—just as we see it today, one hundred and fourteen years later.

Mary Garner and Jean Moore at the Tyringham Library

The remainder of the booklet is devoted to a history of the town, from its days as "A Vast Wilderness" to the coming of "The Summer Resident." In each era there are familiar surnames (some going back centuries): Heath, Clark, Hale, Curtin, Canon, Slater, Palmer, Gilder, to name a few.

Many things change throughout history, but others remain. Just as we now anticipate being fully "wired" and more connected, so did they then see the library as a place linking people together. In fact, even today, with the convenience of the digital age at our fingertips, we still see that fieldstone facade and red tile roof signaling the center of our town, inviting us in.

M4 on the Line, Please
Dede Loring

When I was growing up in the 40s and 50s, communication was very different. We had a 10-party phone line. Five lines with "M" and five lines with "W". Our number was 419-M5, which meant we had to count the rings. When it rang five times it was for us!

To call others on the line, such as neighbors, our operator (there was one in Lee, and my mother Davena Curtin was one) came on and said, "Number please." You would say, "M4 on the line, please." Then hang up and wait while you heard four rings. Then I knew I had reached my friend Tootie. If you went to make a call and someone else was using the line, you could hear them, at which point you should hang up—but sometimes people listened in!

Other than that, we walked to see our friends. No text messaging or email. No TV either. I was allowed to go over to Abby Canon's, our neighbor, who had a TV, at 5 p.m. to watch "Howdy Doody." When we left home to go play, we just knew we had better be home for lunch and supper and then, by dark. We were pretty free in those days. Not much traffic or fear of strangers being around.

"Hello, Can You Hear Me?"
Ruth Heath

"Hello, hello, can you hear me?" Some things remain the same, but other parts change. During the 1950s telephones were only used for necessary communication and gossip (Well, that is the same!). A conversation on a party line was social media! Gone are the days of picking up a phone and hearing a live human operator instantly and willing to help and assist in any way possible. Today, after the ring-a-ling you hear a recorded message, "Please listen closely because our menu has changed." Well, today's voice is not meant to entertain our little ones as we go about having to do the many chores to run a household.

My daily routine consisted of laundry and hanging it outside to dry regardless of the weather, while my youngsters played and entertained themselves without an Xbox or iPhone. Yes, it is possible for two- and three-year-olds to interact and play without electronics. However, one day, apparently my three-year-old son Herby wanted someone to talk with who had a larger and more mature vocabulary than his two-year-old sister and infant brother while I was occupied hanging clothing outdoors. So he clamored up on top of the table and plopped himself near the phone. All he had to do was put the phone to his ear and the conversation began.

"Operator, how may I help you?" To her surprise she heard a squeaky little voice looking for someone to entertain him. She was more than happy to oblige.There Herby sat and chatted with the operator until I reentered the house to hear him cheerfully carrying on an adult conversation. I couldn't imagine who he was talking to in such a grown-up way, until I peeked in the room and saw him cradling the phone comfortably to his ear while he sat in the middle of the table.

I was curious to whom he was speaking and took the phone from him. When I realized it was the operator, I began to apologize but the operator informed me she had enjoyed her conversation with Herby. His young, innocent chatter had created a warm moment in her day.

So I said to Herby, "Hello, can you hear me? Phones are for mommies and daddies unless there is an emergency." I put him on the floor and off he ran to join his sister and baby brother in the other room.

Traditional Monastic Communication
Sisters of the Visitation

Since members of a monastic community keep silence most of the day, various systems of communication were devised within the monastery over the centuries.

To be able to contact another member of the community in a large monastery, a system of bell codes was devised. The Superior, Infirmarian, etc. each had a number of bell strokes. This could get confusing if the caller forgot the correct number of strokes or was

distracted and rang incorrectly—great patience was needed on the part of the "callee!"

In Wilmington, Delaware, where this community once resided, this system was in vogue, along with call bells for various occasions. On hot summer days, one call brought everyone quickly to the kitchen; minimal refrigeration meant the ice cream needed to be eaten—fast!

If you have visited us and, while being shown to our Gathering Room, heard a seemingly incessant bell, it was the "12 strokes" saying: "Come, greet our guests!"

Before Mass every morning, when Father arrives, there is the ringing of the "18 strokes." Why 18? Very few remember the original reason for that number, but it does give enough time to get to the chapel.

We have always sent out a circular letter at Christmastime to all of our monasteries, at least in the States. It is filled with the year's events and keeps us close to one another when we are at a distance geographically. In the "old days," these were typed, each one individually, stuffed and mailed—snail mail. We continue the writing of these informative letters but can make use now of modern technology.

We will always find a way to communicate and be united, whether in a monastery or not; human ingenuity will win out!

Back on the Dance Floor

Tonio Palmer

It was déjà vu all over again, as Yogi Berra used to say! Swing'in to Cobble Mountain Band at the Town Pavilion was the highlight of the summer. I got to swing with my daughter Caroline to the very same tunes that Barbara and I would boogie to before Caroline was even a twinkle in our eyes. How special is that?!

Music makes for magical time-twisting moments.

Reese Palmer

Cobble Mountain Band Reunion 2019

Two Trunks

Penny Borax

Two years after my mother died, John and I were going through boxes in her garage. In a corner were trunks stacked four-deep. We decided to tackle those. What did they contain? Army surplus down sleeping bags, my father's circa 1950 waxed cotton canvas wet weather clothing…and thousands of letters, neatly filed, vertically, as if in a very long file drawer, completely filling two trunks!

My father worked as an exploration geologist for various petroleum companies from the late 1940s through the 1970s. He traveled to distant, undeveloped places to map the rocks, so the company could consider whether drilling for oil there might be profitable. He did field work in the eastern U.S., the north slope of Alaska (before it became a state), Central America, Burma (before it was Myanmar), Thailand, Bolivia, Tunisia, Brazil and Canada.

When he was home writing up the field reports in the office, he was an engaged husband and father, but a quarter of our family life took place via letters. I knew about receiving letters in the mail, and drawing pictures to send to Daddy, long before I could write. It required patience because sending a letter and receiving a response might take a month, even with expensive airmail postage. Because of the mail, we knew he loved us—from the stream of letters, photos, and little gifts—no matter where in the world he was. Because of letters, he kept up, however belatedly, with his home and growing children.

In those two trunks, filled end-to-end, is the history of my family in letters: between my parents, from the beginning of their marriage to his retirement; from my sister and me, from childhood through college and beyond; and from aunts and friends overseas.

Last winter I read every single letter in those trunks. I enjoyed seeing the familiar, distinctive handwriting, especially as my father, sister and mother are all dead now. The loving spouses missing each other are there, and the growing daughters. As I read, I recalled the daily events and occasional household crises my mother's letters described. I remembered the names of my father's colleagues, and the adventures, privations, and professional meetings my father wrote home about.

Modern people, whose only written communication is electronic, will not know the thrill of seeing a beloved handwriting in the mailbox or the trial of deciphering a difficult script! No one in the future will amass such a treasure of historic communication, which can be read without any machine.

All those letters we wrote to each other, weaving our lives together…and I never knew they were all saved in two trunks in a garage!

Call Waiting
Jean Moore

Louise (“Petey”) Perkins
(1925 – 2018)

“Come see the gentians,” she said, calling for a late summer stroll.

We walked the Cobble as she explained, “They are deep blue and shaped like stars. Some would say like trumpets.

You can almost hear them.”

I had not been in the valley long, and she was a fine companion, full of stories of girlhood days.

“I stayed at your house once, before I was married. It belonged then to a man named Irem. He had a long horn pressed up against his ear,

but he was nearly deaf for which there was no cure.”

Today I walk the Cobble without her. It is the same season as when we first went to see the gentians.

I wonder where she is, now that we no longer walk among the flowers. Still, I wait for her to call.

“Gentians are old, the source of recipes for tonics and the source of myths of ancient clans, ” she told me on that day.

The Cobble is awash in goldenrods. Everywhere I turn, a sea of gold.

They wave their heads and vie for my attention. “We lived like you once,” they say, “but now we come and go and return each year with the faltering sun.

We are kin.”

She is not among them, but somewhere she is here. When she calls again, I will find her among the gentians.

Ned Perkins

“Petey” Perkins

Francesca Gallo

Remembering the “Mayor of Tyringham”
“Bear” Clark, 2005-2019

Bringing the World Together
Yo-Yo Ma

“Live music is a communion. The clearest reason for music, for culture, is it gives us meaning. For the Silk Road project, we scoured from Venice to Istanbul, Central Asia, China and Mongolia, looking for incredible talent. That’s a new way of thinking. We didn’t speak perfect English or perfect Persian or perfect Chinese, but we speak perfect music language. “

— Excerpt from interview with David Rubenstein, 2017

Communicating through Maps

Tim Taylor
Assistant Assessor for Town of Tyringham, 1998-2015

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. Does that imply that it takes a thousand words to describe a picture? In the case of maps, and more particularly assessor's maps, this is certainly true.

Massachusetts General Laws, Chapter 59, tasks the town assessors with providing a complete list of all taxable property, with its owners, to the tax collector so that taxes can be collected. What it fails to do is explain to the assessors how they are supposed to do this.

In early days a list was probably straightforward. The first plan of "Township No. 1 at Hoosatonnuck," what we know as Tyringham and Monterey, is dated October 12, 1753. The township is divided into rectangular house lots, and settlers were assigned to particular lots or groups of lots. It would be easy to compile a complete list of owners when everyone knew everyone else, and the size of the house lots was known—"more or less." The plan notes that: "By the unevenness of the ground and other imperfections in measuring and running divisional lines, the corners on the ground and the corners on the plan do not exactly agree." This foreshadows problems to come.

Valuation lists prepared by the assessors must be kept permanently. We have lists going back to the nineteenth century, written by hand that provide no clear reason why some buildings were more valuable than others, and the land valued by size.

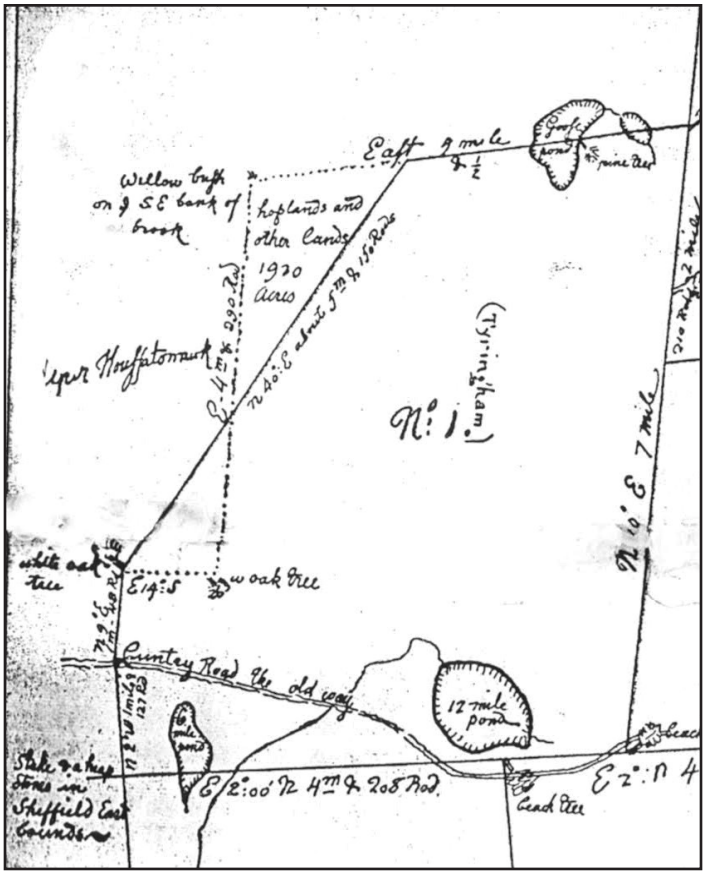
Land is measured in acres. The definition of an acre is "the amount of land that a yoke of oxen can plow with a wooden plow in one day." To make this clearer (?), it is a strip of land one furlong in length and one tenth of a furlong wide. A furlong, as everyone knows (!) is 40 rods in length, or ten chains. These units of measure still appear in deed descriptions today. For those of us in the digital age, a rod is 16-and-a-half feet, so an acre is a strip of land 660 feet long by 66 feet wide, or 43,560 square feet. Given this way of surveying, most descriptions of land follow the number of acres with the phrase "more or less." Newer technology allows more accurate measurement, so the assessor's maps may show both acreage by deed and acreage by measurement.

As a side note, the standard width of a Crown Road in colonial times was four rods, so most of the town road right-of-ways are 66 feet wide, although the paved part is narrower.

The currently accepted way to prepare a complete list is to have a map of the town showing all the properties.

In 1915 the Massachusetts Harbor commission published a survey of all the towns in Berkshire County, plus Middlefield. It gave a copy to each town, but only four towns (including Tyringham) can still find their copy.

The survey gives an accurate description of the town boundary. Think of it as the jigsaw puzzle frame that all the individual properties in the town can be assembled in. Simply assemble the puzzle, and the assessors know they have accounted for all the land in town and they have the complete list they need for the tax collector. Of course, this isn't as easy as it seems.



Detail of old 18th century map showing Tyringham, including Goose Pond

Ownership of land is shown by a deed. In New England, the English system for describing property is followed. It is called "metes and bounds." This system has a starting point and then gives a direction and distance to another point. From this second point, another direction and distance is given to a third point, and so on around the edge of the property until the starting point is reached. Attorneys usually copy the description from the previous deed, so some descriptions are very old. The exception to metes and bounds is when there is a subdivision plan or a survey on file with the Registry of Deeds, and the deed references that.

The first problem is the description of the points. The starting point may be "an iron pin driven into the ground," or the corner of a house or stone wall or "a maple tree marked with a blaze." The house or wall may no longer exist, the tree almost certainly is gone, and people move or remove pins even though they shouldn't. The other points have the same problems with the addition of "thence down the stream" and my favorite one of all time "thence to a stake driven into the ice on the brook."

The second problem is the units used for distances, which may be in feet, but also may be in rods, chains, links (a subdivision of a chain), a combination of these, or missing altogether: "along the wall to a corner."

If you have guessed that the jigsaw pieces for the map don't always fit together, you would be right. It takes a lot of detective work to resolve differences and fill in blank spots.

The assessor maps available on the town website are pictures that took thousands of words to describe.

Telephones

Roberta Myers

My first telephone experience was with a twelve-party line in northern California. The phone was on the wall in the hall. And you turned the crank to alert the operator to connect you. Phone calls were short, and the few long distance calls were monitored with an egg timer. No one chatted on the phone, and besides, the neighbors might be listening. My grandfather used to say outlandish things and listen for gasps.

Another telephone story: when, in 1963, Dr. Ronald Myers bought the Ada and Alford Rowley farm on Nash Road in Sandisfield (now Cold Spring Road), it had neither electricity nor a phone. But, as a dentist, he wanted the possibility of communication with his patients in New Jersey when he was in the Berkshires. The phone line had been recently extended from Otis to the two Rowley properties on our road less than a mile away, so he looked into a line extension. The phone company estimated the cost to be $1 per foot—around $4,000! No way! Anyone who knew my late husband knows that he was a Can Do Guy! He bought a lot of telephone line and strung it from the Rowley's over the hilly field and through the trees to our house. Voilà! A phone line! We were on a four-party line with the Etzels and the Rowleys. I think we were two long rings. All was well until the next summer when William Rowley was cutting his hayfield and inadvertently severed the line! Always resourceful, Ronny spliced the wires together to restore service. Oh! My! This action totally scrambled our party line and others, requiring an emergency visit from the telephone company. He took a lot of teasing about that one! Succeeding summers he called the phone company whenever the field was cut. Then, in 1971, an electric, and phone line, was strung under the Rural Electrification Act, and we were temporarily quite up to date. Of course, computers came much later, and by that time the copper lines were old and pitted, so landline service was spotty to say the least. Unlike Tyringham, Sandisfield is not yet nearing Internet service. But that's another story.

The Animal Communicator

Betty Bean

Bill Bean

Ricky Ricardo running FAST

Communication isn't limited to the human race. My Havanese, Ricky Ricardo, does dog agility for fun and exercise. Last year he started getting slower and slower when he competed in agility trials; slower over jumps, slower through tunnels, and even slower over obstacles. Our vet said he was healthy, so no problem there. I was at a loss of what to do until my friend said to try Dawn, the Animal Communicator. I thought she was kidding. But she explained that Dawn had helped her with problems with both her dogs and cats.

I told Bill who, of course, thought I was truly crazy, but what did I have to lose? "Fifty bucks," said Bill. So, taking Bill's concern under consideration, I immediately went to Dawn's web site and set up a date and time for her to call me.

When she called, Ricky was sitting comfortably beside me on our couch. I answered the phone and a cheerful voice identified herself as Dawn. She explained that she would talk to me on the phone for a while, I would hang on and then she would communicate with Ricky, not through the phone but through the air.

After I spent a few minutes talking to her, she communicated with Ricky. When she got back to me, she was chuckling and said that he was a happy little dog, who thinks he is super excellent at agility. He said he does everything perfectly and does exactly what I tell him to do.

She asked me what my concerns were, and I told her that he was getting slower and slower at the trials. She then asked, "Does he know it's a race?" I told her I really didn't know, but I imagined he did because I'd be jumping up and down hysterically, trying to get him to move faster. Dawn went back to Ricky and when she came back to me on the phone, she said he had NO IDEA that he was supposed to go as fast as he could.

Wow! I never thought of that. She then asked Ricky if he had any other concerns after she told him he was supposed to run his little butt off. He told her that it would be nice if I could acknowledge him as I went about my work around the house during the day, since I was now home more during the week. That kind of freaked me out, because I had recently retired, so I was home more, but I had never told Dawn that.

Well, as they say, "The proof is in the pudding," and I anxiously awaited the next trial. However, even in practices he ran faster. I'm a believer because, in Ricky's next trial, he ran "like a son of a gun." Bill, of course, doesn't believe any of it and told me not to repeat it to anyone, so that's why I'm writing this article for the *Topics*.

Dawn is my new hero and Ricky Ricardo is still "SUPER EXCELLENT."

Marilyn Curtin
(1942 – 2019)

Marilyn Ann Decker Curtin was born November 5, 1942, in Pittsfield to Marcel and Ruth Decker. She was the eldest of their three daughters. She grew up in Lee and graduated from Lee High School. It is there that she met the love of her life, Terrence Curtin. They married August 26, 1961, and soon after started a family in 1963. They moved to their house on Main Road in 1969, and that was where they raised their four children, Terry Jr., Kelly, Beth, and Stephen.

While living in Tyringham, Marilyn loved spending time with her children at the town pool every summer and helping out at the annual Steak Roast. But what she enjoyed most was being the postmistress for the town for many years. She loved sharing stories with all the residents in town, as well as meeting the many hikers as they came through town.

Marilyn loved the ocean and looked forward to the many trips she and Terry took to Myrtle Beach. She enjoyed cooking meals for holidays and loved spending time with her family, especially her grandchildren Tony, Kyle, Darby, Amanda, and Garrett, whom she loved dearly.

On a personal note from me, what I remember most were the many letters she would write to me when I was stationed in Germany in the Army. She knew they would pick up my spirits and put a smile on my face.

Marilyn is sorely missed by her family and friends. Until we meet again.

I love you, Mom,
Terrence Curtin, Jr.

Dede Loring

Charles M. "Tunk" Loring, Jr.
(1935 – 2019)

Charles (Tunk) Loring, Jr., was born in Pittsfield and grew up in Tyringham. He was a happy-go-lucky guy, always happy to get up and face another day, even when he could only sit in his chair.

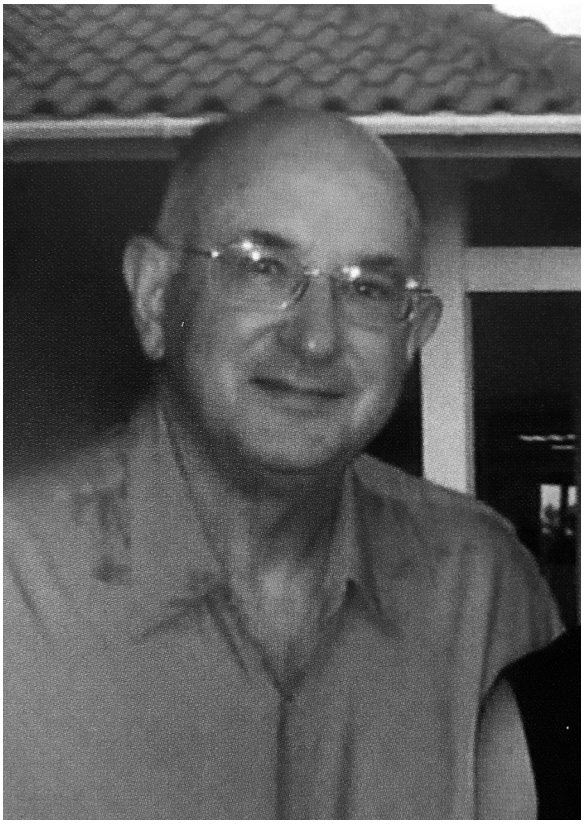
As a young teenager, he mowed lawns on some of Tyringham's largest properties, Perkins, Gilder, McLennan, and the Potters at South House, etc.

He graduated Lee High School in 1954. In 1958 he entered the Army from Tyringham. After that he worked for various construction companies in Vermont and Massachusetts. He was a proud member of the International Union of Operating Engineers (IUOE Local 98) for 33 years.

We married in 1963 and moved to Otis and raised our children, Rhonda, Elaine, Chuck, and Tony. But Tunk always considered Tyringham his home. He was a longtime member of the Tyringham Fire Department. He also worked for the town, once with Fred Loring and again with Hoppy Loring.

He was an avid hunter, mechanic, butcher, and meat-cutter; and I have been told he made the best "hard cider" around. Tunk once told me that he picked me out when I was a little girl when he saw me visiting my aunt. He loved life and had many friends. We, as his family, miss him a lot, and the grandkids miss their Pa.

Dede Loring



Donald Puntin
(1944 – 2019)

Donald was born and raised in Pittsfield but moved permanently to Tyringham in 1984. He had spent many summers at his parents' cottage on Goose Pond where he enjoyed fishing, swimming, water skiing, and cooking on the campfire. He also enjoyed hunting deer, rabbit, pheasant, and wild turkeys with his brother Bill and his nephew Christopher. Even if he had no luck hunting, he loved being in the woods.

I was 16 when I met him. He came for his first job on our family farm, Allessio Brothers farm in Pittsfield. He enjoyed dairy farming very much and considered that for a career.

Instead, he graduated from UMass Amherst with a degree in civil engineering. After college he worked for Petricca Construction, and then Joseph Francese, where he was vice president. His last employment was with Dudley R. Billings in Lanesborough. In 2009 he reluctantly retired and took on the job of training his black Lab Dora and delighting in his grandchildren, Rachel, Alyssa, Adam, Alexandra, Haley, Emma, Sophia, and Allie.

While in Tyringham, he served on the Planning Board, the Finance Committee, and the ZBA. He was a communicant of St. Mary's Church in Lee and a proud member of the Alford Brook Club.

In his later years he became an expert mushroom hunter. He had many interests including construction, engineering, and working on projects inside and outside his home. He had designed and built the home we lived in on Goose Pond. He had the help of his three sons, Brian, Tony, and Matthew, with the construction and clearing of the land. He enjoyed the kitchen as much as his workshop. He was known for his venison stew and polenta, sautéed calamari, and spaghetti sauce. He shared his spaghetti sauce recipe with his grandson Adam who was sworn to keep it secret. He had also perfected his martini and Goose Pond Manhattan. Every fall he presided over the making of barrels of Old Vine Zinfandel wine. His partners in this project included Richard Greene, Tom Soules, and the late Dick Ford.

Donald passed away peacefully on October 9, 2019, after a long and valiant battle with sarcoidosis of the lungs. He was listening to his favorite music sung by Andrea Bocelli.

Lauria Puntin

Karen Winters Williams
(1946 – 2019)

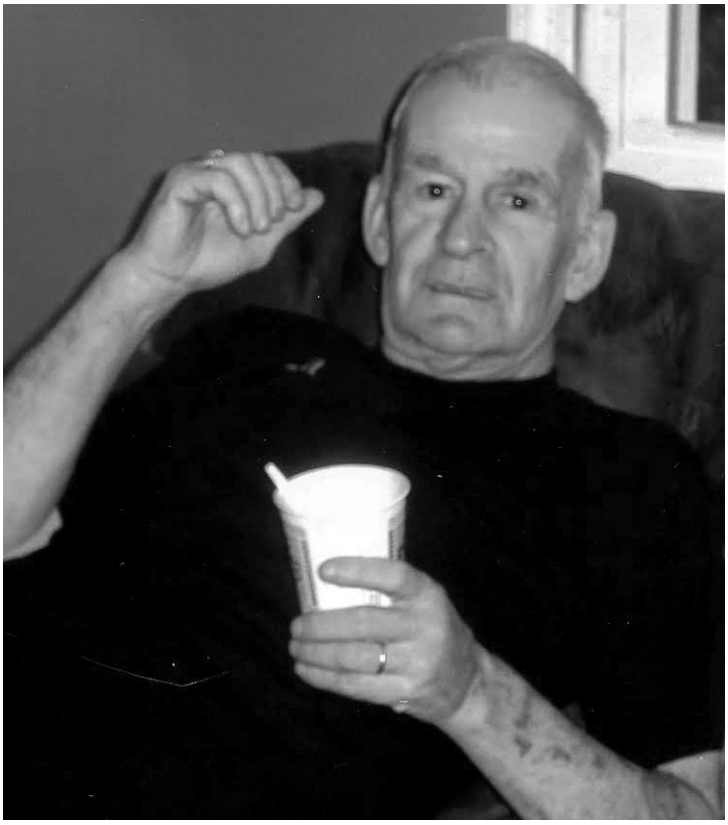
Karen Williams was the daughter of Michael and Evelyn Stedman Winters. She spent her childhood in Tyringham, and when she married Bert Williams in 1965, she moved to Lee, but remained attached to Tyringham for the rest of her life.

Her devoted family wrote:

You were very special to me, a wonderful wife of 55 years. I have great memories, and I will miss that wonderful smile. I will miss you so, Karen. I got a winner in you! – Love always, Bert

Karen was kind, sweet, caring. Always was the first to call for birthdays and always made a birthday dinner every year for us. – Linsey Williams (granddaughter)

I think everyone would say they had the best grandmother. It's something that everyone can relate to in one way or another. But looking back on everything my grandmother, Karen Williams, did for me, it's easy to say and believe she was the best. I knew if I needed something she wouldn't hesitate to help me. Even if it meant giving me rides to concerts or bringing me to midnight releases of my favorite books. She was patient with me even when I didn't feel like life was going my way. She would remind me that I was still growing up, and it's normal to run into a wall at times. Even if I couldn't see the truth back then, all the advice and lessons she taught me stick with me today. She was strong even in the toughest of times and kept a smile on her face for those around her. She thought about others above herself, and I wish I could have told her how much I admired her for it. She was the best grandma I could ever wish for, the best friend you could have in times of need and the kindest soul. I'll remember her for all the nights baking cookies, birthday dinners, family picnics and the love she gave endlessly. Even if she is gone, she will always be in my heart. – Ashley Williams (granddaughter)



Walt Alward
(1943 – 2019)

He liked to be called Walt. He was a kind, gentle man with a sense of humor. He was very proud of his family and himself after having a rough childhood. He was a man of many hats including woodworking as a hobby and other projects. “Master of none.”

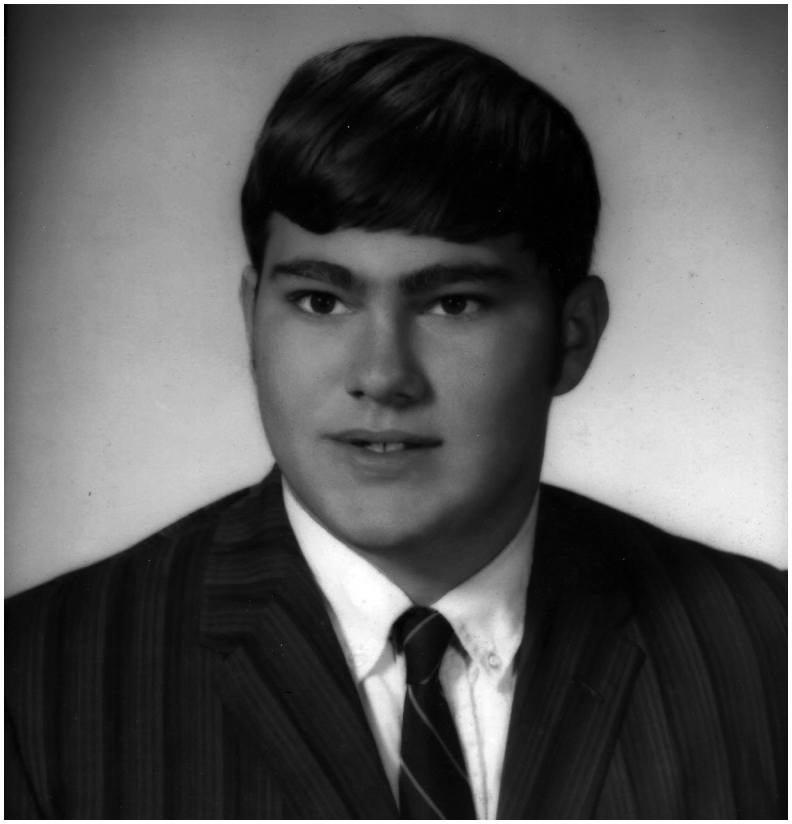
Walt enjoyed hunting with his son, brothers-in-law, and nephews in the valley. He loved being with all his grandchildren and his special friend, his dog Bo.

Walt was a friend to all. He had many jobs within his lifetime but his last was his passion, helping Tom Curtin mow lawns, rake leaves, and take care of cows. He loved being part of this.

His entire family knew Walt would never be late for his funeral. He always left for work at least a half an hour or more early for his jobs!

We will always love you!

Rosa Loring Alward



Richard "Cecil" Earl Cernik
(1951 – 2019)

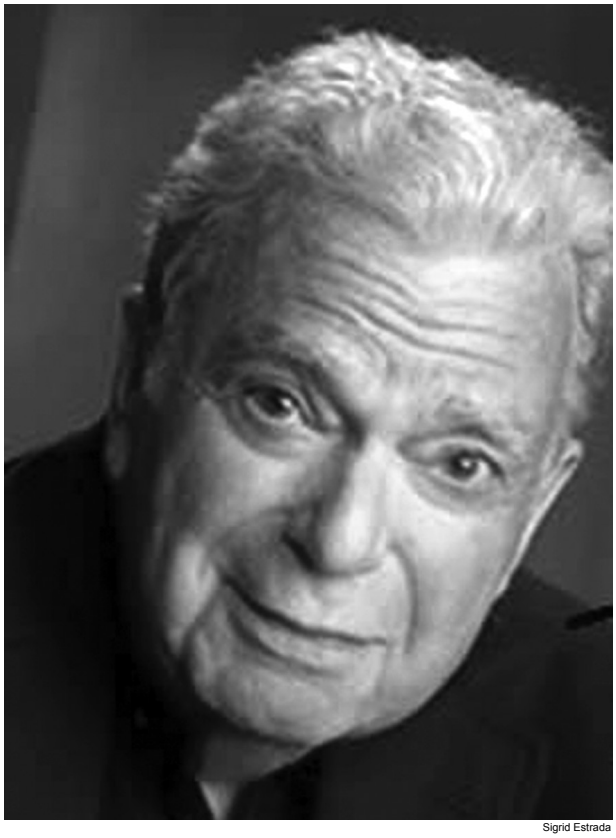
Richard was born to the late Larry and Betty Cernik of Tyringham on September 27, 1951. Richard was raised and went to school in Tyringham and graduated from Lee High School in 1969. He worked at the Lee Paper Mill until 1985 when he purchased Berkshire Appliance from his dad and mom. He continued to run Berkshire Appliance, serving and servicing appliances in Lee and surrounding area until his death on May 10, 2019, in Tyringham, where he had made his residence for the last three years. During most of his adult life, he lived in West Stockbridge.

Cecil is survived by his brother Donnie and his wife Robin of North Carolina, his sister Dawn of Texas, his brother Jeffery "Roll" of Louisiana, and his brother Randy and his wife Christine of Texas. He is also survived by his daughter Jessica, her husband Sean of Massachusetts, and three grandchildren Stephen, Brandon, and Shyla. Cecil has also left behind numerous friends and business associates in Berkshire County and beyond.

Cecil loved to captain his boat and spent many weekends driving to the coast and hosting his friends and family on his fishing boat. He was also an avid hunter, fisherman, and coin collector throughout his years.

We are very saddened that the family business, Berkshire Appliance, has now been closed after 51 years in the Cernik family. The memory of the business will continue through Berkshire Appliance Repairs by his longtime service technician Dave Brown. The family would like to thank the community for supporting the business through the years. We also appreciate the outpouring of support we have received in this difficult time of closing down the business.

Chris, Randy, and Dawn Cernik



Sigrid Estrada

Bob Moskin

(1923 – 2019)

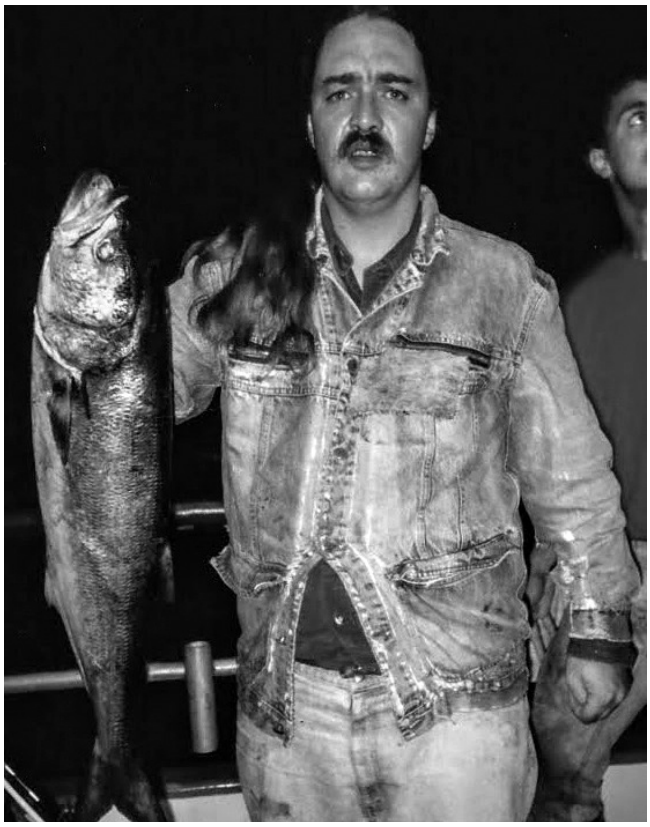
Bob came to Tyringham for the first time in the mid-sixties and was taken by the gentle hills and tranquility of the valley. He bought land on Jerusalem Road and built a contemporary house, leaving much of the woods intact. Bob's favorite season was winter, when he found the snow-covered hills and vistas most beautiful. Our ride around the Tyringham Valley was a Saturday ritual, so he could share the history of his cherished town with our visitors and me. Bob took pride in the three working farms and the beautifully preserved Shaker village, and loved getting the news of the week from the town post office and library. All of our guests were encouraged to walk the Tyringham Cobble. He enjoyed the community events—from the town picnic to the Tyringham Steak Roast. When Talley, our endearing springer, came into our lives, Bob loved watching her play in the Donald and Crosby fields, scamper across Breakneck Road, and swim in Shaker Pond.

Bob was born in New York City on May 9, 1923, and graduated from Harvard, class of 1944, where he had been managing editor of the *Harvard Crimson*. He served three years in the U.S. Army including the Pacific during WWII. After the war he earned a masters degree in American history from Columbia University. Bob brought a deep inquisitiveness about people and events to both his personal and professional life. He was a meticulous reporter and a born storyteller.

For 19 years he reported for *Look* magazine, where, as foreign editor, he covered the Korean War, conflicts in Berlin, Cuba, and the Middle East; and he had three tours reporting on the Vietnam War. After the magazine closed in 1971, Bob was editorial director of The Aspen Institute and later the Commonwealth Fund. Along the way, Bob published 10 books, including *American Statecraft: The Story of the U.S. Foreign Service*, (2013) which R. Nicholas Burns called "incisive and fascinating," *Mr. Truman's War* (1996) and *Among Lions* (1983), his re-telling of the 1967 Battle for Jerusalem. His book *The Story of the U.S. Marine Corps* (1977) is considered the definitive history of the Corps.

Bob served as president of the Lotos Club and was active in the Century Association, in addition to serving on numerous boards. I was blessed to be married to Bob for almost 33 years. Bob had three children from his first marriage, Mark of New York City and Chatfield, MA; David of Hadley, MA, and Nancy of Cambridge and Tyringham, MA; and three grandchildren, Isaac, Lillian and Mae Rose.

Lynn C. Goldberg



Barrie Luchars
(1959 – 2019)

We sadly report the death of Barrie Luchars in May at 60.

Institutionalized most of his adult life, he enjoyed a normal, healthy childhood, especially during summers at our barn in Tyringham. At 3, chasing butterflies but unable to catch them, he learned their names: swallowtail, buckeye, fritillary, red admiral, monarch. A couple of times, we raised monarchs from caterpillars found on milkweed.

Fearlessly, Barrie would catch snakes, eventually showing his little brother Jim how to hold one. Pleasant Valley Audubon Camp taught Barrie all types of turtles. Once, Barrie caught a large snapping turtle in Shaker Pond and insisted on bringing it home in a pail, where he released it in Aunt Margaret (Clapp)'s enclosed vegetable garden. It immediately dug itself down in the dirt. But when our aunt went out to plant a row of peas along the fence, she got a nasty surprise spading up the turtle!

Starting at a young age, Barrie loved fishing all his life. He would reach under rocks in Merry Brook and Hop Brook and seize suckers and trout with bare hands.

In later years, his greatest joy was to join his three brothers in an annual fishing trip off of New Bedford in pursuit of striped bass. Subject to weather, daylight and the decision of the captain, they would stay out until Barrie caught the biggest fish!

The only job Barrie ever had was at 13 or 14 one summer with Jim Fawcett on Fernside, mending fences. Will Kierstead later reported observing Barrie standing still and gazing out at the landscape across the valley, at peace and taking in the scenic beauty of Tyringham.

Margaret Olds Richards
(Barrie's mother)

Selectmen News 2019

Tyringham is continuing on its path to repair, restore, and preserve all things that are dear to us. At the same time, while always being respectful of our traditions and character, we are adopting some new technologies that will create efficiencies, help us achieve our goals, and improve the quality of life for all residents.

The Highway Department completed the much-needed paving project on Webster Road. Planning for replacement of aging culverts on Main Road is complete and the construction phase has begun. Planning is underway for the repair/reconstruction of the Jerusalem Road bridge and the Monterey Road bridge. The major costs for both bridges will be funded by the Mass DOT. Planning is underway for paving portions of Monterey Road and Main Road. We expect that approximately 75% of the cost will be covered by Mass. Chapter 90 funds. The Town entered into a Land Management Agreement with the Mass. Department of Fish and Game. This led to the total reconstruction of the Goose Pond Boat Ramp, which was fully funded with a state grant. We took delivery of our new six-wheeler dump truck. It's fully equipped and at-the-ready for the 2018/2019 winter season.

In the town hall, old carpeting was replaced and new fire-resistant filing cabinets were installed. The new cabinets are now housing the town's critical records. Thanks to hard work by the Historical Commission, the library was added to the National Registry of Historical Sites. A plaque will be installed near the entrance. Our recent work at the town's swimming area was rewarded with favorable water-quality test results throughout the summer months. The Board of Selectmen was happy to work with the Hop Brook Club to bring summer swimming lessons back to this beautiful site. We are grateful to all who worked so hard to bring this tradition back to life. With town hall and library repairs behind us, we are now turning our attention to the schoolhouse. The Schoolhouse Advisory Committee was formed in May, and its main purpose is to make recommendations to the Board of Selectmen in regard to how the building can best be used for the benefit of the town. The committee will solicit opinions from the public, and we look forward to reviewing all recommendations and to presenting alternatives to the town.

After a few setbacks, we are inching toward the installation of fiber cable that will provide high-speed Internet, TV and phone service to 96% of residences. The Board of Selectmen issued a cable TV license to Charter Communications, which became effective on March 7, 2018, and will extend for a period of 15 years. By the end of March, Charter submitted all applicable utility pole applications to the pole owners. The work to make poles ready for fiber installation has been underway since then, and Charter expects the pole work to be completed in early 2019. Charter expects to begin fiber installation in the spring of 2019 with completion in the fall of 2019. Under a grant from the Berkshire Regional Planning Commission, we have completed preliminary plans for the creation of a town intranet. The intranet will be used by employees and elected officials to securely store and share town records, store old town records after conversion to an electronic format, and to host two web cameras for monitoring road conditions. The web cameras were paid for by a grant; one will be located at Town Hall and the other at Goose Pond mailboxes. Eventually, we hope to provide public Internet access for certain town records and the web cameras.

As always, the Board of Selectmen appreciates ongoing public support and the opportunity to serve. We thank all town employees for their willingness to complete tasks outside of their normal duties. We thank Molly for taking care of daily operations and ensuring that all deadlines are met. We thank elected officials, appointed officials, and members of our councils, commissions and committees for their contributions to the successful operation of the town. We thank Ann Gallo for bringing theater and arts to the town, and we thank the Hop Brook Club for sponsoring fine events throughout the year. Your collective efforts have made Tyringham a very special place to live.

On behalf of the Select Board
Jim Consolati

Francesca Gallo

Town square dance at the 1891 barn

Nini Gilder

Everett and Bill Fennelly, Tom Curtin,
Tom Fennelly, and Jim Guachione

Tyringham Free Public Library

The Library was open 101 days for 202 hours this year. Thanks to voters at a special Town Meeting, additional money was added to the Library account making it possible to be open six more hours per week. The updated hours are Mondays 6 to 8 p.m., Tuesdays 3 to 5 p.m., Thursdays 1 to 4 p.m., and Saturdays 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. The new hours began in September. They also start toward making us eligible for state certification.

We added many new books and DVDs to our collection including books purchased with grant money, part of which came from the Hop Brook Club, for juvenile and young adult books. Our thanks to those who have donated books and DVDs, but I must stress that we can accept a limited number of donated books and you should check with the librarian if you want to make a donation.

We offer passes to the following museums: The Bidwell House, The Clark, The Norman Rockwell Museum, MassMoCA, Ventfort Hall, Hancock Shaker Village, The Berkshire Museum, the Trustees of Reservations properties, and state parks.

The card catalogue is in the process of being entered into an online program and can be accessed from the computers in the Library. There are two computers for patrons' use, and you can bring in your own computer to access WiFi. WiFi is also available in front and behind the Library when we are not open.

Mary Garner, Librarian

Hop Brook Community Club Scholarship News

We were honored to give scholarships to three students this year.

Skye Freeman represented to us the value of an optimistic attitude and hard work. She was among the students affected by the closing of St. Joe's in the middle of her high school career. Skye made high honors many times during these changes and also participated in competitive cheerleading.

We were impressed by her perseverance regarding the need to change high school in her Junior and Senior years while still maintaining high grades, which was also mentioned in her teacher recommendation. Skye worked at 51 Park Street in Lee, which helped inspire her dream to open her own restaurant near the beach. Currently, she is attending Coastal Carolina College, majoring in business, and with plans to continue cheerleading at the school.

Our other two scholars received additional funds from Hop Brook to continue their studies during their sophomore year. Mikayla DeSantis continues her nursing studies at Fitchburg State. She told us of her health ups and downs, but she is very determined to stay in the nursing program. She is meeting with all of her professors once a week and has tutoring, without which she is not sure she could make it. She is also grateful to her family, friends and Hop Brook. Hop Brook, therefore, decided to extend further financial help to a very deserving student.

We also gave an additional scholarship to Kelsey Brown who has stayed interested in Tyringham events and helped as a volunteer for Hop Brook. She is a sophomore at Boston University Kilachand Honors College. While there, she interned at the State House with Rep. Farley-Bouvier and was involved in Every Voice Coalition, an advocacy group pushing to pass bills preventing sexual assault on campuses. Even with all of her outside activities, her freshman grades were superior. We enthusiastically decided to provide additional help.

Finally, thank you to all of our Tyringham friends, who support us through attending lectures, square dances and subscribing to the *Topics* and especially the Fernside families, who, year after year, have contributed generously in memory of Robert S. Rudd.

Again, thanks to the Scholarship Committee (Kate VanOrman, Maureen Lenti, Lauria Puntin, Maggie Howard, and Betty Bean) for being flexible in attending interview sessions, discussing funding options, and supporting our scholars.

Betty Bean, Chair

Tyringham Topics, Winter 2019
Robert Oakes, Graphic Designer
Editorial Staff: Betty Bean, Mary Lou Bradley, Ann Gallo, Nini Gilder, Carol Hardy-Fanta, Maggie Howard, Sarah Hudson, Catherine Mardula, Jean Moore

Swim Program 2019

The Tyringham Swim Program of 2019 kicked off on July 11 at the Town Pond. A total of 13 children—many returning from last year—participated in the lessons. Classes met every Thursday at 4:30 for two 45-minute group lessons. Noelia and Diego Salinetti ably served as assistants to Prashad, who taught at the pond last year as well.

Carol Hardy-Fanta

Swimming lessons at the Town Pond

We had originally planned to offer lessons once a week for eight weeks. In contrast to last year, where several lessons had to be cancelled because of heavy rain, this year we had the opposite problem: too little rain meant the streams feeding the Town Pond dried up and created unhealthy conditions. Due to bacterial build up, the pond was closed for two weeks and, even with a makeup session, there were only six lessons.

Children and (grand) parents who participated were, nevertheless, very enthusiastic about the swimming lessons. The weather was beautiful, and the students, who ranged in age from 3 to 10 years, learned about water safety and practiced different swim strokes and skills. They also improved their stamina by increasing the distance they swam every week. Jumping or diving from the dock was everyone's favorite!

Hop Brook Community Club thanks the town for providing funding to pay the instructor and for keeping the area around the pond clean and free of geese this year. (The porta-potty in the parking lot helped as well; next year we hope for one at the pond itself!). In keeping with the theme of this year's Topics, we conclude our brief report by saying that the Hop Brook Club hope to be "in communication" with town officials this winter about plans for next season.

Prashad Abeysinghe
Carol Hardy-Fanta

Hop Brook Community Club

I was struck, when I sat down to write this short piece, by the steadfast, enthusiastic attendance (gleaned from the meeting minutes), of so many of our members at each and every meeting of our Hop Brook Community Club.

Well, what could be nicer than gathering with friends and neighbors for some intellectually provocative chatter in the form of lectures and conversation? What could be more pleasant than to cap your lunch with a light moist pastry, rhubarb crisp, or creamy chocolate zucchini layer cake? No matter that the member's garden next door might be just a little bit more beautiful than yours, or the house just a tad cleaner.

Our year roared to a good start. Plans were laid for a "conversation" with a member of the Berkshire County Law Enforcement Task Force established to deal with the ever-growing opioid crisis in our county.

Although snow was still swirling, we began to organize our swimming program for kids which eventually took place in July with much success, and our "nature series" lecture, given by a staff member of the Pleasant Valley Wildlife Sanctuary, which brought much pleasure to young and old.

Thanks to the perseverance of the Hop Brook Club, the town will henceforth have greater access to our beautiful library, which can now remain open for more hours per week. We are grateful to the Board of Selectmen and townspeople for approving funding for this. A new entity, Friends of the Tyringham Library (FOTL), has been formed. It is hoped that there might be interest in starting a sewing/knitting group who could use the library has a place to work. They might call themselves "Knit and Stitch."

Finally, as you know from correspondence on the *Topics*, we are striding further forward into the 21st century with Paypal! We hope that this will motivate you to purchase our products—cups, plates, T-shirts, cards etc. Christmas is coming!

And with that, we thank you warmly for your support and urge new members to join us. We wish you all a very happy holiday season.

Maggie Howard, Co-President
Mary Lou Bradley, Co-President

THIS PROJECT IS SUPPORTED IN PART BY

MASSACHUSETTS CULTURAL COUNCIL
A state agency that funds your community's local cultural council

This project is supported in part by a grant from the Tyringham Cultural Council, a local agancy, which is supported by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.

Tyringham Volunteer Fire Company

The Fire Department responded to 30 total calls this year. Of those, 11 each were for alarms and medical calls. There were five fire calls, one motor vehicle accident, and two calls listed as "other."

In our efforts to upgrade the equipment at the station, we were able to locate and purchase a used tanker truck last October. The Fire Company was high bidder on Auctions International for a 1990 International 2000-gallon tanker, with less than 13,000 miles. The truck is in excellent condition and was owned by the Chaffee-Sardinia Fire District in Chaffee, New York. While it holds 2,000 gallons, it has a compartment for a 2,000-gallon portable tank. We acquired a portable tank to place on the truck from a neighboring department. A special town meeting was held by the town to reimburse the Fire Company.

The new tanker and department were put to the test on November 28 when we received a call for a barn fire at the Havill farm. It turned out to be a tractor on fire in the upstairs barn. The fire was extinguished with no structural damage to the building. It was a great stop!

The department hosted a mutual aid rural tanker shuttle drill on June 24, 2019. Departments from Lee, Stockbridge, Otis, Becket, and Monterey joined us for a well-attended session. We had at least 40 firefighters here to hone their skills and become familiar with their neighbor's equipment. Four of the departments' six chiefs were in attendance.

The Fire Company continues to work on replacing the station building. Much has been going on behind the scenes. Plans are beginning to materialize, with an anticipated start date for spring or early summer of 2020. We expect to send a general letter this fall with greater details.

We continue to encourage new members to join us. Membership is the number one issue anywhere in America for fire departments. Join to help your neighbor. Imagine if no one came after calling 911. Think about it!

Charles Slater, Fire Chief

The Valley Club

Newcomers Ellen Freeman and Amanda Hamilton were welcomed with open arms as they joined us old timers to bring fresh ideas and new vitality to our club. Potluck dinners were hosted by Barbara Adams and Ruth Heath at their homes. Chris Curtin was an excellent hostess for our Christmas party where we exchanged gifts along with good cheer. The club also gathered for a summer luncheon at The Great Barrington Brewery where we shared good fellowship and information about significant events in our lives such as weddings, family events such as births and deaths, as well as anything exciting that occurred. As is our club's tradition, flowers were planted in the center of town and maintained by many willing hands throughout the season. The generous donation of the flowers is a wonderful gift to Tyringham from Rodney Clark's Nursery.

Ruth Heath, President

Union Church in Tyringham

Greetings from the Tyringham Union Church! Every Sunday we prayerfully recite the Apostles Creed, and in the creed is the belief in the "Communion of Saints": a mystical bond uniting both the living and the dead, not only referring to people but also to all holy things including the blessings we all share with each other. So we communicate through our prayers with this understanding of hope and love as we pray for those this year that we lost.

We pray as we celebrate the lives of Charles (Tunk) Loring, Karen Williams, Richard (Dick) Cernik, and Walter Alward and for their families. We are grateful to the Cernik family who graciously donated a new chime system in loving memory of Betty and Larry and their son, Richard, who was the keeper of the chimes until his passing this year.

A beautiful quilt, handmade by Pat Clark, was donated to be raffled. Many thanks to all who purchased tickets. We raised $930 with all of your donations. The winning raffle ticket was chosen at our annual Easter Pancake Breakfast; the lucky winners were Catha and Viggo Rambusch.

Viggo and Catha Rambusch holding winning tickets for Pat Clark's quilt

This year we installed a new Bluetooth sound system to provide assistance to anyone wearing hearing aids or in need of sound augmentation.

With a generous $100,000 matching challenge grant, the long-awaited, significant church renovation plan is well underway! Even before this gift, we have raised $332,000! Thank you all who have contributed!

As we prepare for our Christmas Eve Candlelight Service, we welcome anyone who wishes to sing in the choir or play in our bell choir to contact janet@janetmckinstry.com.

All are invited to the Candlelight Service at 5:00pm on Christmas Eve.

Peace and Joy to all,
Rev. Janet McKinstry

Tyringham Historical Commission

Nini Gilder with Alice Hale

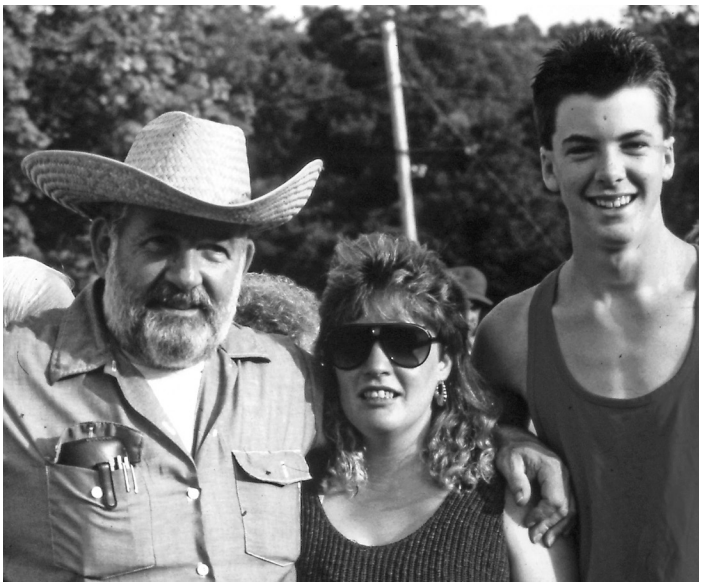
The Commission is sorting and identifying several thousand slides from the 250th Town Celebration in the summer of 1989. They were taken by a team of photographers led by Ellis Edmonds, Barney and Julie Edmonds, and Chuck Reich. In August we presented a program in the Town Hall, "Tyringham 30 Years Ago," with a fraction of the collection, and here are some memorable ones.

More programs to follow as we continue to identify and scan this trove of images!

Photos from Thirty Years Ago - 1989

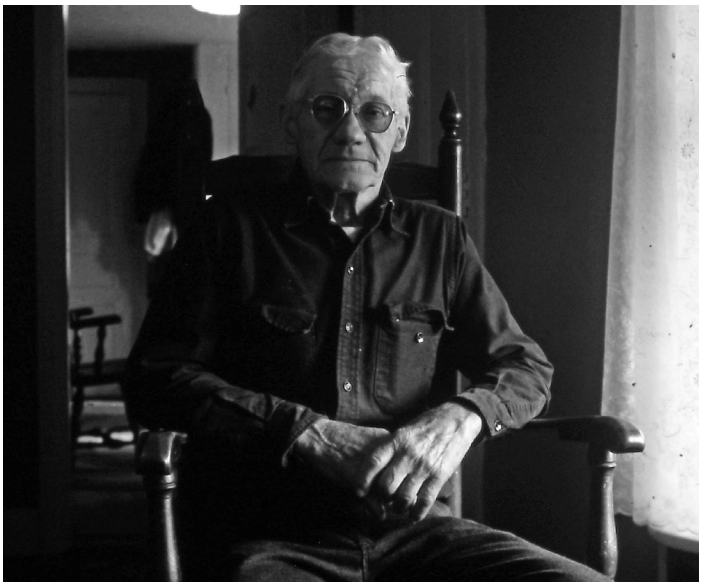
Dot Choquette, Marion Whalen, and Evelyn Winters

Sissy Whalen Curtin



Neil, Molly, and Mike Curtin

Maggie Howard and Sidney Urquhart



Charlie Slater, Sr.

Women of Tyringham: Experiences of the Fifty-One Percent

Quite a few ladies in town, thirty-two of you, took time to sit down with me over this past winter and spring for one-on-one interviews. Many with apprehension. Several with abandon. Most with reserved curiosity. In the end I collected a vast spectrum of perspectives on Tyringham's women.

These stories will be archived with the Historical Commission alongside interviews conducted by Maggie Howard, Sarah Hudson, Nini Gilder, Catha Rambusch and others, recorded back in the eighties and nineties. The goal for all these recorded interviews is to find a home in the Tyringham Library where you can sit with headphones and listen to stories told by relatives, friends, and neighbors, some of whom are no longer with us. Preserving all these recordings in perpetuity will benefit future generations of Tyringham families and remind us of this community's ever-changing fabric.

As for the Women of Tyringham project, Rachel Urquhart and I are currently co-writing an original play based on stories and themes extracted from my recent interviews and the historical recordings. Transcripts were made from a number of these interviews. We are now in the process of blending stories, moments, and reflections in script form to perform in the 1891 Barn, summer 2020. We have stories about the schoolhouse (Mrs. Welch was a popular topic). Others about courtship, marriage, and birth. Many of you shared your favorite Tyringham spots where quiet moments could always be found. In addition there are tales of childhood farm accidents, hunting and "borrowing" a car to drive in the fields. But I've already told you too much.

December 14, 2019, we will be having a community reading of some selections from the work-in-progress script. And of course, this spring I will be inviting the community, some of whom have already raised their hands, to sign-up and be a part of the cast or crew for the July 25, 26, and August 1, 2, 2020 production. By the way, women AND men are welcome.

I'd like to acknowledge Tyringham women's silent strength and perseverance over the decades. It has been a gift to collect these memories, and we are excited to share them with the Tyringham community.

Ann Gallo

Tyringham Properties Committee

The hills are alive again at Tyringham Cobble! Our October 5th Cobble Work Day focused on the area above the Cobble face, affectionately referred to as the "Hills Are Alive Vista." Thanks to everyone that joined the effort to reclaim this beautiful view. Earlier in the year, the Properties Committee hosted a spring work day to continue garlic mustard removal at McLennan Reservation. The area near the beaver pond and sections of the lower trail were targeted.

At Ashintully a new bridge has been built in the meadow on the North side of Sodom Road, which will be part of the connecting trail between Ashintully and the McLennan Reservation. Boardwalks will be built in selected areas of the meadow to facilitate crossing the seasonally wet areas of the trail. In the spring of 2020, the Properties Committee and the Trustees will host a formal opening of the trail.

The Tyringham Properties Committee continues to work cooperatively throughout the year with the Trustees to support the four properties owned by the Trustees in Tyringham. These properties encompass 1,032 acres and include Tyringham Cobble, McLennan Reservation, Ashintully, and a parcel on Goose Pond. We are all caretakers of these beautiful properties and fortunate to have them in our backyard. As always, please let us know your comments.

Larry Bravo, Chair

Shaker Pond Picnic

Nini Gilder

Barbara Palmer and Elizabeth Hanson

Nini Gilder

Toodie and Robert Alsop

Nini Gilder

Jean Moore, Betty Bean, and Steve Rubin

Nini Gilder

Joyce Carlson

Sarah Hudson

Louisa and Rosamond Marsh

Nancy Hickey and Angela Cason Hickey

The Places We Meet

Nini Gilder

Neighbors Bill Bean and Tonio Palmer at the Transfer Station

Brian Urquart and Steve Pierce at the Shaker Pond Picnic

Ann Gallo

Alice Hale at the Historical Commission meeting in Orchard House

At the Post Office

Nancy Hickey

Chris Curtin

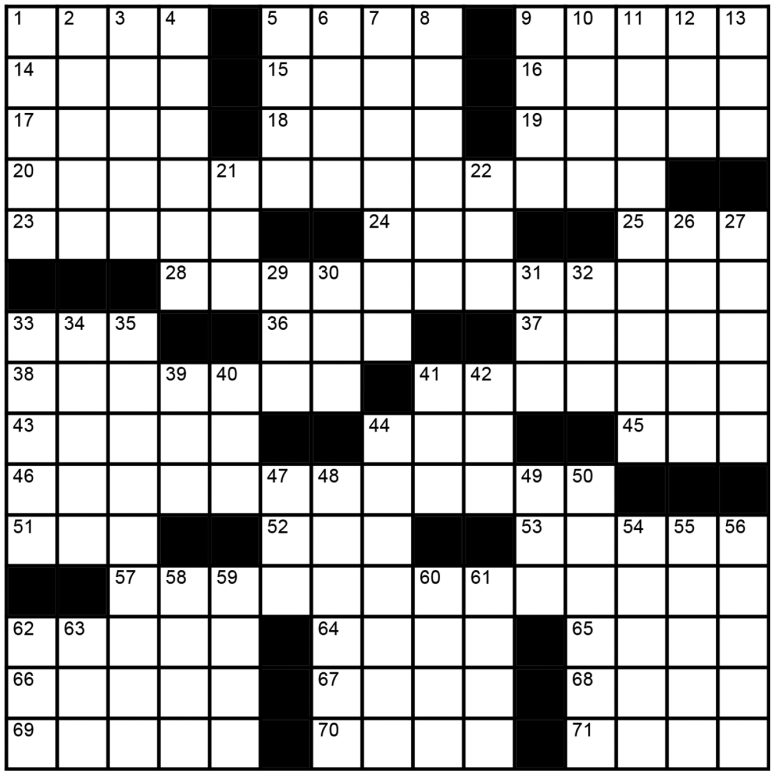
Nancy Hickey

Pat Clark

Nancy Hickey

Dede Loring

Crossword Puzzle by Alison Donald



Across

1. Amo, amas, ___

5. Apple's apple, e.g.

9. Perspective

14. 12-point type

15. Each

16. Armstrong of jazz

17. Baseball's Matty or Felipe

18. Home on a branch

19. Leaves out

20. Specialist in airborne communication

23. Boredom

24. Australian runner

25. Brain scan, for short

28. Communication through gestures

33. "___ say!"

36. Dawn goddess

37. Annual athletic awards

38. Like kilts

41. Plants that attract felines

43. One stop transmission shop

44. Reaction to a back rub, maybe

45. 1960's Pontiac muscle car

46. Old form of long distance communications

51. Start of many California city names

52. "Cat ___ Hot Tin Roof"

53. Up, in baseball

57. Machine used for inked communication

62. Floor it

64. Carbon compound

65. "Born Free" lioness

66. Nancy Drew's creator

67. Alphabet sequence

68. Suffix with gang or mob

69. W.W. II conference site

70. Male deer

71. Retired planes, for short

Down

1. Speedily

2. La Scala locale

3. Fall harvest for a chipmunk

4. Ford sedan

5. Narrow street

6. Letters on a phone button

7. First four books of the New Testament

8. Kia model

9. Soothing lotion ingredient

10. Pitcher Hideo

11. Test subject

12. On, as a lamp

13. Twisty road curve

21. Three on a sun dial

22. Rev, as an engine

26. Cairo's land

27. Painter's primer

29. "Fancy that!"

30. Silent assent

31. Obtain

32. Admiral's org.

33. "No bid"

34. Andean animal

35. Iced tea garnish

39. Comic strip cry of dismay

40. Sock part

41. Jail, slangily

42. "I got it!"

44. Opposed to

47. Arlo, to Woody

48. Lays to rest

49. Drink from a dish

50. Emphasize

54. Alternatives to suspenders

55. Item of value

56. Former Russian rulers

58. Landlord's charge

59. Notion

60. ___ bene

61. Gurgling sound

62. Shade of blue

63. ___ green

Answers to crossword puzzle on p.29

NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR

Lynn Bertelli and Alan Wilcox report that their son Travis Cabral has taken up drag racing on the quarter mile track at Lebanon Valley Speedway, where speeds reach in excess of 140 mph! And they share news that grandson Robert (age 12) started racing go-carts this year and placed second overall in his category for the season at Lebanon Valley. Alan and Lynn's oldest grandson Hunter has graduated from high school and is currently working at Salmon Run Restaurant.

Mary Ann Brown reports that all is well with the Brown, Monserrati, and Kennedy families. Alexis, Kris, and the boys, Miles (7) and Emil (7), continue to live in Lenox, where they enjoy being close to family and friends. The boys are now in first grade and love to make amazing things with their Legos! They have a great sense of humor and are a testament to 'kids say the darnest things'!" A bit further up the road in Williamstown: Nicole and Michele are enjoying their third-year teaching (Classics and Comparative Literature, respectively) at Williams College. Their daughter, Livia (4), delights in living so close to her cousins and her "Mammie," Mary Ann. She is fast becoming a true Berkshire girl, witnessed by her impatience at being "stuck in traffic" if there is more than one car ahead if us in the circle at the intersection of Rtes. 2 & 7! Needless to say, it is a great joy to be surrounded by all of my family and to see the grandchildren grow up.

Miles, Emil, and Livia

Sheila Caseley writes that her daughter, Kerstin Anderson Marcum, continues to live in Pennsylvania. Sheila's oldest granddaughter, Aleya, is a junior at Marymount University; granddaughter Sydney is a freshman at the University of South Carolina; and grandson Cameron is a high school sophomore. Sheila is seeking Leilya Rizzo's address or phone number; her Florida address from December to March is 855 Osprey Lane, Fort Pierce, FL 34949.

Peter and Gail Charpentier share that Elizabeth continues to work as a mental health clinician; Hollis is a pupil in the Williams School; Matthew is Head of Maintenance at Apple Tree Inn. Christine is in school for nursing; Alexandria has started high school; and Michael is in junior high.

Christina Canon Craighead says, "Merry Holidays to renewed Tyringham friends and acquaintances in our get together at Nini Gilder's luncheon last fall. Special appreciation to Barbara Palmer."

Bill Cosel and Adrienne Miesmer write: "Cosel, Thompson, and Wendt news circles around grandchildren. In DC, Gabey and Luke's son Eamonn was born on September 11, two weeks early, eager to meet his sister Inez. Here on McCarty Road, Jack, 4 1/2, has taken up BMX (bicycle motor cross) with brother Richard, now 3, serving as pitman at the track." Thinking back to drag racing successes Lynn Bertelli's sons (see above), perhaps a future *Topics* theme should be "Speed" or "Boys with fast cars"?

From Mt. Airy, Maryland, **Gene and Nancy Curtin** write "our grandson, Hunter, is on the soccer and basketball teams at South Carroll High School; his twin sisters the same at their middle school. Son Gene and family have moved to Emmaus, PA, where Gene is now working for Sam Adams; Lee is working in Allentown as an autism specialist."

Peter and Michelle Curtin report their first grandson, Matthew Thomas Curtin, was born March 28, 2018, to Ethan and Michelle Gochenour. Peter has celebrated 25 years "clean." He credits his mother "who never gave up on her kid, after eighteen years of active addiction, breaking her heart and stealing her soul." Thinking about the importance of communication, Peter writes, "Don't be afraid to ask for help. It is too big to battle on your own. God will deliver a message through people who have been through it themselves."

From Lakeside, California, **John Donald and Penny Borax** write that John survived a serious case of Babesiosis, a tick-borne, blood-parasite disease, transmitted by a tick bite he received in Tyringham in the summer. The family thanks Tyringham for its kindness and moral support.

Peggy Donald Snider provided a lovely family tree showing that this past April, they welcomed the newest member of the family: Naia Kelly Pisoni, born to son Lorenzo and daughter-in-law Jessica.

Close to home, **George and Nini Gilder**, exclaim "Thank Heaven for Little Girls!" Anne (named for her 101-year-old great grandmother) born in Thailand on January 28 to Mellie and Greg; Rosamond, in convenient Great Barrington on May 23 to Louisa and Matt; and coming up in the New Year, another little girl expected by Irene and Richard in Brooklyn!

Chris and Carol Hardy-Fanta report that their daughter, Allison, married Sam Russ in October; they celebrated the event on a perfect summer day in July up on Webster Road, overlooking the valley. Carol and Chris were blessed as well by the arrival in the spring of a beautiful grandson, Charles Ellis Fanta, who was born on May 22. He and his parents, Caroline and Bob, are doing wonderfully well and, if you're lucky, you'll catch a glimpse of them when they're visiting.

Julia Hartman shares that Gabriel Wishik Miller, Rodman Miller's son, has left for a year in Mozambique to join Doctors without Borders to help with their opioid crisis.

"Still Alive and Kicking!" writes Goose Pond resident **Robert Hildebrand**.

Celia Kittredge and Katherine (Kit) Clucas; Jay Ogden and Tom Ogden families; the Sullivans; Charles Kittredge; and the Scott and Rowley families report that William Ogden, Jay's son graduated from Fordham Law, passed New York bar and is now working for Sidley Austin LLP in New York City; Sarah Ogden, after a few years in California working for Apple, is now back east again at the Wharton Business School; Kit and I welcomed approximately 50

sheep this summer. We love them—especially the adorable lambs! They have been in greener pastures at the Palmers but will be back for the winter.

Matt and Louisa Marsh, now at Hickory Farm, proudly report that, on May 23, Rosamond Magdar Marsh was born at Fairview Hospital with Pam Curtin as such a great labor nurse that Louisa cannot imagine the experience without her! (From Louisa: "I think Matt feels the same way.") "Rosamond" was named for Louisa's great-great aunt Roz Gilder; and Magdar: for Matt's grandparents, especially his grandmother, who lived just long enough for a joyful meeting with her great-granddaughter. We are loving having a Tyringham baby!

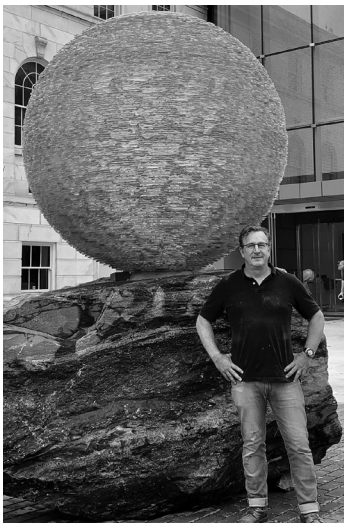
Shaun and Holly Murphy recently celebrated their 45th wedding anniversary with a cruise to Bermuda—both are now retired and enjoying their three grandchildren: Savannah (11, Eamon's daughter) in Simsbury, CT; and Makai (3 ½), and Talcott (2), Niall's son and daughter. Shiobhán married Rich Stone this October 5 at Rosedale Farm and Vineyard in Simsbury, CT.

Catha and Viggo Rambusch are pleased to report that Rambusch Studios completed its work of conservation and restoration for the National Park Service of the original torch and flame of the Statue of Liberty. New source of illumination is an LED system that can be programmed for color and brightness; it is the central feature of the newly opened museum on Liberty Island.

Martin, Nicholas, and Edwin Rambusch

Mary Rathburn shared the sad news that she has lost another son to cancer: Jeffrey Herlihy from Otis; he was 55 years old. "He was a great carpenter by trade. He also was a great ballplayer in his day, and full of fun right till the end. He left a daughter Meghann and her husband Jordan Arnold, and a son Taylor and a daughter Charlotte. Jeff also left his two brothers, Ken and Kris, and me. He was a great guy and had lots of friends who loved him dearly. God bless you, Jeff. Love, Mom."

Sculptor **Henry Richardson** is shown here in front of his piece called "Reflections on Unity," newly installed at the Asheville Museum of Art in North Carolina. The sculpture was made at his studio at Goose Pond.


Henry Richardson

Writing from the University of Illinois at Chicago, **Ben Schaefer**: "This summer I was contracted, due to my ability to speak German and my bioanthropological training, by the Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency as a forensic anthropologist to assist in the recovery of a fallen WWII soldier outside of Leipzig, Germany. My mission was successful and recovered the remains of this soldier, which are currently in the process of repatriation. After 74 years, this family can finally get some peace of mind."

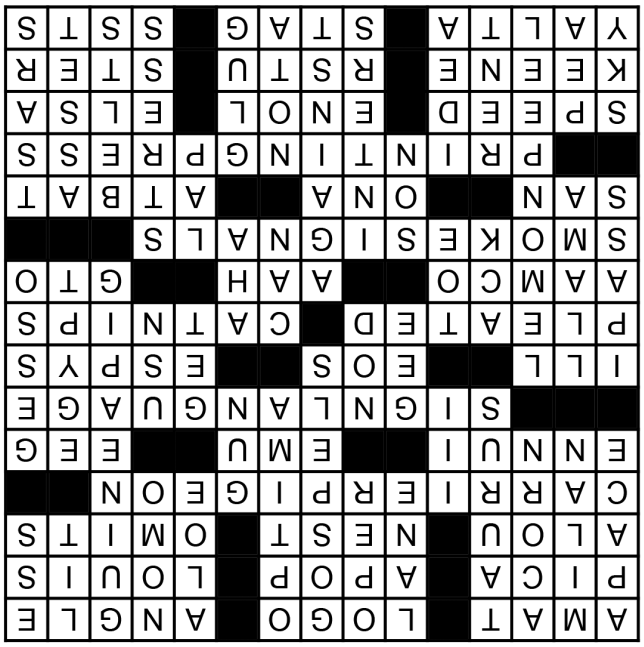
Ben Schaefer

From Monterey, California, our long-time *Topics* editor **Roberta Myers** writes, "I still miss beautiful Tyringham and its wonderful populace."

Robert Sedgwick

Richard Fawcett, Zachary Sedgwick, Elliot Sedgwick, and Clara Fawcett at Fernside

Answers to crossword puzzle p.27



SEASON'S GREETINGS!

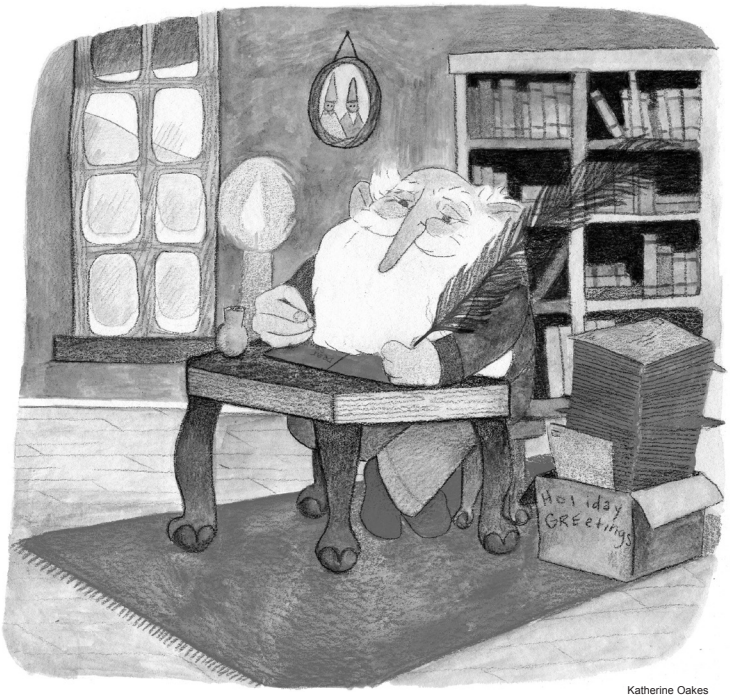
In Memory of Stet
Barbara Adams & all the Adams family
Robert & Toodie Alsop & family
Ellen & William Apfel
Ken & Sue Baker
Betty & Bill Bean & Ricky Ricardo
Happy Holidays to all our friends and neighbors:
Lynn Bertelli & Alan Wilcox
Kim and Mary Lou Bradley
Holiday wishes from
Teresa Bragdon & John Cannon
Mary Ann Brown; Nicole, Michele, Livia; Alexis, Kris, Miles, & Emil
Jack & Irmgard Bucher
Teresa Caldwell
Joyce & Henning Carlson & Kim; Michael, Ryan & Zachary & Jeslyn
David Carriere
Sheila Caseley
In loving memory of Larry & Betty & Richard Cernik
Larry, Dawn, Robin, Jeffrey, Randy, & Chris & families
Feliz Navidad
Edgar Chamorro
Peter & Gail Charpentier; Elisabeth & Hollis, Matthew & Christina Charpentier; Alexandria & Michael Anthony
Bob & Sue Choquette
In loving memory of Francis E. Clark, Sr.
Betty Clark & family:
Pat Clark & family
The Clarks: Terry & Jon
David, Shannon, Jacob, & Zachary Clark
Kevin, Sarah, Kayden, Charlie, Ezra, & Max
Philippa Claude & Tony Stretton
Jim & Karen Consolati; Ben, Austin, Darren & Evan
Bill Cosel & Adrienne Miesmer, Gabey Cosel & Luke Thompson & Inez & Eamonn; Molly, Will, Jack, & Rickie Wendt
Christina Canon Craighead
Carl & Chris Curtin; Christopher & Chrissie, Quinn & Paige Barry; Larry & Chrissy Curtin
In memory of Carl and Mary Curtin:
Gene & Nancy Curtin; Kevin, Cindi, Hunter, Caden & Kendall Curtin; Gene, Lee, Oliver, & Sawyer Curtin; Scott, Kristen, Aubrey, Kenzie, & Elianna Curtin
In memory of Neil Curtin & all loved ones
Helen Curtin
In loving memory of Katy Beth Curtin Murphy-20 years
Jim & Kathy & Denise Curtin; Joe, Jess, Will, Connor Curtin; Jim, Helen, Kara & Anita Curtin; Shawn Patrick Murphy
In memory of Janice "Sissy" Curtin
John & Lori Curtin
In loving memory of Deanna & Peter Curtin
Tom & Maggie Curtin, Missy & Peter Curtin, Jr. & sons Ethan & Michelle & baby Matthew, Collin; Jamie Curtin & family; Matt Curtin & Joni, Dillon & Devon; Eden & Joshua Curtin, Dominic; Tina Earl & Megan
Joe & Sue Delmolino, Brian Delmolino, Nicole & Dustin Hover; Brody, Mariah, & Amara Hale
Alison Donald
Adam & Shelby Donald
David, Jill & William, Andrew & Daniel Donald
John Donald & Penny Borax
Clint & Elizabeth Elliott & family
Chris Fanta & Carol Hardy-Fanta, Allison & Sam, Caroline, Bob, & baby Charlie
Mark & Sandy Farnham
Donald, Bridget, Elisabeth, & Rudd Fawcett
Jim & Eugénie Fawcett; Nan, Rob, Zachary & Elliot Sedgwick; James & Kathy, Richard & Clara Fawcett, John, Carol & Eliza Fawcett
Bill & Marilyn Fennelly, Parker & Ethan Dakota Fennelly; Catherine, Brian & Phoebe & Phin Bailey
In memory of Edward S. Fennelly
Dianne, Adam, Darrell Fennelly & Pat & families
Everett & Mary Ann Fennelly; Everett Jr, MaryBeth & Luke; Amy Fennelly & Byron Renderer; Kathleen & Terrence Harris & Liam
Thomas Fennelly
Ellen & Robert Freeman
Ann & Joe Gallo; Adriana, Phoebe, & Francesca
Allan & Mary Garner; Nancy Garner Wood, David Garner & Levi & Deanna
Helena (Palmer) & Stefan: Francesca & Therese & the newly-married Damian & Mari Foster Gatterburg
Nini & George Gilder and family
Alan & Joyce Glickman, Matt & Julian
Kathryn Greenthal & Ted Stern
In memory of all deceased members of the Hale family
Donald B. Hale, Alice M. Hale;
Bill & Christine Corcoran;
D.C.,Tara, Mary, & Mason Bienvenue;
Christian & Maizie Bienvenue, Wren & Roque
Paul, Chris, Nathaniel, & Sam Haley
Amanda Hamilton
John & Elizabeth Hanson & Dorothea Hanson (now 90!)
Julia (Judy) & Steven Hartman, Tess & Hazel Moore, Nadia, Dave, Coco, & Wyatt Watts
Ruth A Heath; John; Karie; Paul, Jennifer, Rhiannon, Jacob; Christina Heath; Herb & Debbie Heath; Eric, Brian, Terri, Dylan, Brooklyn Heath; Connie & Kevin Keegan; Shawn Heath & Darlene Ferritti; Nancy & Randy, Robert, Adam & Lora, Tyler, Cameron Wade; Steve & Ruth LeCompte: Anatoly, Shannon & Alexander Davidenko; Tim, Erin, Olivia, & Owen Hart
Nancy Hickey, Rod Hickey & Angela Cason, Ellery & Roddy Hickey
Maggie Howard

SEASON'S GREETINGS!

Happy, Merry Holidays to all!
Sarah Hudson
Cecelia Jones & John Muller
Joyner & Kearns families
Ketron, Wheelwright, Lefkowitz, & Birdsall families
Mary D. Kierstead; Rudd, Susanna & Sophie, Willem; Nick & Lisa, Hopper, Lilabel Virginia
Celia Kittredge, Kit Clucas, the Jay Ogdens, Tom Ogdens, the Sullivans, the Charlie Kittredges, the Scotts, & the Rowleys
Betty Kramer; Alice Truax & Betsy Tanner; Jane Thrailkill & Hawley Truax, Olivia & Naomi; Julie & Charles & George Truax
Dot & Dick Loring & all family members
In memory of Joseph Loring Jr.:
Joe & Evelyn Loring, & Rodney & Laurie Loring
In memory of William & Jane Bond and Charlie & Bea Loring:
Russ & Margaret Loring
In memory of Tunk:
Dede Loring & family
Yo-Yo Ma and Jill Hornor
Catherine Mardula & Jen Nykiel
Paul Margus
Matt & Louisa Marsh & Rosamond
Carey McIntosh and Joan Ferrante
Ken & Peggy McIntosh
Angelica McLennan, Miranda Syp, Dazrielle Stewart; Marc Syp, Maryam Sabri Syp, & Josephine
Jean Moore & Steve Rubin
Rainsford & Judy Morehouse
In memory of Robert Moskin:
Lynn Goldberg; David Moskin & family, Nancy Moskin, Mark Moskin & Shuko Tashihshi
Shaun & Holly Murphy
Roberta Myers
Anne Alsop Palmer & Reese Alsop Palmer
Happy Holidays from
Marge Palmer, Butch & Kenley Palmer
Kelly, Mark, Mikayla & Ben Kelly
Tonio & Barbara Palmer, Caroline, William & Henrik
Diana Hitt Potter; Horatio & Liz Potter & Jeffrey
In memory of Donald Puntin:
Lauria Puntin & family
Viggo & Catha Rambusch; Kristin & Sandy von Thelen; Martin & Marjorie, Nicholas, Jackson & Fritz; Edwin & Sharon, Kenzie & Pierson; Neil & Lucia Marygrace, Katrine & Cecelia Adam
In memory of Jeffery Herlihy:
Mary Rathbun and family
Peggy Reber & Dennis Shapson
In memory of Barrie:
Margaret Olds Richards & the Luchars; Alex, Poppy Thomas, Robert & Catherine; Charles; Jim, Betsy, Ian, & Teddy

Season's greetings and best wishes for a Happy New Year:
the Roods
Tim, Molly, Dakota, & Benjamin Schaefer
Peggy Donald Snider; Gypsy Snider, Laska Leonard, Galia Leonard, Lorenzo Pisoni & Jes & Leandro Kelly Pisoni
Edward & Anne Studzinski
Joanne & Dick Sweeney
Brian & Sidney Urquhart
Rachel Urquhart, John Herrera, Isabella, Theo, & Simon
Gordon & Kate Van Orman & family
Sisters of the Visitation
The Wasserman family
In memory of Karen Williams:
Bert, Chad Williams; Keith, Sandi, Ashley, Linsey & Cayce Williams; Tim, Diane & Dominic Williams
Mark & Liz Williams

Our condolences to Stephen Hale's family. His death, after a long illness, on October 23, 2019, occurred after we prepared this issue. A full obituary will appear in 2020.



Katherine Oakes

Thank you for supporting this publication!

Hop Brook Community Club
P. O. Box 354
Tyringham, MA 01264

From the 1989 collection of the THS

Irma Clark, Tyringham postmistress from 1982-1994

Published annually by the Hop Brook Community Club, in the interest of church and community

Neighbors helping neighbors, strangers helping strangers, all here in our town. These are the stories you will find in this year's *Tyringham Topics*, dedicated to good neighbors and good Samaritans. What an uplifting way to end 2020, a year that has been challenging for all, calling on our strength, patience, and resolve. It has also been a year of great loss; of neighbors and friends, those who were exemplary in their acts of selfless giving, either through their talents or by their service. You will read about them, too, in these pages. Indeed, one of those we lost this year was Maggie Howard, who, up to the time of her death, continued to serve as co-president of the Hop Brook Community Club. That was Maggie. She personified the Tyringham good neighbor, always there for the town, either leading the way or pitching in. She could be counted on whenever support was needed. More than once have we heard the words: "It's hard to imagine Tyringham without her." So it is fitting that we end the year by dedicating this issue to our good neighbor and loved friend, Maggie Howard.

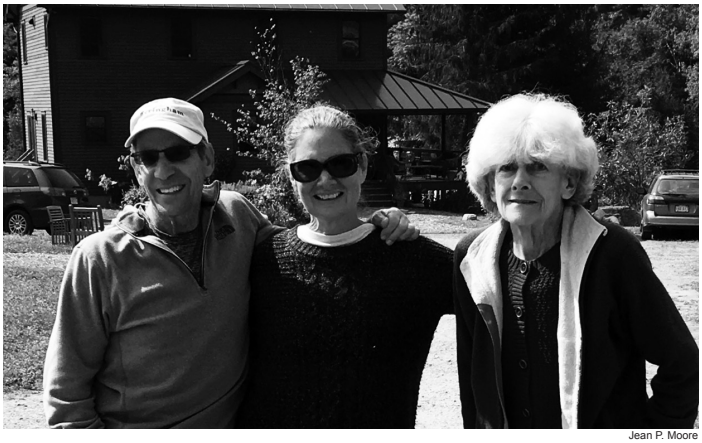
And our thanks to all who contributed stories, poems, essays, and reports that exemplify the best of us. Your contributions are most appreciated.

Maggie Everywhere

Jean P. Moore

I was new to town, not knowing anyone, just seeing everywhere the slim woman with the crown of grey hair. There she was again, at the PO and at the Town Hall. I'd see her at the cemetery and church, and that wasn't all. Soon I came to know her, came to know Maggie, and to know she was the keeper of our town. That was why I saw her everywhere and all around. She was the keeper of the Cobble, clean up days a must. Some who came picked up the trash, while others worked machines to clear the brush. This work proceeded sometimes in the rain, and at the end there was coffee and donuts for all who came. I'd see her in her practical blue car delivering newspapers to those who could not get out; they were the ones on Maggie's route. She was there for seniors on Tuesdays, came to yoga in the barn. Picked tomatoes and beans at the community farm. Anywhere she could be to support the town, that's where Maggie would be bound. Every year there was the picnic at the pond. How many memories of those days, swimming, hot dogs and burgers, with cookies to go around? And Archie's yearly parties, all his canine friends invited to attend. But with Maggie, fun and games were not the end. There

Maggie Howard



Jean P. Moore

Maggie with Steve Rubin and Deborah Coy

were serious issues to which she would attend. Sitting round her table, postcards we wrote, reminding neighbors near and far, remember the importance of your vote. That was Maggie. She was everywhere. With her strength to guide us, no reason to despair. What would she tell us now, now that she is gone? “Get up, go out, do what must be done.” No excuses ever to despair. That is why Maggie is still with us. And why I see her everywhere.

Dede’s Four Wheeling

Dede Loring

Tony Loring

One winter day, a couple of years ago, it was snowing as I left a church meeting in Tyringham. Everyone said “Be careful going home.” “No worries,” I replied, “I have a truck, and it is a four-wheel drive.”

As I started out towards West Otis, the snow was a little slippery, so I put the gear into four-wheel drive and started up Graden Hill, beyond Ashintully. I could not go hardly at all. I was at a crawl, inching up the hill. I kept going, and soon there was a fuel delivery truck behind me. I imagine what that driver was saying! “Sorry,” I kept saying to myself, “I can’t go any faster.” Finally, reaching the top and going a little farther, I was able to let the truck pass.

When I reached Route 23 and turned left to go home, I could not move, so I backed down off the highway. After sitting there a while, I decided to try again. Somehow, I managed to inch to the end of Cold Spring Road where I live. Into my driveway I went. Upon getting out, I decided never to drive that truck again.

Later, my son Tony came along and I told him my story. ”Oh, Mom,” he said. “You must not have had it in four-wheel drive.” So he goes and takes the truck out for a drive.

Soon he was back and said, “Mom the four-wheel drive is not working!”

My Good Samaritan that day was the Lord, for getting me home safely.

A Tale of Two Samaritans

Traudi Chiaravalloti

It was near the end of November, 2019, and the forecast called for snow. Actually, it was the first snow of the season. I did not yet have on my trusty studded snow tires, and the forecast was a blatant reminder to “get it done.” But I wasn’t all that concerned until it actually started snowing—great big, fat snowflakes coming down steadily and quickly covering everything. I was at choir rehearsal in Stockbridge when it started; after rehearsal all the parked cars were covered with snow.

Well, okay, it was November and it was snowing. That wasn’t all that unusual. It happens in Illinois too from where I’d recently relocated. Of course, there are some differences between where I’d moved from and my new home of Tyringham. For one thing, western Illinois is flat. It’s acres upon acres of corn and soybeans. And the roads are straight. And my driveway was short and wide with only a very slight incline. I don’t need to describe the Berkshire roads, scenic as they are, but a brief description of our driveway here might be helpful at this point. Our driveway in Tyringham is deceptively steep and curvy, with a sharp left turn at the top leading to the parking area. The sharp left turn, of which one isn’t aware until one has nearly reached the top, when the boulder straight ahead comes into view (the boulder one will hit if one doesn’t make that sharp left turn). This driveway is deceptive because the incline at the bottom is not all that steep, but, after a gentle curve, the steepness increases quite a lot, leading to that boulder which, as I have said, reminds one to make that sharp left turn.

Now, a wise person who noticed the conditions while clearing snow off their car after choir rehearsal in Stockbridge might have decided to go home directly, but I am not all that wise. Instead, I decided to attend the Tryingham church service an hour hence. I proceeded cautiously to Meadow Road, slipping and sliding and wending my way back to Tyringham. A wise person might also have noticed that it was still snowing steadily with those big, fat flakes landing on everything, and that there was no reason to think it would stop anytime soon. But church beckoned! And soon, there I was, safely parked.

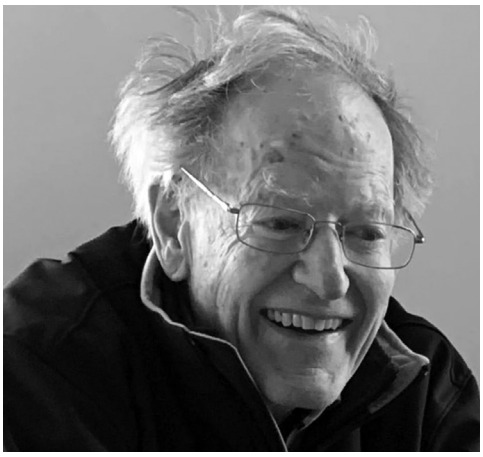
In time, some brave souls living in town gathered for worship. We then got word that our wonderful piano player, Bonnie, had begun her drive, but had turned around because of the snow. Yes, she is a wise person. Our intrepid minister, Janet, coming from Great Barrington, was accompanied by her husband. He, no doubt, was concerned about the driving conditions. The pair got as far as Church Road before their car refused to climb that last incline up to the church. So, they parked on Main Road and finished their journey on foot.

We had a nice service that evening, although I must admit that I was distracted by the continuing snowy conditions. After the service, while once again clearing snow off of my car, several of my church friends expressed worry about my safety in driving home. First, there was the mountain road toward East Otis and then there was my driveway, and the

fact that Janet and Doug's car couldn't handle the straight, paved road leading to the church. My car's lack of winter studded tires added to my and my friends' apprehensions. After a bit of discussion, George Gilder (Good Samaritan number 1) declared emphatically that he would follow me in his car to make sure I got home. I gratefully accepted his offer but cautioned him about following me into my driveway.

All told, the drive wasn't too bad. The mountain road was snow covered but we climbed it without much problem. George had never been up my driveway, and I didn't want his first experience to be on a dark, snow-covered night. So, when we arrived, I signaled to George that I was pulling in, hoping he would not follow. But, as I would later learn, he did. Unaware of George's intention, I proceeded on up the drive, gathering speed and momentum for that final steep section right before the boulder that signaled I'd better turn left. The outside lights were on, welcoming me home. I exited the car and listened for sounds from below. There was no line of sight to the bottom of the drive and I, not hearing anything or seeing any lights below, assumed that George had turned around and was heading back home. I was wrong.

It wasn't until the next day when I spoke with Dede Loring that I heard about what happened to George. It turns out that in trying to get back onto the road, he had slipped off the driveway and become stuck. Thankfully he had only been a bit stuck, because beyond that bit was a steep drop-off. Nevertheless, the bit was enough to prevent further progress. It had been at this moment that Samaritan number 2, by name of Tony Loring, had passed by and noticed car lights on the driveway lighting up the woods, and thought that was right strange.



George Gilder

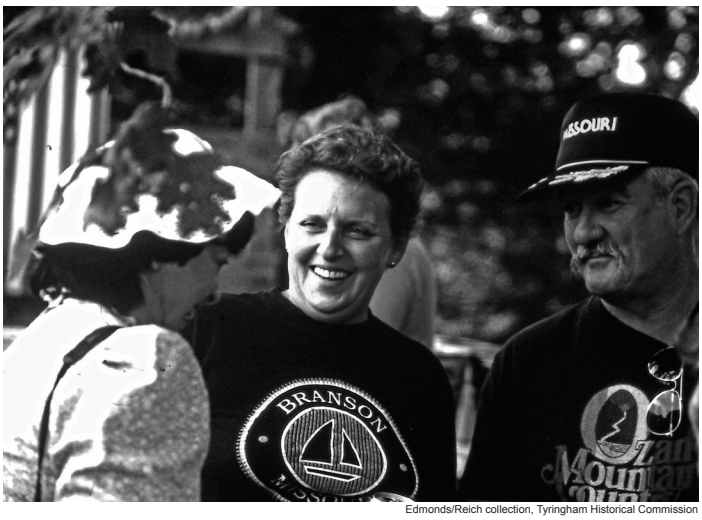
Tony had stopped to check out the situation because: 1) having worked on pouring the foundation of the house he was familiar with the driveway; 2) he saw a stopped car with lights pointing into the woods; 3) he thought it was prudent to investigate and determine if someone needed assistance; and 4) he's a darn nice guy willing to help out on a snowy, dark evening. Tony and his sons had muscled George's car back onto my driveway and pointed him in the right direction, whereupon George had headed back down the mountain to arrive home safe and sound.

Thus ends my story of the dark and snowy night when two kind Samaritans stepped up to lend support and assistance. One who was concerned enough about my safety to follow me home and the other who stopped to investigate and lend a helping hand to the first Samaritan.

Good Neighbors

Larry Bravo

It wasn't too long after I moved into my house when we had one of those basement-filling rainstorms. At one point, the water from Merry Brook was running above Main Road. Hop Brook was out of its banks. The firemen were going up and down Main Road pumping out basements. I was visiting my girlfriend in Rhode Island, completely oblivious to what was going on in Tyringham. All was good in Rhode Island. I found out later that, as the water level in my basement reached the electrical panel, my neighbor, Jim Curtin, had called the electric company and had the power shut off. The firemen were able to drop a pump into my basement and pump out the water. Once the water was out, Jim called the electric company and the power was turned back on. When I arrived home, there was a small puddle of water in the basement, like nothing had ever happened.



Edmonds/Reich collection, Tyringham Historical Commission

Mary Ann Fennelly, Kathy and Jim Curtin in 1989

Good Samaritan in a Pick-Up Truck

Larry Bravo

A few years ago, in the late fall, I had injured my Achilles tendon and was recovering after surgery. My ticket to mobility was a knee scooter. Unfortunately, the knee scooter is not equipped with snow tires or 4-wheel drive, and therefore is pretty useless in the snow. When the snow came, access to my house was a little more challenging. I had the bright idea that I could drive my car on the lawn, through the small amount of snow on the hard ground up close to the front porch, hop up on the porch, and my knee scooter and I would be in business. Sounded like a good plan on paper, although the plan was really 40% sound logic and 60% wishful thinking. But it all worked like a charm until it was time to leave. That's when my car became stuck in a little hole that I hadn't noticed. No amount of rocking and spinning could free up the car. Before I had time to go through my options, a pick-up truck stopped, hooked up a chain and pulled me out. The driver wouldn't accept gas money for the favor and just left. I don't know who it was, but I will never forget his kindness.

My Mentor and Best Friend

Marilyn Fennelly

One of the best moves in my adult life took place in 1968, when our little family moved from 65 Wilmont St., Springfield, MA, to Tyringham, MA, the birthplace of Bill. Bill's brother Everett had built a new house just outside of town and moved into it in the fall of 1967. The family house that Bill's father had built was now vacant. We moved into it in April.

Our son, Parker, was too rambunctious in the city (Springfield), and one day I found him next door sitting with

Ken and Berta Jones

our neighbor Mama Lauer; this is what he called her. That was the scariest moment of my life in Springfield; he was only two and a half.

Our new home was right in the middle of the village of Tyringham and everyone knew everybody. Dad rented it to us for $70 per month not including utilities. The house had three bedrooms, one full bath upstairs and a half bath downstairs with a breezeway, garage, living room, dining room, kitchen with a pantry and a den. It was just perfect for us.

The best part of this place was the neighbor out back and across the little brook. Her name was Alberta "Berta" Jones. She was a teacher's aide at Tyringham's two room schoolhouse where Parker would start school.

The little brook that ran between our properties was a fascination for Parker. He caught water skippers and toads; never tiring of getting muddy and dirty like all little boys. Mr. Jones put a wide board across the brook so that Parker had easy access to their property. Parker would go over there, Berta would read to him, and they would have cocoa and, of course, cookies. She always had some kind of cookie hot out of the oven.

I never had to worry about where he was. He had friends his own age just down the street and they would play endlessly in the backyard.

Mrs. Jones was tall in stature with gray hair that looked like silk. Her skin was so soft with not many wrinkles. She almost always wore house dresses. She was born in what is known as the Indian Stream Republic in the little town of Pittsburgh, New Hampshire, right on the Canadian border. She had two siblings – one sister and a brother.

She and her husband Ken had two children – Kenny who was in the Air Force at the time and Linda who was in high school. Ken was a forester and a surveyor who was born in Bangor, ME. He graduated from the University of Maine. Ken was, by his own definition, a "Mainiac," and very good at telling jokes with punchlines I never could remember to tell Bill.

Berta and I exchanged recipes, some of which I still use today. They are in her perfect handwriting. She cut them out of magazines and newspapers and copied them onto 3" x 5" cards, which I still have as a memory of her. She was a very good seamstress as well. She made all of her daughter's clothes and passed some on to me when Catherine Elma was born in February of 1973.

Berta was so happy for us with a little girl. Now she had two grandchildren to dote on (this is how she referred to my children). Katie and Parker called her "My Jones". Berta had a file cabinet in the corner of her living room, and each child had a folder therein for collecting the A's from school and all of the special projects that they did for her. She was always afraid that the children would fall off the bridge while walking across the brook, but they never did; even two-year-old Katie ventured over.

When we bought our current home in Otis in 1975, Berta was the only one who could see the beauty in our new property and home. You see, the house was in shambles because the previous owner had gutted it and died before finishing renovations. When we finished the kitchen, she advised me on what color wallpaper would look great in it. It had all of the primary colors and lasted for fifteen years on those walls. When I finally had to redo the walls, all I could think of was "what Berta would think to put up here now." I painted them green.

Berta never learned how to drive but always wanted to. She felt trapped in Tyringham with no transportation. Her husband would go to Lee every single day to shop for supper, and she was at his mercy as to what was for supper. She never complained about this.

We would go over at least once a week to see Berta after we moved. In March 1985, she told me that she had cancer. This woman, who never went outside in the direct sun, kept her shades closed until the afternoon in the summer and always took such good care of herself, had lymphatic cancer. She had found a lump in the back of her ear when she was washing her hair. Within five months, the cancer took her from us on September 3. No one could believe how old she was, not even her children: 76 years-young.

I still can see Berta with Katie on her lap, reading to her from the tiny book library she kept just for Katie and the hot cocoa parties we had with the little demitasse cup she kept for Katie to use. After Berta passed, I asked her husband if I could have the little cup to give to Katie for Christmas.

Berta never would have any grandchildren to love, so I am glad that she could love my children. I miss her so much and when I walk down back in the pines I can see her beside me. That was where she liked to go when she came over to see us, walking in the pines. I like to think that she would be so very happy with our little home in Otis. Berta always said that we would never regret all of the hard work, and she was so right.

Thank You to Tyringham Police Chief

Diane Saunders

Ann Gallo

Patrick Holian
Chief of Tyringham Police

Recently my husband parked his car behind Tyringham Town Hall, knowing that it was closed, so that his car would be off the street while he rode his bike up Tyringham Valley Road. Unfortunately, when he made his U-turn before reaching Route 23, the bike spun out and he fell on the road.

A homeowner who saw the accident asked if he was okay, and my husband replied that he wasn't sure. The homeowner and another man carried my husband to the side of the road. Another passing motorist in a pickup truck stopped to help, offering to transport my husband's bike back to our home.

One of the men called 911. Meanwhile, my husband phoned me to tell me what happened and to arrange the bike transfer.

Based on where his car was parked, I telephoned the Tyringham Police Department and left a message regarding the car to inform them that I would retrieve it as soon as I could.

Shortly thereafter, I received a return call from Patrick Holian, the Tyringham Chief of Police. I told Patrick what had happened. He asked me where I lived and I replied "Otis." Patrick then offered to call me the following morning when he arrived at work so that he could arrange to pick me up at my home and transport me to Tyringham Town Hall to retrieve the car. I was stunned at the courtesy and consideration that "Pat" (he told me that's what everybody in town calls him) gave to us during our medical emergency.

The following morning during our drive, Pat told me how much he loves working in a small town where everybody knows their neighbors by name, and the police know them all as well.

This is one of the reasons we all choose to live in this beautiful area where people, such as the two strangers who assisted my husband, go out of their way to help each other. I wanted the town of Tyringham to know how lucky they are to have such a caring Chief of Police.

(Reprinted from the *Berkshire Eagle*, July 18, 2020)

Horrified and Mortified

Bill Cosel

For the first time, I was starting a three-year lease on a very new and perfect white Saab sedan. The monthly fees seemed affordable; the reckoning would come at the end of the lease.

My daughter wanted to take the car out on its maiden voyage. But I insisted that it was too risky—she wasn't experienced enough, her reaction time was still compromised by too many distractions, and my insurance probably wouldn't cover her if anything happened. So I settled into the driver's seat, adjusted the seats to my exact preferences, and pulled my "baby" out for a drive to Guido's north for some shopping.

Headed into Lee. Cars were slow-moving north to Tanglewood's open rehearsal. Definitely a bustling shopping day on Main Street. Folks crossing from side to side aided by the many crosswalks.

Crosswalks: Price Chopper to Town Hall, then Johansson's (everything a household needed from underwear to a yoyo) to Lee Power Equipment, next Salmon Run - stop and go, stop and go - crosswalks insisting on a modulated traffic flow. Salmon Run to Vic's Seafood. Vic's fish was so fresh, some of it caught by Vic himself in Matunuck, RI. But crosswalks are no guarantee. Remember Doug Wilcox of Paperdilly brutally hit by a car that did not honor that crosswalk? But, today, the parade of cars was creeping along safely.

Enter me and the white Saab.

I was confident in my control of my rubbernecking, with my head all but swiveling on my neck so that I wouldn't miss anything interesting. I made it safely past the Price Chopper crosswalk, and the one at Lee Hardware, and the one at Salmon Run. As I approached the library crossing, I snuck a look at an elegant Siberian Husky strolling down the sidewalk and…..BAM! The front end of my car was underneath the rear end of an all-terrain Jeep, smashed like an accordion as Saabs are designed to do.

Main Street froze. The Jeep had been piloted by three kind girls my daughter's age who had rightly stopped. They seemed unperturbed that I was shaking. We exchanged information. The Jeep had no damage so the girls departed with all of my info. Cars were beginning to honk. Crowds were thronging about; it was the shoppers' turn to rubberneck.

Nan Fawcett

Eugénie and grandson Eliot Fawcett

And, amidst the chaos, there stood one, gleaming, pillar of stability: Eugénie Fawcett. Eugénie had witnessed the entire event and pulled over to ask "could you use some help Bill?" I offered a chagrined smile with a nod. "Oh yes, but this could be a long wait." She replied, "No problem it's okay, I'm in no hurry."

Eugénie patiently waited as cars wound their way around the wreck. I worried that the tow truck would take forever, but R&W was there within 10 minutes. Once they had left, I climbed into Eugénie's car with my tail between my legs, so grateful for Eugénie, a wonderful Good Samaritan neighbor who had come to the rescue. As we headed back to Tyringham, I was hard at work inventing a story to tell my daughter. Thanks again, Eugénie.

Stories of Good Neighbors from the *Tyringham Topics* Archives

Good Samaritans in Times of Crisis, 1978

Judy Reber

Rake factory fire

To those of us who live in the vicinity of the old "rake factory" it was a frightening experience. Around 2am on February 20 the fire alarm started up its clangor. A short time later, there was a tremendous explosion, and that was the beginning of the end of our rake factory. Spectacular flames shot up 100 feet into the air. The heat was so intense that the paint on the Stetson Adams house, just across the road, was blistered, as was the paint on the firehouse. Our local Volunteer Fire Department was at the scene within minutes, but such was the magnitude of the fire that the assistance of Lee's four pumpers was also required. After the blaze was brought under control in the early morning hours, our men remained at the scene for the entire day, guarding against the resurgence of the fire. From all of us who live nearby goes out infinite gratitude for the expertise displayed in fighting this dangerous fire. Further praise should be heaped also onto the heads of Carolyn Canon, Kathy Curtin, Dianne Fennelly, Dot Loring and Julia Standard, who kept the men provided with coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts far into the morning. Good Samaritans all.

Good Samaritans in Times of Illness September/Autumn 1990

Nini Gilder

Judy Reber at the post office, 1991

Any bug, virus or germ just naturally gravitates in my direction as do iron filings toward a magnet. My two ailing, wasted weeks (given over mostly to a feverishly poignant introspection of prior sins) resulted in the lateness of this issue of the *Topics*. And now, I wish to thank all my kind neighbors for the many errands they undertook to keep the (Judy) Reber life-support system functioning: the cans, the cartons, the home-made delicacies, the packages, the bottles of medicine, the mail, the prayers of Misses Nicole and Alexis Brown, the lovely hand-made card from Jon Clark. All are deeply appreciated. What a blessing it is to live in a small village!

Good Samaritans Who Preserve Our Town's Natural Beauty Autumn/Winter 1983

Judy Reber

Edmonds/Reich collection, THC

Doug and Marion Leach, 1989

Another labor of love – Doug and Marion Leach have done a great deal of work on the Tyringham Cobble, a yeoman service neither expected nor required. Not only have they painstakingly cut back brush and cleared paths, but also they've built a fence along the top of the Cobble, past the brow of the hill, and completed a second section which will run down Cobble to Hop Brook opposite Orchard House, then along the brook and back to the Lehner property, whence it started. This will concentrate the grazing of cattle on that side of Cobble. The Leaches themselves – from trees cut on Cobble – made the required 600 fence posts. What a vote of thanks we owe them!

Good Samaritans Who Know the Meaning of Friendship Summer 1987

Liz Spencer

When Tyringham's Bill Roerick of Lost Farm learned that his dear, dear friend E.M. Forster was very sick in London, he had to come up with $500 to visit him. It was at that point that he asked himself what sense it made to possess a painting by Winslow Homer if he couldn't afford to help a friend? So he sold it for $25,000 and made the trip to England. Three years later the painting brought $500,000.

Edmonds/Reich collection, THC

Bill Roerick and Huey at Lost Farm in 1989

Joe Whalen: Our Good Neighbor

Steve Rubin

Edmonds/Reich collection, THC

Fire Chief Joe Whalen in 1989

We first arrived in Tyringham in fall 2002, settling into the corner house at the intersection of Main and Jerusalem. Directly behind us was a well-kept white house where Joe Whalen lived.

We would see Joe across the brook, cleaning the walls of his house with a hose, tending to his plants, filling the bird feeders. And we would wave as we walked by. There are many stories of our time with Joe as our neighbor, but one that stands out involves Sly, our wild and always curious black Lab, who frequently ran off to scout out the neighborhood. One time, after about an hour of us desperately searching for our pup, we had begun to give up hope. Then, suddenly, Joe appeared with Sly in tow. We were overjoyed and offered our heartfelt thanks, although Joe shrugged it off as nothing special and as something he was happy to do.

The next day, Jean baked a small zucchini loaf, and in a gesture of gratitude, I brought it over to Joe's. In a few days, we received (in the mail) a handwritten note of thanks. (Jean always said Joe was from a different, more decorous generation.) Not only did he send a formal note, but also, within a few days, he knocked on our door with a small dish of pear sauce he had prepared. And thus started a series of exchanges that would last for years. If Joe caught fish, several would wind up in our refrigerator. If Jean baked banana bread, Joe would be on the receiving end of one of the loaves.

Joe was a kind and gentle man. He was also a decorated World War II veteran, having served in the Army Air Corps as a radio/gunner in a B-25 Mitchel, flying 65 missions, receiving two Purple Hearts, as well as other medals and citations. He was proud of his service, but again, he never bragged about it, at least not to us.

Joe didn't travel much; he was content to remain in Tyringham. But in 2008, there was a reunion of the crew of that bomber, and Joe flew to Texas for the event with his granddaughter Lori, and son-in-law Johnny. Upon his return, the first words to us were: "I'm happy to be back in the Berkshires!" Joe was rooted in Tyringham; he was a proud member of the Tyringham volunteer fire department, serving as Chief for a number of years. He raised his family here; and he died here, now buried in the Tyringham cemetery.

As it turned out, I was able to see and talk with Joe the night before he died. He was ninety and ill. We had heard that he would not live much longer. I was reluctant to knock on the door; I knew this was a time when close family gathered. I wasn't sure I belonged or that I would be welcomed. But I was, warmly. Joe was in a hospital bed in his living room, surrounded by family. But he was awake and alert, and as soon as he saw me, he sat up and in his usual friendly way, gave me a warm hello.

He died the next day. A few weeks later, I happened to see Johnny at the post office. I told him how sad Jean and I were to lose Joe and offered our condolences. Johnny thanked me and replied simply, "You were good neighbors." I hope we were. But he, Joe, was the best of neighbors, and we miss him to this day.

Paying Back

Judy Morehouse

Rainsford and I have a fondness for Appalachian Trail hikes. The Trail crosses Goose Pond Road, not far from our home. We have taken hikers to town, to the Trail, brought a couple to the Red Apple, and another to a Great Barrington motel.

Our youngest daughter, Pamela, has hiked 500 miles of the Trail, mostly alone. She has completed most of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont. Pamela has been so fortunate to meet wonderful families along the way. One couple allowed her to stay in their home while they washed: she was recovering from heel blisters. These wonderful people are called Trail Angels.

Several years ago, when Ray was a first responder, a young woman came off the Trail on South Main Road for the second time. She had Lyme Disease symptoms. At 10:30 pm, she called our home and Ray picked her up at Berkshire Medical Center. She was very ill with a raging fever.

She went to bed with seven blankets and Tylenol. In the morning, she said she was going back on the Trail. I tried to dissuade her. After showering, she decided that she should go home, which was to Nashville, Tennessee. All of her laundry was in the washer when we realized that the earliest flight was 12 noon. She went home in my hospital scrubs and flip flops, looking much like a refugee. She was very ill. This was her third haul with Lyme Disease. In the end, we caught the flight, wet laundry and all. I never heard from her again, but her mother did call two years later. She never did go back on the Trail because of her illness.

It felt so good to help this young person, though I'm not sure that I would do it now during Covid 19. My, how things change. We have gone from kindness to fear.

Where Neighbors Looked After One Another

John Hanson

At the end of each Williams College academic year during the late 1950s and early 1960s, my parents would leave Williamstown and move us to my grandparents' house (now known as Bliss Farm). I have many enduring memories of summer life in Tyringham in those days. One of them is the way Carl Curtin would stop by to collect donations for flowers when there was a funeral for someone from the village. That wasn't something that happened in Williamstown, and even as a little kid it impressed me as a sign of a tight-knit community where neighbors looked after one another.

Just What Neighbors Do

Mary and David Berman

About five winters ago a deep storm swept into Tyringham. We were back East when we got a disturbing alert from our security system: the temperature in our first floor bedroom was approaching freezing. We wouldn't be back in Tyringham for several days, so we debated the worrisome report and what to do next. Perhaps a window had been broken...perhaps a door had blown open: what to do?

We quickly checked down our options and just as quickly realized that the best person to help us would be our nearest neighbor, Vivi. But it was a big ask: the snow was knee deep, the driveway was long and unplowed, and the situation to be found there would be of uncertain nature.

Without a moment's hesitation Vivi gladly accepted our mission, sprang into action, and made her way through the drifts to our home. There she found that, yes, the wind had blown open the French doors and snow was beginning to lay itself on the rugs inside.

Vivi bravely entered the cold, darkened room, and fortunately was greeted by no sleeping bears or scurrying squirrels or other Tyringham wildlife who might have seized the opportunity to set up housekeeping. On the phone, we guided each other to the best available solution (tying a scarf around the faulty door handles) and, just like that, Vivi had secured our home.

When we thanked Vivi she responded with: "That's just what neighbors do."

A community can be measured by its neighborliness; Tyringham, a community where the snow can be deep, is matched equally by the depths of residents' willingness to reach out to help our neighbors.

Tyringham Topics 1958-2016 Online!

Are you curious about archival references to your family? Do you want to learn more about the infamous rake factory fire?

Now, through the Massachusetts Internet Archive, anyone can read past issues of the *Tyringham Topics* on their computer, tablet, iPad or even a smartphone. The digital *Topics* can even be downloaded to Kindle, iBooks, Reader, etc. The public can now search the digitized *Topics* for names and events buried in back issues from 1958 to 2016.

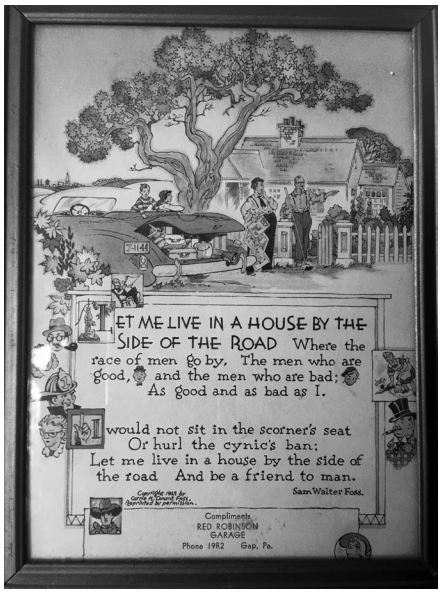
To view and search the *Tyringham Topics* online, visit the Tyringham Historical Commission website (www.tyringham-ma.gov/historical-commission) and click on the link on the left: "*Tyringham Topics* - Tips for Easy Access." There, you will find links and instructions for viewing and searching three volumes of the *Topics*, broken down by year of publication.

Of course, the digital archive will not replace or supplant the annual printed version of the *Topics* to which we all look forward every December! Please continue to support the *Topics* this and every year through your donations. Enjoy!

Little Gestures

Jean P. Moore

Sometimes little gestures have long-lasting meanings. When Steve and I bought our "gingerbread house between two stone bridges" from Phil and Hilary Deely, we were happy to find one meaningful artifact left behind. It was a small, framed, colorful drawing illustrating a short verse entitled "Let Me Live in a House by the Side of the Road." The verse was written by Sam Walter Foss, a poet unknown to me and Steve. It turns out that Foss has a vibrant history in these parts, even having served as librarian at the Somerville Public Library here in Massachusetts. (Information gleaned from Wikipedia. He has a page!) But I digress. Despite the somewhat gendered language favoring men, I smile every time I read the poem, especially the last two lines: "Let me live in a house by the side of /the road And be a friend to man." Our thanks to the Deelys for having left us this cheerful sentiment in what is now our house by the side of the road.



The Deelys' gift

Storm

Pat Clark

For many years, Harvey Choquette and I would get the hay ready to bale up together. Family members and friends would then pick it up. I remember one tiring day looking towards Lee and seeing big black clouds coming. I was so worried! Then… trucks coming. Guess who? Our neighbors and Bobby's fellow firemen arriving to help. I was so happy! Nothing got wet, thanks to our small town family. Thank you!

THC

Bobby Clark greets Mrs. Mc Brian at the Town Celebration of 1976

Our Good Samaritan
Carol Hardy-Fanta

On the day before Mothers' Day, gusty winds tore through Tyringham Valley, toppling a giant pine tree on our Webster Road property. The good news: no personal or property damage, and no wires pulled down. The bad news: the tree lay solidly across our driveway, meaning that there was no chance of us extracting our car for shopping or to go to work on Monday. We were "tree-locked."

When in doubt, we call our favorite rescuer—Jim Guachione. This occasion was no exception. Despite the special weekend, the blustery (with snow flurries!) weather, and the short notice, Jim came to our rescue. With two gas-powered chain saws and a lot of muscle, Jim sawed his way through several feet of tree trunk and carved us a path in and out of our property. He has our vote for our local Good Samaritan.

Carol Hardy-Fanta

Before

Carol Hardy-Fanta

After

THIS PROJECT IS SUPPORTED IN PART BY

MASSACHUSETTS CULTURAL COUNCIL

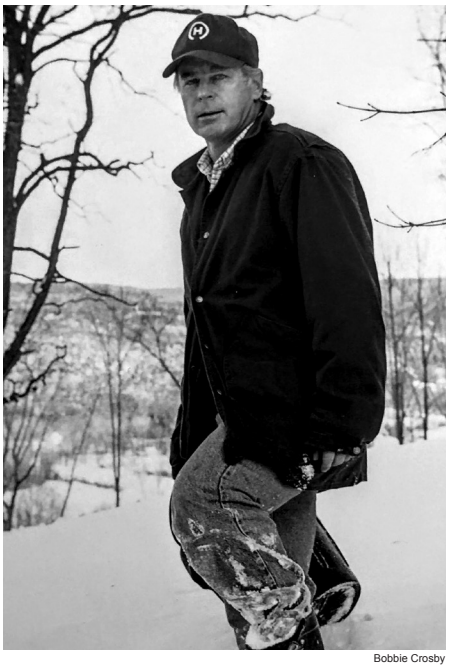
A state agency that funds your community's local cultural council

This project is supported in part by a grant from the Tyringham Cultural Council, a local agancy, which is supported by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.

Kindness from Neighbors
Penny Borax

The Donalds have been the recipients of much kindness from neighbors over the years.

In 1995, John had borrowed Jim Fawcett's tractor and cutter bar to mow our fields while the Fawcetts went abroad. The cutter bar broke and had to be taken up to Dalton for repair. We had no truck, but Dave Williams kindly offered the use of his truck.



Bobbie Crosby

Player Crosby in 1992

On other occasions, neighbors Player Crosby and Mark Williams each lent us tractors.

For many years, Irma Bucher baked a memorably rich and delicious chocolate cake for Penny's August birthday.

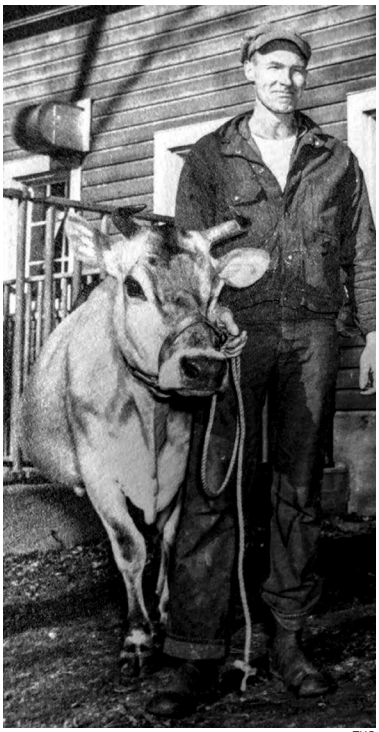
During the big storm of October 4, 1987, with electricity out and roads flooded, Marge Currie's nephew, Chris, was sent down from Crosby's to check that Alice and Alison Donald were all right.

Jim Guachione

One day, John's cousin Betsy Naylor parked badly and got her VW Bug stuck in a hole by the lilac bush at the end of the driveway. We were trying to lift it as she put the gear in reverse, when Jim Guachione just happened to be driving by. Seeing our effort, he stopped to help—what timing! With Jim's strength, the car was quickly righted.

Several neighbors, including Maggie Howard, have offered to house our guests over the years when our bedrooms were overflowing. Their offers were gratefully accepted.

Up at Beartown
Shaun Murphy


THC
Dick Birkett in the 1960s

Holly and I arrived in Tyringham in 1978 as 24-year-olds who knew no one. How fortunate we were to have nearby neighbors like the Cabrals, Curtins, Whalens and the Birketts.

Because of the second oil embargo, we decided to add a wood stove to our house. We found out about and then won the firewood lottery up at Beartown, which provided us the opportunity to harvest deadwood from the forest.

Dick Birkett had a pickup truck and needed some wood, so he offered to help us out. I thought "how neighborly," while also imagining that I would repay him the favor by doing most of the heavy hauling. Little did I realize that this retired farmer—who at the time seemed so old (my exact age right now)—would put me to shame.

We drove up to Beartown one morning and, within a few hours, I was sweating and panting. Meanwhile, Dick never broke a sweat. Occasionally, he would crack a smile as he taught me the lesson of firewood "heating you twice." As it turned out, he was the one who helped me learn the ways of the woods.

After hauling all the brush back to Dick's truck, we loaded the logs into the cargo bed and drove home together. In addition to the firewood, I disembarked Dick's truck with a lifelong memory of such a great guy.

The Little Acts of Good Neighbors
Adrienne Miesmer

There are Good Samaritans everywhere in Tyringham. I don't have to stretch the definition too much to include simple acts of generosity. This includes the donation of time by so many of us to chair our committees—preserving our history, creating educational programs, organizing community events, sponsoring scholarships, and (paid or not) getting out of bed at 3am to start plowing our roads. And, most especially, producing this very tome: the annual *Tyringham Topics*.

That said, there is one person for me who stands out this year as a good Samaritan in the purest terms, and that is Emma Huber. "Who?" some of you might ask. Well, Emma is the young woman who mounted a "Go Fund Me" Campaign for Hav's Farm when the hay season had been so poor the prior summer and their feed supply was dangerously low. Without Emma's efforts, Hav's cows would have had a very hungry winter indeed.

Nini Gilder
Emma Huber

And then, when Covid-19 hit, the entire county ran out of Clorox—including the farm—which meant that the machinery used to collect milk was unsafe. Yes, that equipment has to be sanitized daily, and no, even if you had your pockets stuffed with $100 bills, you couldn't buy bleach (or toilet paper) anywhere on this good earth. So, Emma sent out a message to the Tyringham Community who—collective Super Samaritans that they were and are—left gallons and gallons of the stuff by the farm's front door. They provided enough to clean the milking machines well into the summer, when the shelves began to re-stock. Neighbors helping neighbors. It was just a little act, by one person, which helped to put a dairy farm back on track.

Edmonds/Reich collection, THC
Nate, Olivia, Brad, Dawn and Fred Havill in 1989

And here's another, more personal one. I had a sciatica attack last winter which left me literally on the floor in pain, only able to crawl to the phone to see if my friend Mary Ann Brown could help me. She was there in an instant, called the paramedics and stuck around until I felt better. Thank you dear friend! A good Samaritan indeed.

Tyringham Topics, Autumn/Winter 2020
Robert Oakes, Graphic Designer
Editorial Staff: Betty Bean, Mary Lou Bradley, Ann Gallo, Nini Gilder, Carol Hardy-Fanta, Sarah Hudson, Adrienne Miesmer, Jean P. Moore

Good Neighbors—Good Samaritans

Sisters of the Visitation

As we celebrate twenty-five years in our monastic home in Tyringham, we give thanks to the Lord for the many helpers and good neighbors we have encountered along the way!

When we, Visitation Sisters, first came to Tyringham looking for property for our new monastery, we had already searched in seven states and viewed twenty-some other properties. We were giving up a home that the community had had for over 125 years in Wilmington, Delaware. Many sellers in our travels were polite, but a bit aloof; dealing with these black-clad ladies was a bit unusual for them. But then we met Sarah Hudson.

Reese Palmer

Sarah Hudson at the Monastery ground-breaking ceremony, October 1993

We arrived in November of 1990 to meet Sarah and to look over the land. Coming from Delaware, we were without boots or gloves, wearing only light capes! Sarah invited us into her home, giving us refreshments and relaxing hospitality. We took her at her word, looking around her own home, inside and out! The scenery was breathtaking and the atmosphere was inviting; we quickly made ourselves at home!

Sarah was always helpful, especially when it came to caring for the land. We "city girls" had a lot to learn, especially about our other neighbors—the bears, the deer, the coyotes, the turkeys, etc.!

Our further neighbors, the Browns, were also most kind and helpful. We visited with them back when they had their sheep and lambs, enjoying the kindness and hospitality, as well as the animals.

Both of our neighbors had to put up with the rumbling construction trucks and all the comings and goings for quite a while, until peace was finally restored. Then, the quiet of the monastery was established, and we the Sisters had our "enclosure."

We will always be most grateful for the kindness and patience of these wonderful neighbors! On December 15 this year—the anniversary of our 1995 move to Tyringham—the Mass in our chapel will be for God's blessings on all the good people of Tyringham, as we praise God for bringing us to this special place.

Women of Tyringham

"Women of Tyrigham" is alive and well, awaiting summer 2021. Having been postponed due to "you know what", WOT ***will*** be produced next summer in a live, safe format. Pencil in the weekend performance dates of July 17, 18, 24, and 25, 2021. Sign-ups and rehearsals will commence in June of 2021. You can rest assured that we'll keep you posted. I'm looking forward to bringing our town back together with this project. It will be a relief for us all to re-engage—of course as safely as the times will permit. *–Ann Gallo*

Nannina Stearn

Dede Loring and Rosa Loring-Alward at the "Women of Tyringham" reading, December 2019

Nannina Stearn

Kerry Clark-Sullivan and Barbara Adams at the "Women of Tyringham" reading, December 2019

If you would like to donate to the Hop Brook Community Club through PayPal, email us at tyringhamtopics@gmail.com. Thank you!

Sheila Henrion Caseley (1941–2020)

Sheila Caseley passed away in Seaford, DE, on April 2, 2020.

Born in Lincoln, NE in 1941, Sheila was the daughter of the late Walter S. and Virginia Donahue Henrion. She earned her Bachelor's degree from Manhattanville College, Purchase, NY and her Master of Science degree in financial services from American College, Bryn Mawr, PA in 1998.

Sheila lived in New York City and the surrounding suburbs in the late 60's and 70's. She moved to Tyringham in 1975, and raised and trained Arabian horses at her farm on Church Road. She married Jim Caseley in 1982 at the Tyringham Union Church.

Among her successes as a financial planner, Sheila was named the first woman in Berkshire County CLU in 1983 and the first woman in Berkshire County ChFC in 1984. She served as President of the Berkshire County Life Underwriters Association, and was the first woman elected President of the Massachusetts Underwriters Association. In the midst of these achievements, Sheila also received her 1,000 mile belt buckle for competitive trail riding.

Sheila and Jim built a house in Rumbley, MD in the late '90s and traveled regularly between Massachusetts, where she worked, and their Maryland home. In 1997, she joined Avery Hall Insurance in Salisbury, MD.

Sheila loved watching sports, especially Nebraska football and the New England Patriots. She enjoyed swimming, skiing, horseback riding, kayaking, reading, and playing bridge. Her table was always open to anyone who needed a place for dinner. She cherished her friendships, always having time for good conversation.

Sheila and Jim moved to Seaford in 2013 and were active members of the Somers Cove Yacht Club. Sheila enjoyed winters in Florida, especially her time with friends at Ocean Resorts, Fort Pierce, FL.

Jim pre-deceased Sheila in 2018, and she is survived by her daughter Kerstin, son-in-law Scott and three grandchildren – Alexa, Sydney and Cameron.

In the last months of her life, Sheila kept expressing how much she wished she had not sold her house in Tyringham. We are so glad she is back home now on Church Road.

Kerstin Marcum

Marty Clark (1928–2020)

Marty Clark's life revolved around his loves of animals, horsepower, family, and kids, and his fond memories of Tyringham Valley. At age 10, he received a calf, complete with rope leash, which would set the stage for his respect for animals. Marty's father was a teamster, a man who made his living with draft horses. Marty knew if the animals weren't fed and watered seven days a week, the family would suffer.

Marty needed horsepower, and he went mechanical. He chose tractors, trucks and bulldozers to work alongside his brothers' horses. These machines provided for Marty's family, and not a barn was needed. This man was always walking, talking, driving and operating machinery. Marty was always holding things together: from the rope leash of the calf, he moved on to logging rope, chain, and cable. He also held things together with a good meal and ice cream!

Marty's was a living chronicle of Tyringham and the nearby areas. His life spanned many generations. There are many stone foundations in our area. These foundations once held up the barns and homes that he and his family grew up with.

Martin was a living library of his lifetime. He had countless volumes in his head. He loved to share them with us, one page at a time. Marty answered the call from above and the library closed.

Mike McCauley

Maggie Dillon Katz

The funeral for Marty Clark

Ricki Cowell (1948–2020)

Ricki Cowell passed on July 28, 2020, after a painful 7-year fight against Alzheimer's. It was a peaceful end to that difficult time.

Ricki was the most amazing, passionate and caring mother to her/our children and grandchildren and wife to me over the last 36 years. She was also the big sister to her four sisters and their families. From a young age, Ricki enjoyed creating beautiful works of art, a love which would become a long-term theme in her life.

Ricki had two sons – Marc and Christopher – with her first husband, Philip Bradley, who died from a rare form of cancer when the boys were just 1 and 3.

I met Ricki in the summer of 1984 at a party and fell in love. I moved into her house in Brookline when the boys were 4 and 6. Ricki opened her heart and love for my daughter from my previous marriage who was 11. In 1986, Ricki then gave birth to our daughter Kiki. Our family was coming together.

In 1987 we bought our barn in Tyringham and began a new phase of our life by building a second home and wonderful place to relax and enjoy life. We decided to move here permanently in 1998. Ricki realized her dream of opening the Naoussa Gallery, named after the town in Greece where we stayed back in the summer of 1985. Ricki ran the gallery for 10 years, featuring both her work and the work of many other friends and artists.

In the ensuing years our family further evolved with the adoption of Christelle in 2004, and the heartbreaking loss of Christopher in 2012, after a 10-year struggle with bipolar disorder. The marriages of our surviving children to their new partners and then our wonderful grandchildren brought Ricki and me moments of joy.

It was a year-to-year struggle for our family during Ricki's difficult decline after 2013. But with help of many friends, both in Tyringham and later at Sherrill House in Boston, Ricki left us with wonderful memories of a talented, generous and thoughtful soul.

Steve Cowell

Timothy "Schaef" Schaefer (1961–2020)

Tim was born and raised in Lee but moved to Tyringham in 1980. On October 4, 1985, he married his high school sweetheart Molly Curtin. We would have celebrated our 35th wedding anniversary on October 4. Together, we had two sons, Dakota David and Benjamin John Schaefer.

Tim worked for the Tyringham Highway Department as a laborer and then Road Superintendent. He was a former member of the Tyringham Fire Department, Cemetery Commission and other various town committees. He spent many years in the propane business working at the former Home Gas in Housatonic and Berkshire Gas in Pittsfield. "Schaef" had been employed as propane manager and driver by Clifford Oil and Propane since 2003. Tim is described by many as a "human roadmap". From his years of driving in New York State, Berkshire, Franklin, Hampshire and Hampden Counties, he could tell you pretty much any road, shortcut, or crossroads. It was pretty incredible. When Tim and I would head out in our sublime Challenger, he always had a destination in mind and I never knew where we would end up. He would show me beautiful places and things he found along his delivery routes. We always had a great time.

Tim was a big fan of car shows, whether it was looking at someone else's pride and joy or scouting his next late model muscle car. I remember when he was looking for his "green monster"; we went to almost every dealer in the area and most out of the area looking for the perfect car before he found it. Tim loved going to Lake George for the national car show, always seeing friends and the wide assortment of cars and hot rods (always looking for his next investment). Tim will be missed by all of his car buddies and friends. We had so much fun at those car shows.

Tim loved family and friends. Cars were his passion. He enjoyed going to Virginia Beach, VA, to visit his family. Most of all, Tim loved his boys and all their successes.

Molly Curtin-Schaefer

Alice M. Hale (1926–2020)

Alice "Ally" M. Hale, 94, passed away on October 10.

Alice was born on September 2, 1926, the daughter of Arnold B. and Elizabeth Loring-Hale. She was raised in Tyringham as part of the fifth generation to work on Sunset Farm. After graduating from Lee High School, she attended the University of Massachusetts' Stockbridge School of Agriculture, until an illness in the family brought her home. She was a dedicated and knowledgeable farmer.

In my childhood Aunt Ally did double duty in 4-H as leader in the Dairy Club and Horse Club. She always had some tidbit of information about horseback riding. Ally taught me how to sew clothes and make patterns out of brown paper bags. When taking the milk to Pittsfield, she would give us a ride and we'd pick up ice cream cones on the way home.

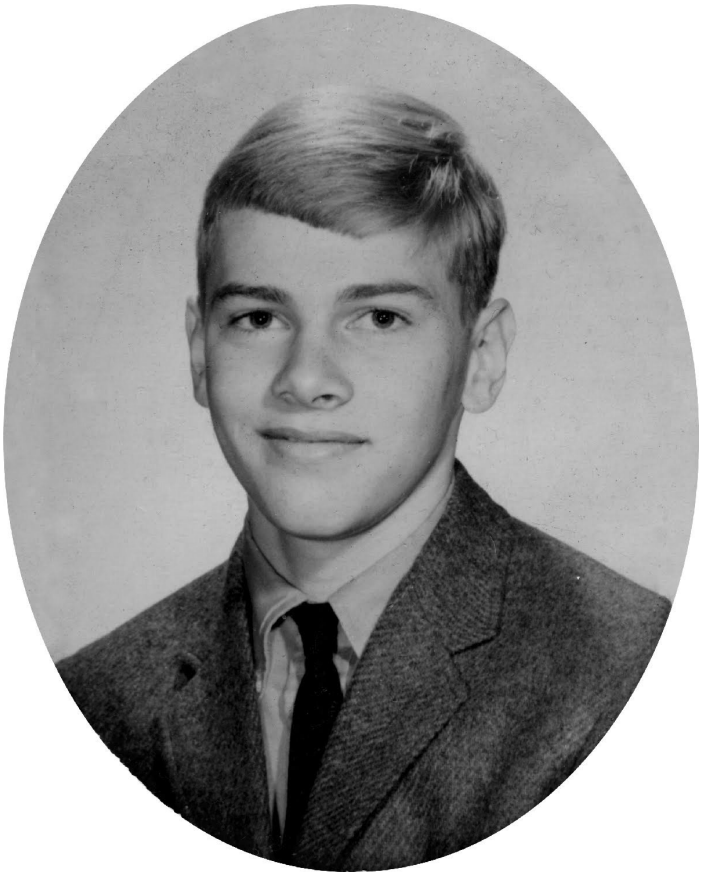
Ally was devoted to the Town of Tyringham. She served as the Tyringham Town Clerk for 30 years, was a member of the Tyringham Council on Aging, and was chairman—until her death—of the Tyringham Historical Commission. In her earlier years, she sang with her mother in the choir of the Tyringham Union Church. In 1991, she and her brother, Donald Hale, opened the family home as a bed and breakfast, which they maintained for the next 18 years.

Oh, how I wish now that I had listened really good to all of the stories she told of the town and family. How one of the great grandmothers took the children out and had them hide from the "Indians" around in the brush and tall grass. She did so much on the genealogy of the family that I will ever be grateful for.

In 2011, Alice was nominated for the Farm Bureau John Ognowski Award in recognition of her long service to the Farm Bureau.

Everyone loved Ally, as we called her. Her great, great nieces and nephews call her "Aldy" and never could wait for their summer vacations to come and visit her. We all will miss her greatly.

Chris Hale Corcoran



Arnold Stephen Hale (1952–2019)

Arnold Stephen Hale, born March 5, 1952, died on October 23, 2019. He was predeceased by his mother, Mary C. Hale, and his wife, Deborah M. Hale.

Right until the end, Betty Cernik always called Arnold "brother," which is what I called him as well since I couldn't say "Stephen" correctly. He loved her cinnamon rolls, which she always made for the Church suppers. Every now and then, she would drop off a batch of rolls for Steve.

As brothers went, he wasn't too bad for a younger sibling. At times, though, he was a pain. He was a very bright person. I always felt bad that he never went to college; he would have made a great engineer or done something in the field of space or rockets. While sitting at the dining room table doing our homework, he would talk my ears off about theories of rockets and going to the moon. Looking back at that time, I believe Steve had ADHD along with some other degrees of learning disabilities.

When my sons, D. C. and Christian, were young, they always thought that Uncle Steve was a neat guy. I found a picture the other day of him lying on a couch with the boys sitting on his chest as he read them books.

Stephen had 3 children, but when he died, he was alone. I sat and held his hand, but I was only his sister. In later years he let himself go, until the cancer finally won. He had no will to fight anymore. I still miss him.

Chris Hale Corcoran

Holly Ketron's album

Maggie in 1960

Maggie Howard (1938–2020)

Margaret Helen Damrosch Howard, known to all as Maggie, died on June 27, 2020, after a long illness. She was at her home in Tyringham, surrounded by family and friends.

Maggie was born in New York City in 1938. She graduated from The Chapin School and attended Smith College, where she earned her Bachelor's degree in Italian Literature. She later completed her Master's degree in International Relations at NYU.

In her early 20s, Maggie studied acting under Sanford Meisner and appeared in various theatrical productions, including *The Cat and the Canary* and *South Pacific* at the Berkshire Playhouse. In 1966, she embarked upon what would become a 33-year career at the United Nations Department of Economic and Social Affairs, where she worked with developing nations on issues like clean water, education and the advancement of women.

After retiring to Tyringham in 1999, Maggie devoted herself to the town she loved. Involved for decades with the Hop Brook Club, she was co-president when she died. Longtime treasurer of the Tyringham Church, she was also active in the Friends for the Preservation of the Tyringham Church. She was a vital part of the Tyringham Historical Commission; acted as a Corporate Trustee and was a loyal member of the Cobble Committee for the Trustees of Reservations; volunteered for the Committee on Aging; worked at the post office; and helped edit *Tyringham Topics*. She also hosted the town picnic, held each summer at Shaker Pond. Beyond Tyringham Valley, Maggie tutored for more than two decades for the Literacy Network of South Berkshire. She served as longtime secretary of the Bluestockings, a local women's discussion group. And she was always politically involved, hosting postcard-writing sessions around her dining room table, canvassing, and registering new voters.

Maggie was an accomplished tennis player, a hard-hitting competitor who won numerous local tournaments as a teenager and young adult. She spoke French, German, Italian and Spanish and was famous for her toasts, which often incorporated Broadway show tunes and spot-on political impersonations. She wrote beautifully, her essays appearing frequently in local papers. A deadly poker player; a devoted animal lover; and, with her dry wit, a wonderful storyteller—she was an unforgettable friend. But beyond all that, Maggie was an empathetic and selfless person with a unique ability to connect and a genuine desire to help others.

Maggie, the world is a meaner place without you. We all miss you so much.

Thomas Canfield
Rachel and Charlie Urquhart

Wil Kierstead

Mary D. Kierstead (1924–2020)

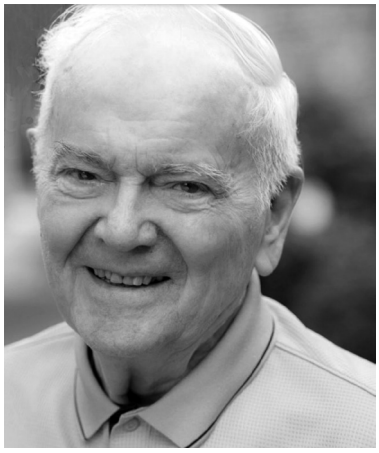
Mary D. Kierstead died on September 7, at the age of 96.

Mary's Tyringham days started in 1929 as a child after her father and siblings started coming to town, eventually becoming the Fawcett, Truax, and Kierstead families. She was in Tyringham off and on until her death. She cherished the long memories of a wonderful town and the friends, neighbors, and old and new family that give one a sense of place. Mary was especially committed to Tyringham's appeal for children (and, as we only recently realized, as the best place to maintain a collection of children's chairs).

A graduate of Barnard College, Mary D., as she was always known, started working at *The New Yorker* in 1948, in the magazine's typing pool. Shortly thereafter, she became William Shawn's secretary. In 1957, Mary became a reader in the fiction department, a position she would hold (except during a two-year period that she and her family spent in London in the 1960s) until her retirement in 1999. She wrote popular, witty *New Yorker* holiday articles for "On and Off the Avenue," The Christmas Table," and "Gifts for the House." She also wrote "Talk of the Town" stories, profiles, and fiction. Mary was beloved by several generations of *New Yorker* colleagues during her forty-five years there.

Mary is survived by her sons, Rudd (Plum) and Nick, and her grandchildren Sophia, Nic, Willem, and Lilabel. Mary's husband, Wilson H. Kierstead, predeceased her. We will always miss her, especially her laugh, red glasses, and hair ribbons. Private burial was held in Tyringham on October 10. R.I.P.

Rudd Kierstead



C. Harry Knowles (1928–2020)

Boink!…boink!…whenever we go to the Big Y and our groceries are scanned, we think of our late neighbor from across the valley, technology pioneer C. Harry Knowles, who died in Medford, NJ, on January 7.

Born in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1928, Harry was a precocious student. At the age of 16, he entered the physics program at Alabama's Auburn University and went on to Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee. Harry then came north to New Jersey, where his engineering career blossomed in the 1950s. Harry began his career at Bell Laboratories, where he worked on early transistor designs and novel quantum devices that are now at the heart of all electronics equipment.

Harry then ran microchip research at Motorola during its heyday. From Westinghouse in 1968, Harry progressed to found Metrologic Instruments in Blackwood, NJ. His first product was helium–neon laser kits for physics teachers.

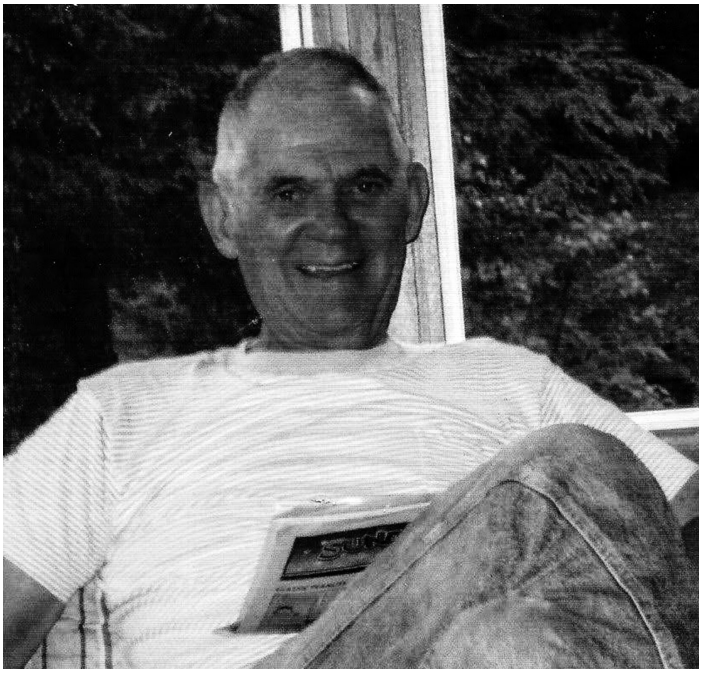
In 1975 (when most of us had never heard of barcodes), Harry's firm began production of the world's first hand-held, laser barcode scanner, which succeeded after many false starts. Eventually, Harry would hold some 400 patents in transistors, lasers and omnidirectional barcode scanning, both personally and through Metrologics. Metrologics pioneered the market and employed 1,500 people, with subsidiaries in Japan and Russia.

In semi-retirement, Harry and his wife, Janet, came to Tyringham in 2004. They purchased the former Crosby property on Jerusalem Road. When Harry sold Metrologics to Honeywell in 2008, he dedicated his energies to his foundation, Knowles Teacher Initiative (KFI). Born from his frustrations in finding suitably educated young employees, KFI is dedicated to raising the standards of high school math and science teaching.

Harry left Tyringham after his divorce from Janet, and late in life he remarried an old friend, a pediatric neuro-pathologist named Dr. Lucy Balian Rorke-Adams, who survives him.

Speaking in 2008, Harry advised students at his old alma mater, Auburn University: "Pass up the seduction of money, popularity and expediency. In pursuit of success, you will fail, as I have, many, many times. You need to love what you do from dawn to dusk to pick up the pieces and put the next day together with the kind of enthusiasm it takes."

Nini and George Gilder



Henry J. "Jack" Naventi (1933–2019)

Jack passed away on Palm Sunday, April 14, 2019, at Kimball Farm Nursing Home in Lenox, MA, with complications from diabetes and heart disease.

Jack was born and raised in Lee, and in his younger years attended Lee schools. He later attended and graduated from St. John's Prep School in Worcester, MA. He met his wife while going to school and they were married for 67 years. They had 3 children: Gary, Laurel and Brian. They eventually moved back to Lee and built a home. Later, they built a log cabin at Goose Pond, Tyringham and moved into it in 1975.

Jack started his musical career at age 14, playing his accordion with his grandmother and uncle. In later years after marriage, he had his own band "The DJ's", who played for weddings and clubs.

Jack was employed for over 40 years as an operating engineer in the Heavy Highway Construction industry. 34 of those years were with Petricca Construction. He was a member of the Operating Engineer Local 98 and just loved working construction, running all heavy equipment.

He was also a member of the Northborough and Lee Fire Departments. His other passions were fishing, hunting and golfing in Florida with his wonderful, devoted close friends Bill Hamilton and Tom Touponce, as well as numerous golf buddies.

After retirement, Jack and his wife spent 43 years of winters in their Florida homes and summers at Goose Pond, the best of both worlds.

Dorothy Naventi

Stephen Lenett (1936–2019)

Stephen Lenett passed away on November 4, 2019, from heart failure. “Steve,” as he was known to his friends, and “Uncle Steve Honey” to his very close friends. He was amazingly artistic as a carpenter, photographer, painter, and his true love, sculptor. He could take a simple piece of marble and within a few weeks under his loving hands it would become a stunning piece of artwork. His favorite outcomes were women.

With Lois by his side he took a small cabin at Goose Pond and turned it into a warm, loving home for his family. Guests were always welcome and made to feel special.

Steve’s passion in later years was kayaking. If you lived on the pond you were sure to see him early mornings gliding along, greeting anyone who was out, and enjoying the solitude and splendor of the water. Uncle Steve, Honey, you are missed.

Maureen Lenti

Lois Lenett (1942–2019)

Lois Lenett passed away on November 30, 2019, after a long illness. Lois was my confidant, mentor, sister-from-another-mother, and most of all my friend.

Goose Pond time held a special place in Lois’ heart. It was HER time of the day for friendly conversations, sharing recipes, and especially common secrets we all shared. When it became apparent that she could no longer swim for the one hour we were used to, we cut our time in half, and for that she was truly grateful. Last summer was the hardest of all for her. It hurt to get in the water, but she persevered because it felt so good when she was submerged in the calm, serenity of it all around her.

The pond meant everything to her. Family and friends were welcomed with open arms anytime except her POND time. If you shared a swim, she welcomed it. Lois will be missed.

Maureen Lenti

Louisa Gilder

Anne Alsop Gilder Palmer (1919–2020)

When we think of Anne we think of music and roses. These are the soul of Anne. We might also think of horses, for Anne was an ardent equestrienne.

But when we think of Anne we don't think of houses. And yet in her long life Anne was associated with many houses in Tyringham. First, there is Sky Hill Farm, the old Chapin place, purchased in 1905 by Anne's Chapin grandparents. Robert and Toodie Alsop live there now.

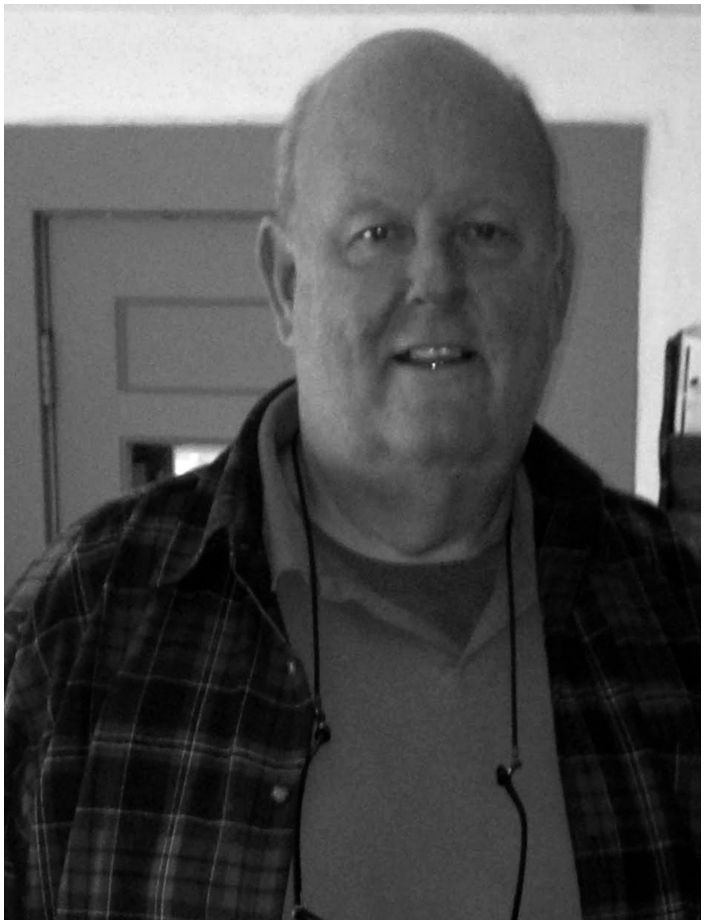
Almost next door to Sky Hill Farm is the Red House, another Chapin property bought in 1908. Anne brought up her children here, George, Comfort, Walter, and Reese. George and Nini Gilder live there now.

But we must not forget Aunt Elma Alsop's house, half-hidden in the very heart of Tyringham, now the home of Linda Tvrdy. Here, in the midst of the Hurricane of 1938, when the roads beyond Tyringham were washed out, newlywed Anne and Richard Gilder, unexpectedly spent their honeymoon.

And last, of course, there is Four Brooks, emblem of her double Gilder bonds with Richard Gilder and Gilder Palmer. From here she went every Sunday to play the piano at church. And it is in this house where she had her rose garden and where Gilly built her a music room. Here her enormous Hamburg Steinway is safely docked, and here Anne kept Yo -Yo Ma on his toes as they played duet arrangements of Schubert songs.

How many houses but how much music! No wonder a trace of Schubert lingers in the air, and a faint whiff of Constance Spry and the Marchioness of Lorne drifts in from the rose garden. With such memories we take joy in remembering the spirit of Anne Palmer.

Clinton Elliott



Tim Renn (1943–2020)

"A Man for All Seasons"

The first time Tim saw Goose Pond in Tyringham was in the spring of 1959 when his parents bought property on Lakeside Drive - he loved it! Fifty years later, in 2009, we retired there.

Throughout all the seasons: Tim loved the October colors and the crisp air in the Autumn; he loved ice fishing and the beauty of the frozen lake in the winter; he loved listening to the rotting ice and arrival of robins and hummingbirds in the spring; and he loved swimming and fishing in the summer. Tim loved the Pancake Breakfasts and the Steak Roasts at the Tyringham Pavilion. He also enjoyed the beautiful drive from Goose Pond to the Village along George Canon Road.

Tim passed away peacefully on July 30, 2020, while overlooking his great view of Goose Pond with his wife and three children by his side. He is missed by family and his many friends. Love you always, Tim.

Rosemary Renn

John Dustin Donald (1940–2020)

John Donald was raised and went to school in Scarsdale, NY. He then attended Harvard. John moved west for graduate school at UC Berkeley. After that, except for a stint of vegetable farming with his cousin near Rhinebeck, NY, he made a living teaching math and then computer science at various universities, including years abroad in Chile, Turkey, and Costa Rica. He retired after 38 years at San Diego State University.

John first came to Tyringham as a toddler when his maternal grandmother, Florence Dustin Oliver Naylor, came to visit her friend Grace Powers. Miss Powers had bought and renovated the former Shaker, and then Canon, house on Jerusalem Road that she named Birchwood. Miss Powers, never married and childless, bequeathed the property to her friend Mrs. Naylor. John, his sisters, and 3 cousins happily spent their childhood summers here. The property was passed down in the family from John's grandmother to his mother, Alice Naylor Donald, and then to John and his sisters, Peggy Snider and Alison Donald. It meant a lot to John, who arranged his life to spend every summer in Tyringham.

Being in the natural beauty and small community of Tyringham, driving Jim Fawcett's tractor to mow the fields, tending the flower and vegetable gardens, maintaining the blueberries and blackberries, and continuing friendships with Tyringham neighbors, were major joys in John's life.

John leaves his wife, Penny Borax; his sisters Peggy and Alison; his son David with wife Jill and their four young sons, of Naples, Italy; his son Adam with wife Shelby, of Long Beach, CA; his niece Gypsy Snider and her daughters Laska and Galia, of Montreal, Canada; and his nephew Lorenzo Pisoni with wife Jes and children Leandro and Naia, of Brooklyn. They all hope to be able to spend more time in Tyringham when pandemic fears and restrictions ease.

Penny Borax

Nini Gilder

Months before he died, John Donald arranged the installation of this long-lost date stone on the Shaker retaining wall at the top of Breakneck Road.

We mourn the loss of two men who grew up in Tyringham and went out into the wider world but came home to be buried in the Tyringham Cemetery.

Kenneth Whalen
Son of Marion and Joe Whalen
(1950–2019)

Randy Cernik
Son of Betty and Larry Cernik
(1965–2020)

Diana Potter died on March 22 at her home on Webster Road. Our condolences to her son Horatio. We look forward to running an obituary in next year's *Topics*.

Select Board News 2020

Our broadband dreams were finally realized in the spring of 2020 with the rollout of Spectrum's fiber to the home. Thanks to state grants, investments from Charter Communications and a modest investment from the town, broadband connections are now available from every utility pole from which Tyringham residents receive electric and/or phone service. While the path to broadband has been long and difficult, the timing of the rollout was quite fortunate as the services provided have been invaluable for coping with the Covid-19 pandemic. Without these services, online schooling, telemedicine, video conferencing and working from home would be very difficult, if not impossible. In addition, the vast expanse of news, live TV, educational and movie content has kept us well informed and entertained. With broadband now in place, the town will move forward with upgrades to its phone and IT systems as well as more online access to certain town forms/records and two public-access weather cameras.

Covid-19 caused delays for some town projects, but with necessary procedural adjustments we were able to: complete a timely budget for our Annual Town Meeting; continue with uninterrupted town administration services; and continue the operations of our boards, councils, commissions and committees.

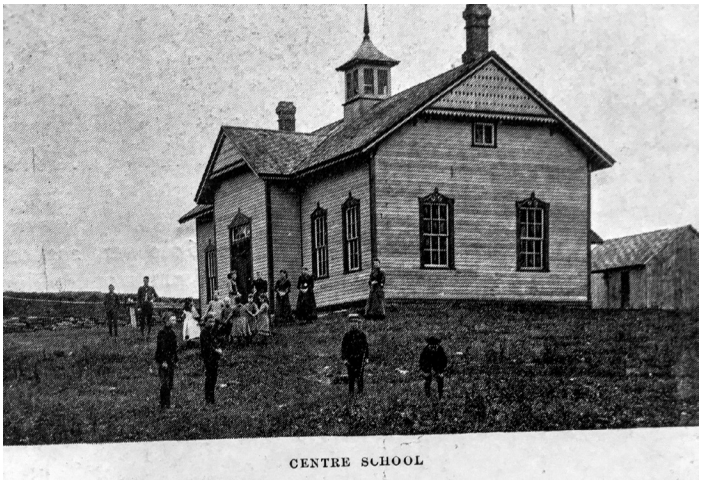
During FYE 2020 Tyringham continued to repair/upgrade town properties and equipment. This included the purchase of a new highway deptartment truck, the purchase of a new hybrid police cruiser, the installation of new park fencing and needed repairs and paving for Main Road. All paperwork for the replacement of the Monterey Road Bridge is complete and the state began work in the fall of 2020. There will be no cost to the town for replacement of the bridge.

With the completion of a report from the Schoolhouse Advisory Committee, we had planned to begin renovations in 2020. In conjunction with the renovations, we planned to ask voters to pursue a "Green Community" designation with the state, which would provide a $125,000 grant that could be used to defray renovation costs. Covid-19 prevented us from holding required hearings, so major work is delayed until after the 2021 Annual Town Meeting. In the meantime, we are proceeding with architectural plans and may begin some exterior work.

The town's tax rate continues to be among the lowest in the county, and we continue to enjoy a strong financial position. Combining the balances of Free Cash and Stabilization Funds, our available cash is well over $500,000. This puts us in a good position to pursue future projects and to weather potential pandemic-related state budget cuts while still maintaining a low tax rate.

The Select Board is very grateful to all of our employees in the Town Offices, the Highway Department, the Police Department, the Post Office and the Transfer Station. All have gone above and beyond to keep things moving forward throughout the Covid-19 pandemic. We give special thanks to the Fire Company for the services they provide and for the use of its pavilion, which has allowed us to conduct town meetings that comply with social distancing requirements. We are proud of the Valley Club, the Hop Brook Club, our elected officials, appointed officials, councils, commissions, committees and volunteers whose collective dedication to the town has been so important in getting us through very difficult times. The scenery in Tyringham is beautiful and so are the people. Although this is the best place on earth to be during a lockdown, we look forward to a Covid-free and prosperous future.

On behalf of the Select Board,
Jim Consolati



Tyringham Historical Commission

The loss of two longtime, irreplaceable members – Alice Hale, our chairperson, and Maggie Howard, who for many years was our secretary – is felt deeply by the Tyringham Historical Commission.

But, we have forged ahead with projects which were dear to these two women's hearts. The Tyringham Schoolhouse, such an important landmark in town and the home of the Historical Commission archives, has now been officially listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

We continue to identify the vast and memory-laden collection of slides taken by the Edmonds family in 1989, the year of the town's 250th Celebration. Some of these wonderful photos are reproduced throughout this issue of the *Topics*.

Also, Ann Gallo has spearheaded the digitization of over 60 tapes of interviews recorded over the past thirty years. In cassette tape form, these interviews were gathering dust in our collection at the schoolhouse. They bring back distinctive voices of old residents: Neil Curtin, Dot Choquette, Gerald Swart, John McLennan, Gordon VanOrman, Betty Cernik, various Hales, and all the Fennelly "boys". Eventually, the recordings and transcripts will be made available through the University of Massachusetts Libraries Special Collections. Stay tuned for access information in next year's *Tyringham Topics*!

Nini Gilder

Edmonds/Reich collection, THC

Gov. Mike Dukakis and Tim Schaefer before the 1989 parade

Tom Fennely and son Tommy, 1989

Council on Aging

The Tyringham Council on Aging is the town's point of contact with the Massachusetts Office of Elder Affairs. We benefit from several programs on a wide variety of topics. Last year, we hosted a presentation from a local author, Ruth Bass, entitled "Where were you in the 1950s?" Ruth talked about the changes in lifestyles, especially women's, that have occurred over the years. October's presentation was from "Age Friendly Berkshires," wherein Peg Donough explained the program and shared details about their plans. Next was our annual November program about the Medicare Open Enrollment options for this year. In December, we held our annual food drive to help those in need at the Food Pantry. In January, we enjoyed playing Bingo and socializing. Triad presented at our February program, updating the seniors about the legal and political events in the county. Unfortunately, we did not have the opportunity to enjoy our sing-a-long with Sandy and Sandy planned for March because of COVID.

Twice weekly coffee hours (Tuesday and Thursday) remain our most popular program. We had been meeting in the Town Hall until it was closed in March. We began meeting in the Pavilion in July with everyone bringing their own beverages and sometimes sharing snacks. Our third Monday movie afternoons were enjoyed until March and have not resumed. The monthly business meeting was held at the Union Church followed by a pot-luck lunch and entertainment until March. We did resume business meetings in October on the second Tuesday of the month in the Pavilion. Watch for updates in our newsletter and on the town website.

Tim Taylor

Tyringham Volunteer Fire Company

The Fire Department responded to 57 total calls this year. Of those, 32 were for medical calls. There were 6 fire calls, 2 motor vehicle accidents, 15 fire alarm calls, 1 mutual aid call and 1 rescue call.

By the time this report goes to print, the department will have placed into service a new Tyringham Engine #2. It will permanently replace Engine #4. This new truck is a used 1991 International diesel with an automatic transmission, 1,000 gallon per minute pump and a 1,000-gallon tank and only 18,000 miles on the odometer. It has a five-man cab and 3 seats for air packs. Its previous life was in New Jersey and it came to us via a used fire truck dealer on Long Island, NY. This is another well cared for truck with a tremendous amount of life left in it.

On April 17, 2020, our tanker responded to a mutual aid call in Stockbridge. A large carriage barn on Cherry Hill was completely destroyed, but no other structures on the property were damaged. We are constantly impressed with the agility and quick response this truck provides. Engine #2 and the tanker responding together bring 3,000 gallons of water to every call. That amount of water gives us a fighting chance for every type of fire call.

The Fire Company continues to work on replacing the station building. Progress has been slow due the Covid-19 outbreak. We have a set of building plans and a new septic design plan in place. Builders are reluctant to quote us a price due to so many shortages, but we are still moving forward.

The Covid-19 outbreak has also crippled our fundraising events this year. We were unable to hold any pancake breakfasts. We sincerely hope that 2021 will be a much healthier year. The Fire Company will send out a letter when the numbers come in for the new station. The company members appreciate all the support people have expressed for the new building.

We continue to encourage new members to join us. Most local departments need more volunteers. Please encourage anyone physically able to volunteer a few hours a month and join us. It can be personally enjoyable and benefits the town!

Charles Slater, Chief

Edmonds/Reich collection, THC

The Tyringham Fire Company marching in 1989 parade:
Joe Whalen, Gerry Curtin, Timmy Stanton,
Carl Curtin, Charles Slater, Jr., Tim Schaefer

Tyringham Properties Committee

Although our usual spring and fall activities did not occur this year, the Tyringham Properties Committee maintained contact with the Trustees staff and helped monitor our Tyringham sites. In early spring, as we all tried to adjust to the limitations necessitated by the pandemic, the Trustees worked at their properties to find a balance between providing opportunities for desperately needed outdoor time and keeping everyone safe. The Cobble was closed for a short period to mitigate the health risks of the overcrowding at the property. The importance of having these beautiful natural places to which to retreat and recharge has never been greater. We are so fortunate to have them in our backyard.

Trustees staff has kept up with clearing fallen trees from the various storms and has commenced mowing on the Cobble. A number of projects are currently on hold, but we are hopeful that we can resume activities in the spring.

We were all saddened by the loss of our dear Maggie Howard. Maggie was a long-time advocate of the Tyringham properties, especially the Cobble. She worked to ensure that the Cobble was accessible for all to enjoy and maintained to enhance the beautiful features of the property. Maggie was such an integral part of everything we did on the Properties Committee. She was part of every workday. When she could no longer actively cut brush, she was always there with coffee and donuts and bringing food, tables and chairs for the workday lunch. Beyond her advocacy and support, Maggie was just a wonderful person. We will miss her so much.

Ann Gallo

Maggie Howard with coffee and doughnuts for Cobble Work Day

Larry Bravo

Hop Brook Community Club Scholarship News

The Hop Brook Community Club is pleased to be able to award three scholarships this year. During these uncertain times and with limited avenues for fundraising, we especially appreciate all of your generous donations.

Our first scholarship recipient is Nathaniel Haley. Nathaniel graduated from Lenox High School with high MCAS scores and a high GPA while enrolled in honors courses. Taking a traditional classroom Spanish course, he also took language classes not offered at Lenox such as Japanese, Russian and Italian in the language lab. Nathaniel was a member of the Investment Club, an online group in which students participate in a virtual stock exchange.

One thing that impressed the committee about Nathaniel was his commitment to gymnastics. He has been practicing gymnastics at Gymfest since the age of five and become a state champion and leader. Nathaniel was also active in the community, volunteering at the Berkshire Humane Society and at the Christian Center in Pittsfield. Living close to Goose Pond, Nathaniel loves kayaking and all the outdoor sports in Tyringham, like hiking the Cobble. Nathaniel is attending Oberlin College, planning to major in English and minor in Neuroscience. He hopes to pursue a job in the health care professions. We were impressed with Nathaniel's many achievements as a scholar, gymnast and volunteer, all of which require a great deal of dedication and responsibility.

Our second scholarship recipient is Evelyn (Evie) Brown. Evie attended both Lee High School and Miss Hall's School, achieving Honor Roll at both institutions. She is also a very accomplished dancer who auditioned and was accepted into the Academy and Junior Company with Cantarella School of Dance. Over eight years, Evie participated in the Albany Berkshire Ballet's *Nutcracker* performances, dancing in various roles. She also assisted the ballet mistress during weekly ballet classes and summer camps. Nancy King, ballet mistress, reports that Evie has exceptional organizational skills, is extremely motivated and is always eager for new experiences. Nancy felt Evie would be successful in any endeavor she attempted and recommended her without reservation. Evie will be attending Merrimack College with a possible major in Exercise Science, eventually leading to a career in physical therapy.

Our third scholarship recipient is Colby Curtin. Colby graduated from Lee High School. Because of some focus and attention issues, Colby had to work very hard in school. With the help of some of his teachers and his own perseverance, Colby realized that he learns best by doing and creating. He has spent years helping his dad with his haying business and maple sugar production, as well as helping relatives with landscaping and taking care of animals. Colby also has his own lawn-care business. During the winter, Colby loves to ski and snowmobile, sharing his love of skiing with children at Otis Ridge as a ski Instructor and camp counselor.

Colby was a teacher's assistant in middle school classes, serving as a highly relatable mentor because of the struggles he personally had experienced while in school. Colby found himself to be a naturally patient, creative and reflective teacher, since it had not been easy for him to learn by traditional methods. Colby could adjust his teaching to help those students who found the material challenging as he once did. Because of Colby's desire to learn through doing and his interest in welding and other trades, Colby is attending the New England Institute of Technology.

This year's scholars highlight the different kinds of successful learners that are continuing their education. We are enthusiastically endorsing these three great Tyringham scholars.

Hop Brook Scholarship Committee,
Kate Van Orman, Maureen Lenti,
Lauria Puntin and Betty Bean

Hop Brook Community Club

The Hop Brook Community Club rang in the New Year with plans for staging the *Women of Tyringham* production over the summer, organizing more community events—like our nature talks and a live concert—and continuing our fundraising efforts. We were looking forward to our monthly Hop Brook Club meetings, when our group gets together to enjoy one another's company over lunch and plan our support of the community. By March, we were meeting over Zoom, putting projects on hold, and wondering what in the world we could accomplish amidst the Covid-19 pandemic that was keeping much of our community at home.

Thanks to some creative ideas, the determination of our members, and the outstanding continued generosity of donors, the Hop Brook Club still had a successful year. We raised funds to award scholarships to three high school seniors; produced our first holiday ornament (which is now on sale at the post office); produced a Tyringham onesie (baby t-shirt – also on sale at the post office); organized "Tales of the Season," a fun and well-received Zoom presentation by local author Robert Oakes; and started putting together a new, full-color directory which we hope to publish in the spring. We plan to do more in 2021 to knit our community ever closer.

In this unique period, we are awed by the abundance of kindness and generosity that we see everyday. Our communities are organizing to donate and distribute food to a growing number of people. Eyes smile from behind the masks of people you don't even know. People are helping each other, taking more time to notice each other, holding open doors, and connecting. Lines of cars in both directions wait patiently while a good samaritan removes a turtle from the middle of the road. There are so many moments like these and they warm our hearts. These moments are what inspired the theme of this year's *Topics*.

The Hop Brook Community Club would like to share our sadness over the loss of our member and dearest friend, Maggie Howard, this summer. Maggie was an active and tireless member of our community and of the Hop Brook Club for many years. With love and gratitude, we dedicate this issue of *Topics* to Maggie – our treasured friend, former Hop Brook Co-President, talented writer/editor, fountain of humor, spreader of kindness, and gentle cat-rescuer. We will miss her.

As the Tyringham hills and valley shout red and gleam gold, may the beauty of our town and the generous spirit of our neighbors fill you with peace and optimism, and inspire kindness. Stay healthy!

Mary Lou Bradley, Co-President
Ann Gallo, Co-President

Edmonds/Reich collection, THC

Georgia Birkett in the 1990s

Tyringham Free Public Library

As of September 2019, the Tyringham Library is now open to the community for ten hours per week. Our current hours are Mondays from 4-6pm, Tuesdays from 3-5pm, Thursdays from 1-4pm and Saturdays from 9:30am-12:30pm.

In March 2020, our library building was required to close along with the rest of the state, but we tried to make the best of it! Our director, Mary Garner, volunteered her porch as a curbside pickup site for the library, and over the summer, she and former trustee Pat Clark performed a major weeding of books that hadn't been checked out in the last decade. Thankfully, we were finally able to physically reopen in August, and have since returned to our normal schedule with safety protocols in place.

After over a year of hard work, we sent in our application for State Aid to Public Libraries in October 2020, putting Tyringham on track to receive library funding and a multitude of other benefits from the state for the first time since 1961. At press time, we are awaiting final approval from the MA Board of Library Commissioners, and have been in touch with the C/W MARS network about how to get set up with Interlibrary Loan. Thank you to everyone who has supported us with this project!

We warmly welcome all of our neighbors to visit us at the library, whether you are a frequent or first-time visitor. We offer print books and audiobooks to help rest your eyes from screen fatigue, museum passes for when you need a socially distanced, indoor getaway, and WiFi so resilient that it can survive most major power outages in Tyringham. Whether you are looking for research assistance, up-to-date information, local resources, a distraction from the state of things, or just a friendly person to talk to, we are always here to help.

Catherine Mardula, Library Trustee

Maggie Dillon Katz

Union Church in Tyringham

A lawyer stood up wanting to test Jesus and asked, “And who is my neighbor?” Jesus answered him with the parable of the Good Samaritan. A traveler was robbed and left for dead on the road to Jericho. Two religious leaders passed by him without stopping because of fear. A Samaritan, considered a lower class citizen in those days, went out of his way to care for the man. In the end Jesus confirms that it was the one who showed mercy that was the true neighbor. Our world right now seems crippled with fear and the antidote is to reach out to our neighbors with acts of mercy.

This year has been a learning curve in adding technology into our service so that all are welcome. While we were quarantined we started having services on Zoom and as restrictions lightened we included sanctuary worship as well as Zoom. We are grateful for Nannina Stearn who each week creatively films our service with an iPhone so that folks at home get a full view picture of the service. If you would like to attend our service on Zoom, please email me at **janetmckinstry50@gmail.com** for a link.

We are grateful for and mourn the loss of sister in Christ, Maggie Howard, who served as church treasurer, sang in the choir, and gave so much of her time and energy to the Tyringham church. We also are grateful and mourn the loss of our sister in Christ, Anne Palmer, who served for many years as our music and choir director. We mourn with our Tyringham neighbors this year who have lost loved ones; The Schaefer/Curtin family for the loss of Timothy Schaefer and for the Cernik family for the loss of Randy Cernik.

On a joyous note: On Sunday, October 25, we celebrated the baptism of Amelia Sofia Gilder, daughter of Richard and Irene Gilder.

We are looking forward to the renovations of the church. Approval from the Massachusetts Historical Commission has finally come through for the new roof, the lift to the sanctuary and the entries to the common space below. All of your contributions are appreciated. Stay tuned for more exciting details.

We will continue having hybrid services. Each week gets a little smoother in running the technology.

For Christmas this year we are thinking outside of the box or outside of the sanctuary. We are hoping for an outdoor bonfire and manger scene, where we can gather around with social distancing and have a service of lessons and carols.

Rev. Janet McKinstry

Tyringham for Racial Justice Report

This year, a small group of Tyringham residents and homeowners came together to form a committee for racial justice. The goal of the group is to educate ourselves on and to determine ways in which we can best support racial justice in our community and in the county. In addition to establishing ties with Berkshire County’s Multicultural BRIDGE, we are working with the Tyringham library to enhance our collection of fiction and nonfiction books by Black authors and by authors who explore the ways in which racial justice can be achieved. We are also developing a town community reading initiative, “Tyringham Reads Together.” The inaugural book selection will be on the subject of racial justice. There will be more information shared about the reading initiative in the spring of 2021. In addition, we will be looking at broadening our membership. If you are interested, reach out to Jean Moore for more information.

Jean P. Moore

Valley Club Report

The Valley Club’s first meeting in 2019 was a potluck dinner held last September at Ruth Heath’s home. We enjoyed an evening of sampling a variety of dishes and lively catching-up on gossip. In October, we watched a video of the 1989 Tyringham celebration and enjoyed seeing old friends. At Christmas, we were gracefully hosted by Chris Curtin in her beautifully decorated home. We had much food in the form of finger treats. We also exchanged small grab-bag gifts and enjoyed catching up on family news. Our February meeting was rescheduled, and, subsequently, the virus disrupted future early 2020 plans.

Sarah Hudson obtained the flowers that adorn our town center from Rodney Clark’s nursery. She and Barbara Adams planted them and Sarah watered the flowers all summer. Many thanks to all three. Rodney always has the most beautiful plants and is very accommodating.

We are now (im)patiently awaiting a reopening for our get-togethers. Wishing everyone a safe and healthy year ahead.

Ruth Heath, President
Barbara Adams, Secretary
Chris Curtin, Treasurer

Edmonds/Reich collection, THC

Valley Club in 1989: Irma Clark, Dot Choquette, Mary Smith, and Barbara Adams

Thank You to Two Wonderful Postmistresses Who Have Retired This Year

Nancy Hickey

Chris Curtin

Nancy Hickey

Dede Loring

From the Archives of the Tyringham Historical Commission, 1989

Mark Curtin at the Pet Show

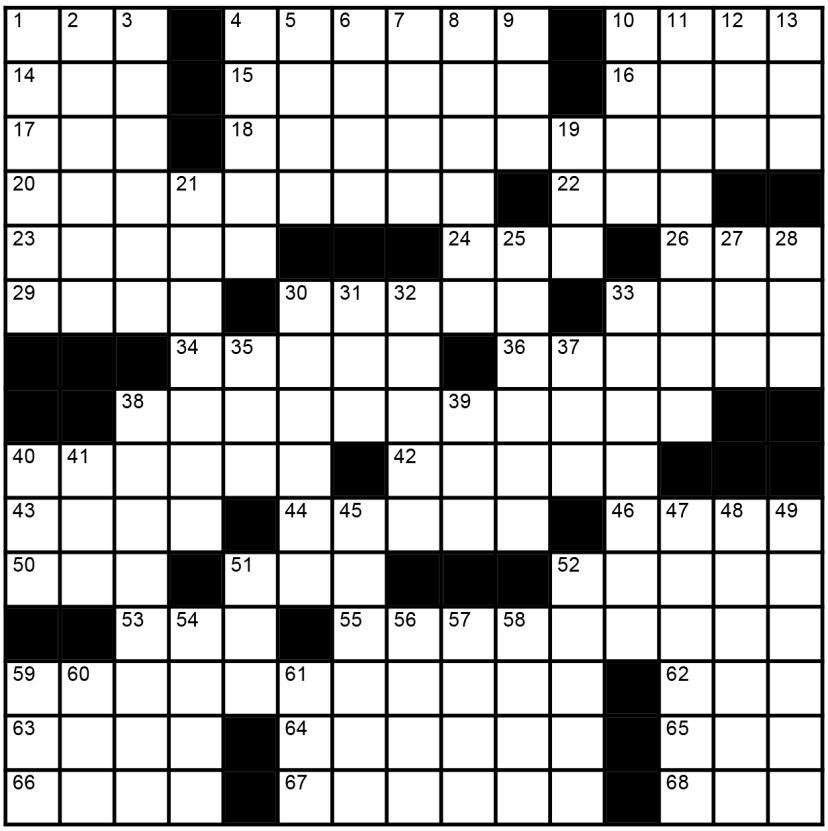
Hoppy and Dot Loring

Franck Felix and his boys, the twins Nick and John and Franckie

Robert Alsop

Crossword Puzzle by Alison Donald

Hidden here are wise words about kindness attributed to Mark Twain, who summered in Tyringham in 1904.



Across

1. Gov't agency that sends out monthly checks

4. Jumbled assortment

10. What flags do on a windy day

14. It's between tic and toe

15. Mountain climber's winter tool

16. Jeans maker Strauss

17. Sch. assignment

18. Start of quote sometimes attributed to Mark Twain: "Kindness is ____" (two words)

20. St. Paul's in Stockbridge, for instance

22. Clairvoyance, e.g.

23. Quote, part 2

24. Quote, part 3

26. Up until now

29. Film ____ (movie genre)

30. Bloated

33. He loved Lucy

34. Son of Cain

36. Captain Hook, for instance

38. Quote, part 4 (three words)

40. Affectedly elegant

42. Nourishes

43. Fancy-schmancy

44. The Devil

46. Abound

50. Quote, part five

51. Quote, part six

52. Bridal path

53. Get on in years

55. Genuine article

59. End of quote (three words)

62. Orangutan, e.g.

63. Singer Horne

64. Carves in stone

65. Part of m.p.h.

66. Midterm, for one

67. Conger catchers

68. Some newspaper workers, for short

Down

1. Scattered about

2. Ancient Greek poet

3. When Hamlet says "To be or not to be"

4. Sen. McConnell

5. Canyon sound effect

6. Profound

7. In ____ land (spaced-out)

8. Glorifies

9. Japanese money

10. Winter ailments

11. 2000, 2020, or 2040

12. Dow Jones fig.

13. Thanksgiving dessert

19. "Golly!"

21. ____ owl

25. Punctuation mark used to join words

27. Winter hrs. in Boston

28. Make a knot

30. Kids' card game

31. Duke's athletic org

32. Mine passage

33. Severe

35. "I don't think so"

37. Iraq roadside bomb, for short

38. Regards with contempt

39. Teachers' org.

40. Tax preparer, for short

41. Sweetie

45. Infuse with bubbles

47. Break free

48. Ran away to wed

49. TV personality Seth

51. Senator Cruz

52. "What ____!" ("It's so untidy!")

54. Pesky insect

56. Abbr. at the bottom of a business letter

57. Tennis great Arthur

58. Salacious look

59. Diner sandwich, for short

60. Town famous for its marble

61. Letter after bee

Answers to crossword puzzle on p.27

NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR

The **Palmer/Gatterburg/Foster** clan sends greetings from three countries: Helena is in Virginia but in December will be moving back to Germany to join Stefan; Francesca and Therese are happy and busy in their 3rd year in Nijmegen, the Netherlands. Damian and Mari are going to be our U.S. base in Sandford, North Carolina. Love to all in the Valley!

Celia Kittredge writes that "both sons, Jay Ogden and Tom Ogden, are working from home: Jay at IMG and Tom at his law firm. Grandsons William (law firm) and Alec (also at IMG) are working from home as well—all in the New York area. Sarah Ogden is finishing up at Wharton School in Pennsylvania. So far all is well!! Kit, Oliver (age 15 1/2) and Celia are staying safe at Merrybrook!"

Nan Bernstein Freed and Paul Freed share that after almost seven years in Los Angeles (with some quick trips home), they plan to return to Tyringham in April 2021. "We will be bringing our adopted Russian Blue cat -- Sugar Ray. Sadly all of our dogs have passed and are greatly missed."

Jean Moore and Steve Rubin are "wishing everyone a happy, healthy holiday and new year! This was the first summer in sixteen years that our granddaughters have not been with us. We are happy to report that they are healthy and doing well. Sienna is a junior in college; Maddie is a senior in high school, applying for college; and Lilly is a sophomore in high school this year." They conclude with, "Much to be thankful for!"

Chris Fanta and Carol Hardy-Fanta note that, "like everyone else, we struggle for some degree of normalcy in the midst of the coronavirus pandemic. Our 'news' is our older daughter, Allison, got a new—and better—position as a chef in a corporate kitchen in Gloucester— and her wife, Sam, has a new job in the Gloucester school department as well; they celebrated their second anniversary in Salem on October 31. Our younger daughter, Caroline, with dad, Bob, is raising our 18-month-old grandson, Charlie, to be a lover of flowers … and trucks! Carol enjoyed another summer of bike-riding on her recumbent cycle, including a major traverse from West Stockbridge through Richmond to Hancock Village and back, not to mention the 'big loop' in Williamstown. Chris continues his medical work in Boston, far enough from intensive care units to be spared some of the unbelievable trauma of critical illness and death from Covid-19. Be well and stay safe."

David and Jill Donald's family expanded again with the birth of their fourth son, Jack Douglas on October 16, 2019, in Naples, Italy, where David works as a lawyer with the U.S. Navy.

The Chiaravallotis are enjoying their second year in the new house and apartment. "Tyringham is such a lovely place!"

Linda Bertelli reports: "Youngest son Travis Cabral has opened a new business on Water Street in East Lee. Mill Town Motors is now open for all your car repair and maintenance needs."

Catherine Mardula and Jen Nykiel are pleased to announce: "Our first child, Daniel Allan Nykiel, was born on August 16 at Fairview Hospital. He has red hair and blue eyes, and loves listening to stories and going for walks at Woven Roots Farm and the Mount. We can't wait for him to meet everyone!"

Jen, Catherine and Daniel Nykiel/Mardula

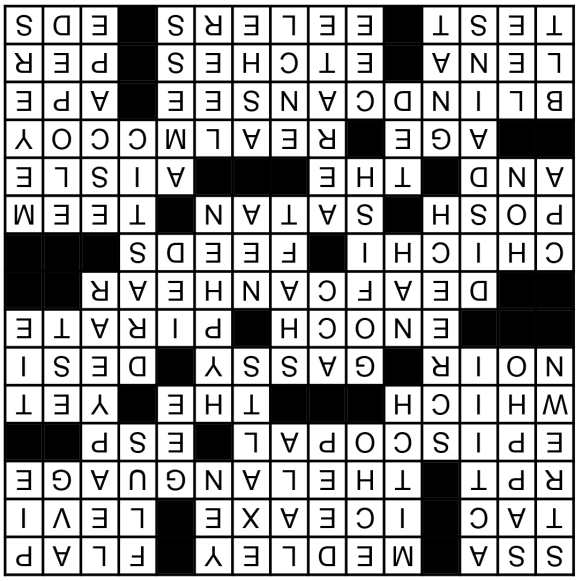
Gail and Peter Charpentier are pleased to report that their daughter Lissy (Elizabeth) will give birth to a little girl in February.

Reese Palmer announces his engagement to Linda S.B. Colomb. Linda writes: "After a trip to White Stone Country Inn in Kingston, Tennessee, where he romantically proposed, presenting her with a beautiful ruby ring surrounded by diamonds designed by Zabian's. Wedding to follow on June 12, 2021."

"True Love Grows Slow;
As Spring from Snow
To find great warmth
Bathed in Support.
With Kind and gentle flow;
True Love Grows Slow."
LSC

Roberta Myers, former *Topics* editor, writes: "I am happily settled in Monterey, California, where I have been married to Bob Evans for 5+ years. But still Tyringham and Sandisfield call me. The pandemic blocked our visit this year; maybe next? I still can't absorb that Maggie Howard is no longer with us. I suggest this year's *Topics* be dedicated to her—the best neighbor Tyringham has ever had—who always graciously went above and beyond for all. How she will be missed and remembered!"

Answers to crossword puzzle p.26



SEASON'S GREETINGS!

In memory of Stet
Barbara Adams & all the Adams family
Robert & Toodie Alsop & family
Mary Alderfer
Ellen & Bill Apfel
Ken & Sue Baker
Stephen & Laurel Baluk
Stay safe and healthy!
Betty & Bill Bean & Ricky Ricardo
Lynn Bertelli & Alan Wilcox
Mary & David Berman
Kim, Mary Lou, Julia & Molly Bradley
Wishing all a healthy, safe, fulfilling 2021
Teresa Bragdon
Lawrence Bravo
Jack & Irmgard Bucher
Joyce & Henning Carlson & Kim; Michael, Ryan & Zachary & Jeslyn
David Carriere
"Back in the Valley" Feliz Navidad
Edgar Chamorro
Peter & Gail Charpentier; Elisabeth, Alden & Hollis; Matthew, Christine, Lillian, Alexandria & Michael Charpentier
Traudi, Tony & Laura Chiaravalloti
Bob & Sue Choquette
Pat Clark & family
In loving memory of Francis E. Clark, Sr.
Betty Clark & family
The Clarks: Terry & Jon
David, Shannon, Jacob & Zachary Clark
Kevin, Sarah, Kayden, Charlie, Ezra & Max
Philippa Claude & Tony Stretton
Jim & Karen Consolati; Ben, Austin, Darren & Evan
Bill Cosel & Adrienne Miesmer, Gabey Cosel & Luke Thompson & Inez & Eamonn; Molly Cosel, Jack & Rickie
Carl & Chris Curtin; Christopher & Chris, Quinn & Paige Barry; Larry & Chrissy Curtin
In memory of Carl & Mary Curtin Mary Roy & Gene Fisher
Gene & Nancy Curtin; Kevin, Cindi, Hunter, Caden & Kendall Curtin; Gene, Lee, Oliver & Sawyer Curtin; Scott, Kristen, Aubrey, Kenzie & Elianna Curtin
Helen Curtin & the Pease family, Jim, Stacey, Brady & Izzy
In loving memory of Deanna & Peter Curtin
Tom & Maggie Curtin, Missy & Peter Curtin Jr & Ethan & Michelle & Matthew, Collin; Jamie Curtin & family; Matt Curtin & Joni, Dillon & Devon; Eden & Joshua Curtin, Dominic; Tina Earl & Megan
Joe & Sue Delmolino, Brian Delmolino, Nicole & Dustin Hover; Brody, Mariah, & Amara Hale
Alison Donald
In memory of John Donald
Penny Borax, David, Jill & William, Andrew, Daniel & Jack Donald; Adam & Shelby Donald
Clint & Elizabeth Elliott & family
Merry Christmas & a very happy, healthy New Year in memory of our brother-in-law Uncle Tim Schaefer
Gino & Mary Errichetto & Nick
Chris Fanta & Carol Hardy-Fanta, Allison & Sam, Caroline, Bob & baby Charlie
Mark & Sandy Farnham
Donald, Bridget, Elisabeth & Rudd Fawcett
Jim & Eugénie Fawcett; Nan, Rob, Zachary & Elliot Sedgwick; James & Kathy, Richard & Clara Fawcett, John, Carol & Eliza Fawcett
Bill & Marilyn Fennelly, Parker & Ethan Dakota Fennelly; Catherine, Brian & Phoebe & Phin Bailey
In memory of Edward S. Fennelly
Dianne, Adam, Darrell Fennelly & Pat Boyle & families
Everett & Mary Ann Fennelly; Everett Jr, MaryBeth & Luke; Amy Fennelly & Byron Renderer; Kathleen & Terrence Harris & Liam
Thomas Fennelly
Paul Freed & Nan Bernstein-Freed
Ellen & Robert Freeman
Ann & Joe Gallo; Adriana, Phoebe & Francesca
Allan & Mary Garner; Nancy Garner Wood, David Garner & Levi & Deanna
Helena (Palmer) & Stefan: Francesca & Therese & Damian & Mari Foster Gatterburg & their bouncy pup, Sally
Nini & George Gilder & family
Alan & Joyce Glickman, Matt & Julian
Kathryn Greenthal & Ted Stern
In memory of David Hale - Jean Hale
In memory of all deceased members of the Hale family
Donald B. Hale; Bill & Christine Corcoran; D.C.,Tara, Mary & Mason Bienvenue; Christian & Maizie Bienvenue, Wren & Roque
John & Elizabeth Hanson & Dorothea Hanson
Julia (Judy) & Steven Hartman, Tess & Hazel Moore, Nadia, Dave, Coco & Wyatt Watts
Ruth A Heath; John; Karie; Paul, Jennifer, Rhiannon, Jacob; Christina Heath; Herb & Debbie Heath; Eric, Brian, Terri, Dylan, Brooklyn Heath; Connie & Kevin Keegan; Shawn Heath & Gwenlyn; Nancy & Randy, Robert, Adam & Lora, Tyler, Cameron Wade; Steve & Ruth LeCompte: Anatoly, Shannon & Alexander Davidenko; Tim, Erin, Olivia & Owen Hart
Nancy Hickey, Rod Hickey & Angela Cason, Ellery & Roddy Hickey

SEASON'S GREETINGS!

Happy, Merry Holidays to all!
Sarah Hudson
Joyner & Kearns families
Ketron, Wheelwright, Lefkowitz & Birdsall families
Celia Kittredge, Kit Clucas, the Elliott Ogdens, the Tom Ogdens, the Sullivans, the Charlie Kittredges, the Scotts & the Rowleys
In memory of Mary D. Kierstead;
Rudd, Susanna & Sophie, Willem;
Nick & Lisa, Hopper, Lilabel Virginia
Betty Kramer; Alice Truax & Betsy Tanner; Jane Thrailkill & Hawley Truax, Olivia & Naomi; Julie & Charles & George Truax
Dot & Dick Loring & family
In memory of Joseph Loring Jr.:
Joe & Evelyn Loring, & Rodney & Laurie Loring
In memory of William & Jane Bond and Charlie & Bea Loring:
Russ & Margaret Loring
In memory of Tunk,
Dede Loring & family
Yo-Yo Ma and Jill Hornor
Catherine Mardula & Jen Nykiel & Daniel
Patricia & Steven Mardula
Matt & Louisa Marsh & Rosamond
Carey McIntosh
Ken & Peggy McIntosh
Angelica McLennan, Miranda Syp, Dazrielle Stewart; Marc Syp, Maryam Sabri Syp, & Josephine
Jean Moore & Steve Rubin
Rainsford & Judy Morehouse
Shaun & Holly Murphy
Roberta Myers
Dorothy Naventi
Lou Newman & Irena Mykyta
Reese Palmer, Linda S. Bottella-Colomb; Walter Palmer, Spring & John Homschek, Drew & Jake
Happy Holidays to all
Marge Palmer, Butch & Kenley Palmer
Kelly, Mark, Mikayla & Ben Kelly
Tonio & Barbara Palmer, Caroline, William & Henrik
Andrew Potler and Marcia Powdermaker
In memory of Maggie & Ricki
Lauria Puntin
Viggo & Catha Rambusch; Kristin & Sandy von Thelen; Martin & Marjorie, Nicholas, Jackson & Fritz; Edwin & Sharon, Kenzie & Pierson; Neil & Lucia MaryGrace, Katrine & Cecelia Adam
In memory of Jeffery Herlihy:
Mary Rathbun and family
Peggy Reber & Dennis Shapson
In loving memory of Barrie:
Margaret Olds Richards & the Luchars; Alex, Poppy Thomas, Robert & Catherine; Charles; Jim, Betsy, Ian & Teddy
Best wishes for a Happy New Year:
The Rood family
In memory of Tim Schaefer
Molly, Dakota, & Benjamin Schaefer
In memory of Charlie & Liz Slater and Sgt. Robert L. Taylor, Jr.
Charles, Alice, Julie & Jack Slater, April, Bill, Garret & Luke Roche; Ryan, Melissa, Ethan, & Emma Slater; Andy, Lindsey, Owen & Mackenzie Slater; Ellen & Chas Gonnello; Liza, Bobby, Calla & Virginia Taylor; Craig & Melissa Slater
Peggy Donald Snider; Gypsy Snider, Laska Leonard, Galia Leonard, Lorenzo Pisoni & Jes Kelly & Leandro Kelly Pisoni, Naia Kelly Pisoni
Edward & Anne Studzinski
Brian & Sidney Urquhart; Danielle, Thomas & Juliana Canfield, Rachel Urquhart, John Herrera, Isa, Theo & Simon
Gordon & Kate Van Orman & family
Sisters of the Visitation
Emily Wasserman & James Browne
Mark & Liz Williams
Munirih & Krishna Yeshwant & family

Katherine Oakes

Thank you for supporting this publication!

Remembering Maggie Howard

Attention Geese: Move South!

Maggie Howard

There's a tiny serial killer in me, just waiting to come out. My imagined targets are not drug-dealers or baby-faced billionaires or skinheads or even politicians. I suppose I should see a doctor about this, but I have these overwhelming urges to pack up all Canada geese into a giant duffel bag and fling them off the face of the earth into some very distant orbit where they can honk and flap to their hearts' content out there with the Hubble telescope and floating bits of space debris. Let them tarnish the pristine shores of all those bodies of water on Mars we keep hearing about.

The noise of their discordant honking as they approach the small pond across from my house fills me with dread, like the sickening crunch of colliding cars or the sound of a cat retching somewhere on my bed in the dead of night. I was once told that if I sprinkled the little beach at the pond with grape-flavored Kool-Aid, the geese would stay away. I tried that. The sticky purple sand, rimmed by giant Jurassic ants, looked like something transplanted from a Las Vegas casino. The geese, waddling nearby and waiting impatiently for me to leave, fell over laughing, just as they guffawed when my mother once set off firecrackers and draped the pond with whirling streamers borrowed from all the nearby gas stations. "Whoo-hoo!" they had then chorused. "It's a party!"

At night I toss and turn, trying to think of what good might possibly come out of these dreadful birds. (No pun intended.) Might their excrement be processed and marketed, perhaps as a trendy new vegetarian dish for the very young, rich and health-obsessed (Goose-cous)? An organic green custardy dessert with whipped cream and lady fingers (Goose-rousse)? An aphrodisiac for the Viagra-intolerant (Goose-seduce)? A wrinkle-banishing cream for the folks at Canyon Ranch (Goose-mousse)?

The possibilities for becoming seriously rich off these flying intestines are intriguing. In the meantime, I will wait patiently for the geese to take a gander at the flying snow and thickening ice. Maybe then they'll head for warmer climes.

Louisa Gilder

Maggie Howard with Amy Urquhart at the Shaker Pond Picnic

Nannina Stearn

"Our Town" - Professor Willard as played by Maggie Howard

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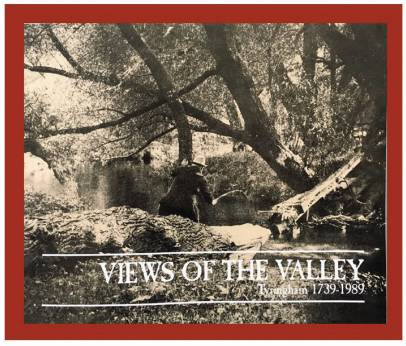

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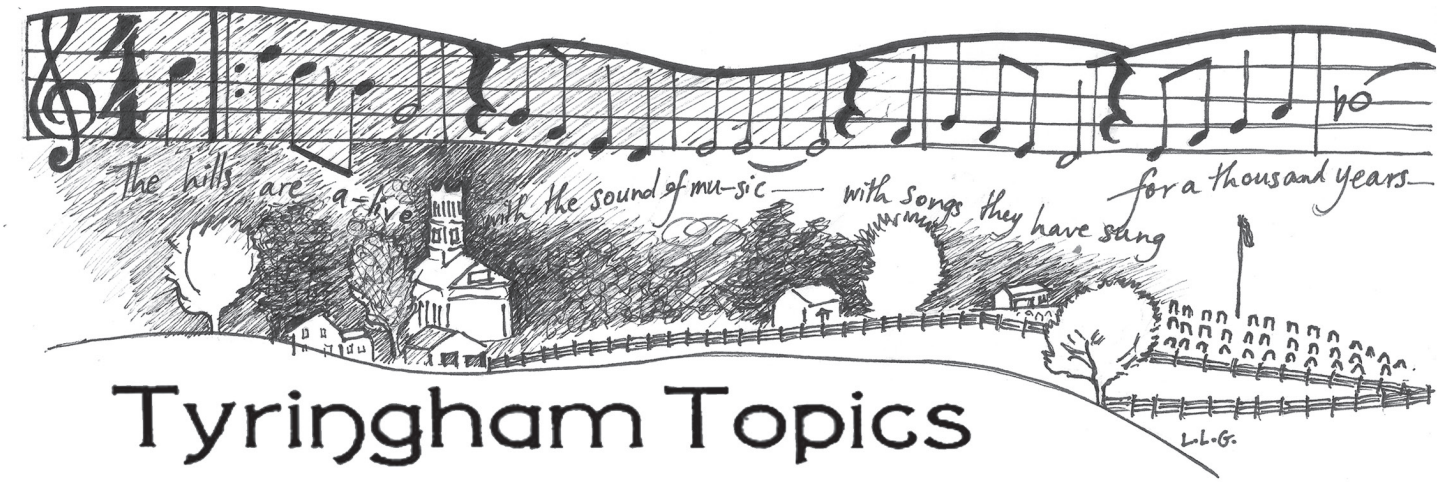

Tyringham Topics

Autumn/Winter 2021

Published annually by the Hop Brook Community Club, in the interest of church and community

This year, we asked you to write about music and you responded with stories from your experiences, whether learning to play an instrument, performing, or listening. In these pages are all manner of musical moments, from places of worship to the concert hall, from opera to country. Some of you even wrote about finding music in unexpected places. Expressed through different genres, light and humorous or serious and thought-provoking, these contributions are "music to our ears." So sit back and enjoy the symphonies you have created with your words. And thank you for all that you submitted to make this year's *Tyringham Topics* so memorable.

A Real Tyringham Home-Grown Band

Steve Adams

Instead of paying attention to the teacher while sitting at my desk in Lee's Junior High, I was dreaming and drawing pictures of a stage with drums in the center and amplifiers on each side, guitars leaning against amps, all ready for a big performance!

The interest in music came to me at an earlier age, as older brothers Peter and Paul were bringing home records by The Beatles, The Byrds, The Stones, and on and on.

By the time I turned 15 in 1975, I had gotten proficient enough on drums that I was playing gigs here and there at some back-woods beer joints. I had already gotten into country music somewhat, thanks to the great classic artists as well as bands like Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, Asleep at the Wheel, Emmylou Harris, and The Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* record.

Cobble Mountain Band was formed out in the back barn to the rear of my parents' house, where my brothers played music and entertained many guests. ("The Place" has its own story, but that's for another time!) The first incarnation included my brother Pete, and Walter Palmer, along with Hoppy Loring and Bob "Walt" Malumphy. Later, they added Terrance "Tote" Collins on drums and, later still, Ray Cuevas. At some point, I got a job running sound and basically being a roadie.

After a band member dust-up, I was asked to play drums and I sure jumped at the chance as this fit in with my dreams of playing the big venues! The lineup at that point was Walter Palmer (guitar/lead singer), Amasa Miller (keys/fiddle), Chris Tuttle (bass), Glenn Ferrell (guitar), and Richard Thornberg (fiddle). Later, my brother came back, then Jon Graboff replaced Glenn Ferrell, and things went along like that for several years. We played Western swing, Rockabilly, straight C&W, fiddle tunes, lots of originals, and some unidentifiable stuff!

Our first album came out in 1979 and we had a grand time playing at the Lone Star Cafe in New York City, and in Boston, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Minnesota, South Dakota, Illinois, Texas, Washington DC, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and probably other states I'm not remembering. In Houston, in the middle of our set, Arlo Guthrie appeared in front of the stage with a fiddle in his hand and asked if he could sit in. We waved him up, introduced him, and then we proceeded to play one of our fiddle tunes, with Richard and Arlo sawing away on twin fiddles!

At one point—maybe around '79 or '80—the Tyringham firemen cooked up a plan to have a beer-fest in the town park and they asked us to perform. This was during our

An early picture of Cobble Mountain Band, circa 1974, (l to r) "Hoppy" Richard Loring, Pete Adams, Ray Cuevas, Bob "Walt" Malumphy and Walter Palmer

heyday and we played, I think, two years in a row and ended up drawing almost a thousand people each time. The firemen made enough money to pay for the pavilion that was built not long after that.

The Berkshires was CMB's home base, where we played at legendary local clubs and venues, many of which do not exist today. Woody's Roadhouse, which saw many decades of fun- and music-filled nights, was finally torn down just this year. Other favorites were The Bonnie Rigg Inn in Becket, The Depot in Dalton, The Willows in Hinsdale, Bojangles in Egremont, and The Old Egremont Club. But CMB's real home was Bucksteep Manor in Washington, which hosted the band on its opening night and then recruited us to play for many years to come. The news program "60 Minutes" even filmed us there for a segment they did on our principal financial backer—Walter Palmer's half-brother, George Gilder.

But all things must pass and, after a decade-long haul and many miles, the band members went in different directions, some of us deciding that playing on the road was not for the faint of heart and that a job and a family close to home was the ticket. We've had several reunion gigs since, and some of you might have witnessed the last one we did in August 2019 at the Firemen's Pavillion, just months before Covid 19 showed up. Thanks to all who supported the band through the years!

Music to My Ears

Tonio Palmer

During the late 70s and early 80s, the sounds of Cobble Mountain Band playing at one of the local establishments was definitely "Music to my ears." With cousins Walter Palmer and Amasa Miller, and Peter and Steve Adams—all local—this was our band and I was a full-fledged groupie!

In the field at Singlebrook around 1978, (l to r) Glenn Ferrell, Pete Adams, Amasa Miller, Walter Palmer, Chris Tuttle, Richard Thornberg and Steve Adams

All summer, Rachel Urquhart, Rosie and Alex Elliott, my sister Helena, and anyone else we could corral, would somehow find a way to get to the gig. Liz Fullerman, who lived in Little Four Brooks, was often cajoled into taking us, before we had our licenses. Later, I had a 1967 Ford Thunderbird, and that was our chariot. And man did we dance! We knew the words to every song, practiced every swing move we could think of, invented a few along the way, and always had a blast.

There was no better Saturday night action than going out to hear Cobble Mountain Band. Pete was clearly the best pedal steel player alive, Amasa did things on the piano that constantly amazed us, Richard Thornburg lit up the fiddle, Walter wrote and sang songs that had to become No. 1 on the charts, Glenn smoked that guitar, and then came Steve (Rink), all of a sudden, as a most seasoned drummer! And we groupies were cool, because we knew the band!

When Cobble Mountain gets together every now and then, I am always transported back to those wonderful summer nights at Bucksteep Manor, or the Barn in Egremont, or wherever, dancing the night away. At their last reunion in the Pavilion, I got to dance with my daughter Caroline—now that was special! Some say I danced my way into Barbara's heart—if true, then thanks to the Cobble Mountain Band!

Music Royalty Visits Tyringham

Shaun Murphy

Maria Cole 1989

One sunny summer-like day, we had just returned from a day trip to Northampton with friends Dave and Michele. Our neighbor, Steve Cabral, was out on his front porch and remarked about the steady procession of cars heading up Jerusalem to the graduation party for Casey and Timolin Cole. What really caught our attention was when he said Count Basie was providing the musical entertainment. Dave and I were both college DJs and he even had a jazz show at school. We decided then and there that we needed to take a trip up the hill and have a listen. Holly and I had lived in town for only 14 months but got to know quite a few townspeople because of our proximity to the post office. Plus, Holly was the last teacher in the Tyringham school. Also, our dog Keenan was quick to befriend everybody, including Maria Cole on her morning jog to the post office. Years later, Maria enjoyed stopping by the barn to play with Keenan's puppies.

We only planned to park the car and listen for a while; however, when we arrived, our car was directed by Ricky Loring into a field with the other guests. So, dressed in our finest cutoff-jean shorts and tee shirts, we walked to the end of the driveway to soak in the sounds, all the while carrying our two-month-old son Eamonn! Straining to hear the music, Hol and Michele decided they were going to move a little closer. Dave and I made our way up to poolside, where Count Basie and his band were playing. We were just a few feet away from his piano! Meanwhile, the girls were chatting up the formally-attired guests as the music played on.

Finally, at a break, I caught the eye of Maria and she just nodded and smiled. What a gracious response to the five party crashers that day.

Music, The Love of My Life

Angelica McLennan

Holly Ketron

Angelica McLennan 1963

Music is the gift to any and all of us in life. I am delighted to say that it has sustained me, nurtured me, given me wings to fly throughout my 76 years and surely until whatever comes next.

I was so fortunate to grow up in Tyringham with an abundance of music flowing through our house. My father—composing, playing the piano and spinning the LPs from Frank Sinatra and Judy Garland to Bach, Brahms and Beethoven—gave us the opportunity to be immersed. My love of Brahms was confirmed early on, playing for a father who likewise loved him, a memory I hold dear, until his death in 1996.

Aside from piano lessons at seven, even after breaking my finger then, with a fusion, I carried on and for many years! But what fun for Donna Drake and me to be part of a local travelling children's choir! In the 5th grade! I still have some of the sheet music....

As the years went by, I continued the piano and sister Holly and I started to use our voices, singing duets in French I learned at school in Switzerland and for fun in the "barn" studio at home. We had many laughs in later years as I stumbled to sight read dramatic opera choruses with Holly upholding us with her beautiful voice! I also was head of Glee Club senior year and was proud the chorus sang a beautiful song written by my father!

At 17, I started my journey into singing choral music at Tanglewood, singing the Verdi Requiem under Erich Leinsdorf! Need I say a total thrill! I was hooked especially for the massive thunderstorm during the Wrath of the Gods' huge, thunderous chorus! I went on to study piano in Florence and New York, and attended Mannes College of Music in the 60s. My boyfriend was in the rock world so I loved that and all the 60s music, as well as attending concerts at Carnegie Hall and Opera matinees at the "Old Met"!...Music, music...

In later years, after I married in 1971, we moved to Burlington, Vermont, where I immediately joined a chorus and became the alto soloist! Talk about thrills. I enjoyed 20 years of a little career as guest soloist here and there and singing at weddings and funerals. I sang for many years with the Vermont Symphony, under Robert DeCormier—arranger for Peter, Paul and Mary, a fabulous person and mentor. For 15 years, I attended Berkshire Choral Institute, a week each year, singing major works in a chorus of 200 with notable soloists and conductors. I shall never forget these amazing concerts and the friendships, the last being going to Budapest with Holly to sing the Brahms Requiem!

In the last five years, I have sung very little. I have been so spoiled and have an ageing voice, but since Covid, I feel I do not want to sing so much. My life of music contained such rich experiences that often gave way to tears in the finales: rapturous emotion! With no regrets, I could not ask for more and now, of course, the joy carries on with concerts making their way back into our lives...as well as many CDs to listen to and the radio!

I am surrounded with all kinds of music I choose, and feel I am in a warm, comforting cocoon. It has been an amazing journey for me. Holly and I can always sing our little Swiss duet and enjoy the memories with a chuckle. Separately and together, we soaked up what was given to us in childhood, and held onto the gifts of love of music we each received, for a lifetime....

Yes, music is the love of my life. Always there for me, never disappointing, an incredible comfort in good times and harder moments, for which I am infinitely grateful. What joy and awe is that!!....

Jukebox

Holly McLennan Ketron

Angelica and Holly McLennan c.1952

I can tell this story even though my sister Angelica blanked it out, and you'll see why.

When we were around eight or nine years old, we would play "Jukebox" in the broom closet in the kitchen, down in the Ashintully farmhouse. One of us would go into the closet—which had a louvered door—while the other stood outside, saying things like, "Hmmm, oh, I know, I want to hear 'Music, Music, Music.' That's B3!" Tap, tap.

Bursting out of the closet would come a fierce rendition of the great Teresa Brewer hit, or maybe "Wild Goose" by Frankie Laine, or "Lover" by Peggy Lee, if that was the pick. Anything from around 1951-53. These were our first performance gigs.

We did not yet have real concert management—in fact, not that much kid management, either. One time, Angelica must have been singing away and I just wandered off—probably to play in the brook—leaving her stuck in the closet for hours until our father woke up around noon. Our mother was probably at a Hop Brook meeting!

It still makes us weep with laughter.

Music to My Ears

Lynn Bertelli

Lynn Bertelli Al Wilcox

My first memory of music took place when I was about five years old. My mother and I had gone to visit my aunt and uncle and, when we went inside, there was music playing. Some guy was singing about falling into a burning ring of fire! I asked my uncle about it and he said, "That's Johnny Cash." At that time, I didn't understand how anyone could fall into a burning ring of fire and not seem real upset about it, but I loved the song and that day I vowed to marry Johnny Cash.

Several years later, I was with my cousins, who were in their early teen years. This band called The Beatles came on the radio and everyone went nuts! Later, I saw them on TV and all the girls in the audience were screaming and crying so loud you could hardly hear the music. I asked my mother why everyone was crying and she said it was because they were happy. They didn't look happy, but I didn't ask any more questions.

My parents must have had some clue that music was something that really interested me and, when I was 12 years old, they asked me if I wanted to take guitar lessons. I was so surprised and happy! Even at the age of 12, I sensed that our family didn't have a lot of extra money so I took my guitar lessons very seriously. My teacher was Mr. Wicker and our classroom was on Main Street in Lee, upstairs over Tristani's—now known as the Locker Room. Once a week, I would carry my guitar down the hill from Prospect Street for my lesson. It was a group class and I was the only girl; some of those boys went on to be members of local bands. I really liked my guitar lessons but, after about a year, it was getting really hard and I didn't want to put in the time to practice, so I dropped out.

Fast forward 50 years to 2019: my sister and I decided that we'd take guitar lessons. I had been thinking about it for a long time but hadn't pursued it yet. We signed up for group classes at the Southern Berkshire campus of BCC. And guess what? I didn't remember a thing from playing guitar 50 years ago! Once a week, we'd meet there for our lesson with all the others and have a great time, then we'd go for dinner and drinks and sister chat. Early on, I asked our teacher if he was going to teach us how to read music, and he said no, so I asked if there was a book I could get to teach myself how to read music. I got the book and learned all the notes and realized that I really liked the fingerpicking style more than strumming and playing chords. But I still continued with the group lessons and practiced the other stuff on my own. This went on quite well until Covid hit. Our lessons closed down for a time but, once Zoom became a "thing," we started our lessons again. It was totally different on Zoom because we had to keep ourselves on mute so as not to drive the teacher crazy. It wasn't fun anymore if you couldn't hear the others. I hadn't lost my interest in playing, but my focus had definitely shifted and I wasn't really interested in strumming and chords, so I switched to private lessons in classical/Spanish style, which I still take once a week. The thing about private lessons—you aren't on mute!

I have been playing/practicing for close to three years now and I'm finally feeling a little more confident in my playing. Every night I practice for an hour or more and the dogs come and lay near my chair—they must like it too.

Family Music

Carey McIntosh

Music lessons started early for the five McIntosh children; I guess I was six when I began hitting wrong notes on the piano and eight when I began making scratchy noises on a violin. The sounds that my father produced on the piano were lovely, and we really liked our recording of Mozart's 40th symphony. None of us was very talented, except Ken, but we hung in there; we even practiced occasionally; and by 1949 or so we could get through a piano quartet without too many squawks and blunders. So our parents got a professional photographer to take a picture of us, four playing and one turning pages. It was sort of cute.

McIntosh Children: Sue, Carey, Ken, Dick, Jim

Forty years later, we five are all working away at our jobs in various corners of the republic when my nephew appears, laughing loudly—he had found that same photo on the cover of some sheet music being sold for $2.50 at his local music store. It was not very cute.

But it has not prevented us from playing a lot of music over the years. When you add in the spouses and offspring, the family now includes five violinists, five cellists, four violists, three pianists, maybe three guitarists, one each for oboe, flute, clarinet, French horn, and double bass, several conductors, three or four good singers and any number of folks who just enjoy singing along. Too bad we are scattered all over the country and can't form our own orchestra; or maybe it's just as well.

Musical Dreams

Christina Canon Craighead

As I return to my wonder years, the earliest and most fun-filled musical memory has to be the small black-and-white television with enormous rabbit ears in our living room where I patiently waited for 5 p.m. and *The Howdy Doody Show*. My brother and I would sing along at the top of our voices: "It's Howdy Doody time…!" Likewise, the early sad musical memory has to be my dreaded piano lessons at the convent of St. Mary's School, where my hand(s) got the pointer whack whenever I hit the wrong note. Obviously, I eventually learned to play but never became a keyboard virtuoso.

Excitement grew in my family as December approached and the Christmas season was here. As the weather changed and the snow began to fall, packing the country roads in Tyringham, my grandfather would haul out the old sleigh from the bank barn. Barney and Teddy, the huge plow horses with their long tails and thick bushy manes, were hitched up and bridled with the heavy family sleigh bells. My grandmother, Abby, along with my parents and brother, the cousins and great-aunts, would settle in the seats wrapped in sleigh robes and blankets. Grandpa would take the reins and off we would go, singing Christmas carols to the music of those bells as the horses trotted along. To a little girl, the entire day was nothing less than magical.

Moving on to the fifth grade, I still can hear the music from my parents' Victrola (!) throughout the house playing Sinatra, Basie, Como and many of the other terrific musicians on vinyl. My parents loved to dance, so the music of the dance bands was very popular in my early years. My parents would go to the East Lee Inn every Saturday night to dance to the live band there.

Another highlight, when I reached eighth grade, happened every Friday night. My father, born and bred in Tyringham, would take me and my friends to the weekly square dances with a live band in the town square between Curtin's store and the Tyringham library. Oh, what great fun were those nights! We dressed up in our twirling skirts and peasant blouses, hoping to get asked to join a set. After the first dance, we always joined and dosey-doed the night away. My father had shown us the "ropes" and then stayed on the sidelines to chat with his friends. I remember those square dances in Tyringham as if it were yesterday.

In high school came the Beatles, Dylan, the Beach Boys, Elvis Presley, and of course, the Rolling Stones. Music has always been a part of my life. My late husband, John, introduced me to the opera and for many years we took the train from Vermont to New York City and the Met. Part of the thrill was walking from our hotel to Lincoln Center and the fountain, taking in the people in the lobby dressed in their gowns and tuxedos, elegant furs and beautiful dresses, which prefaced the magic of the chandeliers going up at curtain time. Moving on to Florida in my later years, we would drive to Sarasota and attend a weekend at the little jewel box of an opera house. And I must include Vero Beach, where we lived during the winter months. It was there that the symphony took over our musical entertainment, which was so enjoyable to attend with our snowbird friends.

But all said, going over everything I can remember about the dulcet tones I have listened to during my life, absolutely nothing will compare to the magical musical moments of those early wonder years. Square dances and sleigh bells … those sounds and refrains remain in my head and heart forever.

Aunt Anne's Choir

Barbara Palmer

Barbara Palmer

In the fall of 2008, shortly after we moved to Tyringham full time, our phone rang and in her patrician voice, Aunt Anne (Alsop Palmer) asked, "Barbara, would you like to participate in the church choir for Christmas?"

Me! Maybe she had noticed my enthusiastic hymn singing? Really, me? Maybe she didn't know I had no experience?

The choir needed members, so this amazing musician had to make do with whoever was willing, and I sure was.

Tonio was willing, too! Luckily, we had moved here with two boy sopranos (daughter Caroline was in Germany that year). Now, that was a bigger pleasure. William and Henrik may have been less willing, but they humored us and came along. Perhaps we bribed them.

Rehearsals took place in Aunt Anne's great room at Four Brooks Farm. Reese (tenor) had a fire going. There was Christina Alsop (soprano), Andy Cort (bass), Louisa Gilder (alto), Comfort (soprano) and Camp (bass) Gordinier, Maggie Howard (tenor), Holly (soprano) and Roger (bass) Ketron, Janet McKinstry (alto), and Mary Pappenheimer (alto). Not a single inexperienced chorister. Except Tonio and me.

Since I couldn't hit the high notes, I was declared an alto; Tonio was placed under Roger's wing with the basses. Notes were passed out, rehearsal began. Each song was sung once through, then by individual parts. Maggie and Reese, the tenors, no problem. The basses needed a bit more work. Aunt Anne's keen ear missed no wrong note or flubbed entry: Piano stops. "Start again from F…", she'd instruct. Until we got it. I stood close to Janet. Alto was hard. If I didn't catch the first note, I was lost. Aunt Anne could not have been pleased. But she was patient. And stern.

Weeks of practice and Aunt Anne's exacting direction—and the spirit that only visits on very rare nights—raised our singing to a level of beauty that Christmas Eve. To me, the non-musician, harmonizing with a group of voices was a feeling like no other. And there were Henrik and William, singing a solo. It was a gift, the gift of Christmas. And of Aunt Anne.

Rhythm of My Heart

Julie Andrus

Ukiah and Julie Andrus

As a young girl, I would close my eyes and try to feel, hear the beats of my heart, a rhythm untamed and unbroken also accompanied by the swoosh swoosh sound of the blood flowing through my veins. The rhythmical sense that belonged to no one else, it was my very own music, in tune and somehow perfect in a chaotic world. It was told to me that when I would nap as a child, I would often be found tapping my feet while sleeping.

There is so much that is music to my ears. Perhaps not in the most traditional way one would think, but certainly it has led me on the path to hearing and feeling music through various means, whether it be through nature, or some instrumental vessel.

I hear music in the way the wind blows through the leaves of trees, through the creepy crawling things that sing their chorus on summer night walks, or the crashing waves of the ocean, all beautiful melodies that inspire my sense of musical interests.

The Delta blues, jazz, Southern gospel, country, rhythm and blues were all a part of my musical experience growing up on the Mississippi River. I would attend the King Biscuit Blues Festival in Helena, Arkansas every year in October, and spent much of my childhood in Memphis, Tennesee, where Elvis Presley and B.B. King were the thing. I recall seeing Simon and Garfunkel in concert, one of my best childhood memories for sure. I currently am eclectic with my musical choices and truly enjoy all types of world music.

My father and younger brother were self-taught guitarists, and while I never played an instrument as a child, I was the singer in my family. We passed much of our time in musical bliss with much laughter this way. I sang in a 50-person choir in my 20's as a soprano and thought for sure one day I would make it big as an opera singer. It was much later in life when I picked up an instrument that I felt I had a chance of learning how to play. I was gifted a tenor ukulele and have been playing it ever since with the goal of learning the guitar, which I now have, and I enjoy strumming the four simple chords until I'm good enough to move onto new chords that are more challenging. I have several instruments that I truly enjoy playing, although I will say I am not as fluent as I'd like to be just yet. These are tribal instruments that feel close to the rhythm of my heart and breath, the djembe drums, the didgeridoo and the Native American flute.

I'm quite intrigued by different types of instruments and how the sound connects us to each other. What are we trying to convey through these extensions of ourselves? One instrument that has always spoken volumes to me is the cello. The language I hear when played is peace and balance. It feels like a safe place I want to return to everyday. The vibrational frequencies resonate with me deeply. It is by far my favorite instrument.

I can say I am a lover of music—not only do my ears hear, but my soul sings and dances most days. A sure good way to communicate, to really tune in and be one. And when I feel lost, I just close my eyes and feel, hear that rhythm of my heart and I'm back home.

Music

Ukiah Andrus

Oh when I was born,
I played a Kazoo that was orange.
But boy was I bored
So, I tried the piano - Man No! Not my style!
It took awhile, to work out the knack
Music is back!
Ukulele I was taught
That was the instrument, the only one I got
Yes, my love for music has grown
Beyond the clouds music is my home
There I float in peace, my music shall never cease
The tune so magical, the tune so kind
You will surely find peace, not doubt
Hush my dear, no need to shout,
Let us float together in the harmony
Let us listen to the choir of music
Let us become one with the sound
And all other noises will drown

Music to Her Ears

Rosamond Marsh

Louisa Gilder Marsh

Topics reader, Rosamond Marsh

Rosamond's answer to "What does music mean to you?" is: "Granny piano!" She was lucky enough to repeatedly get to crawl under the piano while her great-grandmother, Anne Palmer, was playing during Rosa's first year and Granny's 101st -- and now that Granny is gone, she loves to watch videos of her playing.

The Crimson Railing

Bill Cosel

REUTERS/Brian Snyder

Boston Symphony Orchestra members play from the balcony during a rehearsal with their new Music Director Andris Nelsons at the Symphony Hall in Boston, MA, September 26, 2014.

Leaning over the crimson-felt railing, first balcony, Symphony Hall in Boston, soaking up my view of 90 musicians dressed casually, wandering around the stage in a general state of chaos, the players chatting, adjusting music stands, running scales, laughing—it's a stunning moment for this 24-year-old grasping his task at hand. My job will be to portray men and women at work as they take on the amazing challenge of recreating a piece of music. Now they all seem very relaxed. How will they chase chaos into sublime, disciplined music-making that can only be realized by reading markings scattered across page after page by a composer who imagined how it would sound? Their job: be smart slaves to the notes presented on their parts.

Professionals handling instruments from a tiny piccolo to large platters of timpani ready to speak, gleaming brass whose players are itching to blow off the roof, the golden harp ready to soar with angels, the single reeds, the double reeds, the century-old venerable stringed instruments ranging from bass fiddles to cellos to violas, all the way up to the hard-working, show off violins—the strings that are the divas of an orchestra… But, wait.

None of this makes sense until the conductor lifts an arm, scans the motley group and, with a look, instantly stills the chatting members of this strange conglomeration. Once they settle, there is a moment of pin-drop silence and then, suddenly, they are all on the same page—magically brought together with a unity of purpose and consummate skill. It's goosebump time as I hang over the railing, ears and eyes jolted into focus, astonished at the seeming wizardry of it all. An imprint impossible to ignore. Concentration, full physical engagement. It's a huge effort. They are working hard.

I am witnessing—and will be sharing it on a TV broadcast—what it takes to make orchestral music become the transformative experience that it is. A privilege of my job: to capture what is going on below me on the stage… Well, let's just say, way above me. I'm witnessing a thrilling and humbling moment—the sound of music coming back to life, by the players.

A Gift To Be Shared

Melissa Stewart

My first violin wasn't a violin at all. It was a Branflakes cereal box with a ruler taped to it. From there, I graduated to a plastic violin with stickers of Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy, a wooden bow and plastic strings. My brother had already been playing the violin for a few years by the time I got a real violin—1/16 the size of a full-sized violin, so tiny that when I took it to play at a local school competition, people stopped me in the hall to ask if it was real.

I grew up in a musical household. My father was the choir director, pianist, and organist at our church, and my mother taught flute lessons from our basement. When a friend of ours started playing the violin, my brother and I begged to be allowed to take lessons too. I always tell people the reason it's best to start children on the violin when they are between the ages of four and six is that it takes several years before you can get any sort of decent sound out of a violin. But young children are so proud of any sound that they can make, they will stick with it long enough until they sound good to everyone's ears.

Violin was a big part of my life growing up. I spent summers at Interlochen Fine Arts Camp and school years playing in orchestras and string quartets. I continued through college, playing in the pit orchestra for more performances of the Nutcracker than I could count, and putting on two solo recitals. Some of my closest friends from growing up are people I met through music.

Melissa Stewart

When I went to law school and then became a corporate lawyer, violin took an understandable backseat. I played in Symphony Hall one weekend for a community orchestra program put on by the BSO, loving that we played Listz's "Les Preludes," as it was the piece that closed out every summer at Interlochen. I did a few concerts with Wellesley Symphony Orchestra, but I was never really able to focus on it.

When I escaped to the Berkshires after two years in the New York office of my firm, I was so happy that I had more time to play my violin. I wasn't interested in anything serious, but found a wonderful group of people to play with at the Egremont Barn. We jammed at open mic and played enough together to put on a full show.

To my mind, music is a gift to be shared with those around you. You can find community and a common language through music. It was such a privilege to be able to share these gifts for *Women of Tyringham*. I love living in a community that values music and the arts. It's one of the main reasons I feel so at home in the Valley.

Dancing through Tyringham

Louisa Gilder Marsh

On a foggy fall morning, Hoppy Loring and I sat at his kitchen table reminiscing about square dancing. His house is high above Hop Brook, with views of our beautiful cemetery in one direction and the hills in the other, but in my square dancing days, I failed to appreciate these views. A group of us Tyringham kids—Nicole Brown, Aubrey Choquette and I were among the older ones in the group at 14, and my sister Nannina at 7 was probably the youngest—would troop down into Hoppy and Dot's basement, where they had cleared enough space for two sets (16 dancers) and a sound system. We danced for hours. It was so incredibly fun. Dot transcribed hundreds of dances into a three-ring binder, and she and Hoppy would gradually teach us more and more complicated square dance figures. We started with "Red River Valley," where you only have to know how to swing, and did a lot of "Marching Through Georgia," where the caller tries to trick you into going the wrong way; and eventually we reached things we thought were really advanced, like "Forward Six and Back" and the "Texas Star." Hoppy remembers with pride that, at one point, a group of us kids, under his and Dot's guidance, did a square dance exhibition on the front lawn of the Gingerbread House!

We square dancers were joining a stream of Tyringham history which, in the '50s and '60s, centered on Harry Loring (Hoppy's father) on his fiddle, along with many members of the musical Heath family. Harry himself had learned to play by ear as a teenager from "some of the old timers like Newt Heath and Will Steadman." (His sister Florence played the guitar, and Al Loring the banjo.)

Harry also had some classical support for his fiddle-playing. "If ever he got in a bind and was trying to figure out a song and he couldn't get it, you know who he went to?" Hoppy told me with a grin. "Anne Palmer." My grandmother and Harry would sit down at her beloved Steinway. "And they would hammer it out. And he'd come away from there playing it. All she had to do was hear something once, and she knew exactly what he wanted!"

From Ruth Heath's albums

Playing at Herb Heath, Jr.'s wedding reception, 1975, Herb, Sr. on harmonica and Cort Heath, Jr. on guitar

In Hoppy's childhood, Harry Loring on fiddle, Cort Heath on guitar, and Cort's cousin Candace Heath on piano (if they were playing somewhere that had one), made a group playing square dances almost every weekend in Tyringham and Otis. The square dance caller would be Cort—or, at the Tyringham Town Hall, Chet VanOrman (Gordon's father). Cort's brother, Herbie—who, as a 7-year-old, had had a horrible accident in Cone Park where he was hit by a careless motorist and then dragged by her car, which left him in a three-month-long coma from which he miraculously emerged, but unable to read and write—played a host of instruments by ear, including the harmonica, banjo, piano, slide guitar, and concertina. Herbie's wife, Ruth, remembers wonderful dances in Tyringham, accompanied by her husband and brother-in-law and Harry's wonderful fiddle-playing. In Tyringham, sometimes "they closed the road, and we danced in the road in front of Tinkers' Store. Cars had to take the back way [Fernside]. A lot of fun."

From Hoppy Loring

Cort Heath, Harry Loring, Florence Miner (1950s)

"I'll tell you," said Hoppy, "when they used to have square dances down here at Town Hall, just about everybody in town used to come."

Hoppy learned to square dance when he was ten at "a place over in Otis they called the Snack Bar, and that's where most of the kids here in Tyringham learned how to square dance," on Friday nights, with Harry Loring fiddling and Cort Heath calling. "Otis was very famous for square dancing," Hoppy remembered. Another Otis Friday night venue was the Fireman's Hall (now a church), which could hold as many as 10 or 12 squares in the big hall—nearly 100 dancers. Saturday nights, Harry, Cort, and Candace would play square dances at the Knox Trail Inn. "And of course, Becket," said Hoppy, "had many dance halls, Friday and Saturday nights. People would come from all over."

Ruth remembered one of the most memorable venues, "Old Bill's" in Monterey: dancing in a partly cleared-out hayloft in a barn, with Cort and Harry and Herbie playing music among the haybales. "Dancers above and cows mooing below." When you got tired, you sat on a hay bale, and the drinks table—beer and soda—was a spare barn door laid over two bales.

"The only time we went out was to the square dances," Ruth remembered. She was still grateful to a single mom friend, Gloria Jones, who would come to Cort's house and babysit all the Heath kids for $2, making it possible for

From Ruth Heath's albums

Candace Heath on piano, Cort Heath Sr. on banjo, Hoppy Loring on guitar.

Anna Heath and Ruth to go square dancing where their husbands were playing.

"Later on in years, when my dad didn't play much anymore, we used to go down to Bonny Rigg every Saturday night," Hoppy remembered—a group of Tyringham folks which included Everett and Mary Ann Fennelly, Jim and Kathy Curtin, and Tunk and Dede Loring. "We just had a team and we all got in our square set and just danced the night away. It was nothing to dance to 12 or 15 different square sets a night." Hoppy also credited good babysitters making this possible "We'd never come home before the last dance, so we'd be getting home at 1." There was a great caller at Bonny Rigg named Ben Funk, who came from Sheffield. He would get the whole hall of dancers all in one big circle for "Marching Through Georgia."

"And then you folks came along," said Hoppy to me. "We had a lot of fun teaching you people." But one thing we struggled to learn from Hoppy and Dot was how to really two-step. Watching them two-step together in the breaks between square dancing was like watching a single human being glide around the room. It was just beautiful. Hoppy told me that when he met Dot in Colorado (he, stationed up above Leadville in Camp Hale; she, working in a café in Eagle), he introduced her to his Tyringham heritage of square dancing, and she introduced him to her Colorado heritage of two-stepping. They used to dance in big Western dance halls where it took the length of a song just to two-step around the room. "We danced all the time." I asked Hoppy, "Did you have a two-step at your wedding?" "Not really," he said, grinning. "We got married in the back of a preacher's house in Eagle, Colorado, with just two other people standing up with us."

Just after Christmas will be the 65th anniversary of that wedding! Here's a salute to them! I'm hoping that we can carry on the dancing tradition into the next generation!

Short Musing on Music

Gerry Curtin

"Ah, yes 'Music to Your Ears.' "I have nothing specific, such as being in a group, band, choir etc., but I do like country, country rock, pop, golden oldies. That music has a beat that cannot be beat. Also having a string of nephews and nieces and listening to them laugh themselves silly when they were young kids. I miss it the world over."

Wonderful Beginning

Julia Hartman

During the New York smallpox outbreak during the late winter of 1947, our mother was working on producing as much vaccine as her laboratory could manage. She whisked us away to Tyringham with a family friend who cared for us, Jeanne du Launx. It was a magical time for us as Jeanne was a wonderful mime as well as one of Emile Jacques-Dalcroze's first students.

We were encouraged to do many things to the rhythms of lovely French children's folk songs. When I heard music, I wanted to move. When Candace Heath and Harry and Dick Loring played, as square dances were called at the Town Hall, I was in heaven.

Lucky for me, as a teenager, the Berkshire Music Festival included Berkshire County residents in their free scholarship program. Catching rides with Jeno (Eugene) Lehner or anyone else who headed that way, I would spend every day at Tanglewood. It was a wonderful beginning to a life filled with music.

Dance Memories

Penny Borax

Francesca Gallo

2019 Arts Festival Square Dance - Penny Borax and John Donald dancing with Kim & Mary Lou Bradley

I am not musical, but I love to dance. My late husband, John Donald, and I danced with enthusiasm to live bands at the Tyringham Fire Department's annual Steak Roast for years, and the last time, at a barn dance held at Liz and Fred Cross' great barn, formerly Sunset Farm. The bands were energetic and well-rehearsed; the dancers, young and old, had a lot of fun; and dancing in the open air at the Firemen's Pavilion is a treasured memory. If we left the party early due to sleepy small children, we could hear the music echoing up the valley from our house on Jerusalem Road.

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Music to My Ears

Alan Glickman

"I don't know anything about music. In my line, you don't have to." – Elvis Presley

The King had a deeper, more visceral understanding of music than most mortals, and yet what he said makes perfect sense. Although it can be studied in great depth, and indeed has many elements akin to mathematics, music ultimately cannot be "known". It resonates in our hearts, our souls and in the marrow of our bones, not in our minds. I'm blessed to have experienced that resonance my entire life.

Alan Glickman

When I was a child growing up in the Boston area in the 60s, music found me, not the other way around. Both my parents loved it. My mother, from Colombia, was named Violeta after the heroine of the opera "La Traviata" by Verdi, and she played a 12-string Latin guitar called the tiple (pronounced "teepleh"). My father, from Brooklyn, had no formal music training but he had a superb ear and could hum any tune. Music was always playing in our home. One day, my parents bought an album by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass called *Going Places*, and boy did I. The music possessed and transported me. I couldn't stop my hands from pounding out the rhythms on any surface I could find.

"Irving, we have to get that boy a pair of bongos or he's going to break down the house!" my mother exclaimed. They did. When I outgrew my first bongo set, others followed, including ones where you could even tighten and loosen the cow skins to tune the timbre. I was enchanted and could accompany any album from any genre. Rhythm was the portal through which I first entered music, and it remains for me the part of it that reminds me I'm alive. I still can't listen to the likes of "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," "Jumpin' Jack Flash," "Think," "Havana," or "Uptown Funk" and stay seated. Cannot be done.

My mother was one of six sisters—the others also having been named after opera characters and one of whom became an international concert pianist. All of them had been required to learn piano at a young age. Alas, I was not named after an opera great—my mother just wanted a simple two-syllable name her mother could pronounce in Spanish—but like my mother and aunts, I too was required to study piano. I was "classically trained," as they say, for a number of years. And then I had a failure that would change my life in a wonderful way.

As a teenager, I studied in a challenging, all boys school and the demands of homework made continuing to adequately prepare for my weekly piano lessons impossible. Finally, tired of my lamely trying to fake it, my piano teacher threw up his hands one day and cried, "Enough!" I thought that was the end of my piano career, but in fact it would be the beginning. "No more sheet music!" he said. "You have no time to learn it. I will teach you music theory instead. What you do with it at home in between is up to you. It can be nothing if you choose, but you will still learn in your time here with me."

It opened up a new world to me. I found out that the great composers didn't just string notes together. There were vast arcs of chord progressions into which the notes fit. And there wasn't just the basic scales that I had learned, which were just one "mode" (called Ionian). There were other modes as well that had the same notes but began and ended on different ones than the scales we're first taught. There was Mixolydian mode (much loved by the Beatles), Dorian mode (used by the Doors) and others. And there were scales that had entirely different notes, like the pentatonic scale that lies at the heart of blues and much rock and roll. I began to be able to play popular music by ear, and learn classical music more easily by seeing the bigger picture. Somewhere along the way, I picked up guitar too.

And most importantly, I began to write. Oh, did I write. Especially when romances went awry. Music was my balm, my solace, my expression of sorrow on the way to healing. The triumph of melody over grief, expressing pain but at the same time announcing the beginning of a brighter tomorrow. To this day, a song with a melodic structure that has true direction still moves me to tears. "Memory" from *Cats*, "Don't Cry for Me Argentina," "Bohemian Rhapsody," "Stairway to Heaven," "Paradise by the Dashboard Lights," "Scenes from an Italian Restaurant," "Tangled Up in Blue" or the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth. Masterpieces all.

At 22, I left Boston and went to study law in New York, where I had deep roots on my father's side. I fell in love with the city, and I am still there to this day (though I remain a diehard Sox, Patriots, Celtics and Bruins fan). I brought music with me, and it stayed with me throughout my many years practicing litigation at a large firm. In the little spare time I had, I even took a music theory and composition course at nights at the New School, and when I reached my first half-century of living, I rented out a cabaret and performed my songs for—and with—many of my good friends.

I started a band at my law firm too, which we called "Barely Legal" and then, being more politically correct, later changed to "Sound Judgment." And when I taught young law associates at my firm a class in how to write a legal brief with punch, it included a "before" example of someone trying to express what it's like to fall in love using big words and complicated sentences, followed by the "after" version which was the actual lyrics of "I'm a Believer," flashed on the screen with music blaring. Pow.

I've tried to pass the gift of music forward but I haven't had to try very hard. My younger son Julian (15) has a natural ear with a beautiful voice and dance moves I can't replicate. My older son Matt (24) graduated this spring from Berklee College of Music as a keyboard player and

as—what else—a Songwriting major. He performs in the Boston area, and I hope to get him out to the Berkshires to perform somewhere here as well.

I will leave you with—why not?--a song. In one of the darkest times in my life, after I was divorced and life seemed transient and meaningless, I turned to songwriting again. What came out was "Rain on the Road," the last verse of which goes like this:

It seemed before that there was so much at stake,
So many rows to be hoed,
But time moves on and leaves our dreams in its wake,
Tearing at the fabric we sewed,
Then passing like the rain on the road.

Writing it was a painful reckoning but a new beginning. A few weeks later, I got back into the mix and met my wife Joyce, with whom I've been blissfully married for almost eighteen years. She came down the aisle to a wedding march I had written years before.

If you play and like to jam, or you just like to listen, I'm around. Berkshires, Boston, New York—whatever. Where there's music, I'm there.

Music

Traudi Chiaravalloti

Nini Gilder

Traudi Chiaravalloti

I think I was born a music lover. Maybe we all are. My mother told me that I was singing long before I started talking. And I haven't stopped yet, singing that is…or talking for that matter, but I prefer singing.

I enjoy listening to a wide range of musical styles, including opera. It was my husband who first suggested we attend a live opera performance. Initially I wasn't too keen on the idea. The snippets I'd seen on TV did not impress me. In fact, my usual reaction was to turn to another channel. However, it was live performances that changed my attitude. We signed up for the matinee series of the Opera Theater of St. Louis, two operas on the last two Sunday afternoons in June. Did that for 16 years. Opera day would begin with Joe packing a lunch, often a Cornish game hen along with veggies and a bottle of wine, and we would enjoy that meal on the grounds of Webster College before the show. Then we'd proceed into the air-conditioned building to our seats, read the program for a while and then settle back as the lights dimmed and the music started. It was a wonderful experience, the lovely sound of the orchestral overture preceding the singers. And the soloists—I marveled at their vocal flexibility and the power of their voices as they filled the hall with music. Afterwards, we'd have a cup of cold coffee and a piece of pie while the parking lot emptied, and then pack up to return home.

I love singing! It doesn't much matter what kind of music—if I know the melody I'll join in. If I don't know the melody, I'll learn it. I especially love choral singing because it brings me together with others who love singing and provides a chance to sing the classics—music written by Bach, Mozart, Brahms, Verdi, etc. Absolutely love singing these masterpieces! But I also love to sing along to folk songs, rock, country, just about anything in just about any language.

A few years back I decided to give line dancing a try. It was a real challenge to tame my natural klutziness and I made it more difficult for myself because I couldn't stop singing along to the music. The best part was that I learned loads of new songs through line dancing. Even learned to dance a bit.

There's magic in music, in the way it stirs the emotions. There are times when I'm overwhelmed by the beauty of a line, the sound of an incredible soloist, or the climax of a choral piece such that that tears inevitably flow. Or how about the power of a march, thinking of how men used to march into battle led by fife and drum. Or how certain songs, certain melodies, bring up memories from long ago. Or how music can soothe, bring about quiet contemplation, a spiritual connection that transcends the ordinary, an emotion that's right up there with love. How can I explain it? I can't, I can only gratefully experience it.

I'm not an exceptional or accomplished singer by any means. I have an ordinary and somewhat meek voice, the kind that will never fill a performance hall. But I can carry a tune and I'm not a half-bad sight reader and I make an effort to learn my part and contribute to the choir in that way. I sometimes wish I had an extraordinary voice, the kind that gets picked for solos say, but I don't. In all my interests, in everything I've tried, being exceptional eludes me but for me, it's the enjoyment I derive from these various activities that is important to me. And without a doubt, love of music has played a large role in my life and brought much joy and enrichment to my life.

Music Haikus: 3

Jean P. Moore

1
Brook singing along
Trees calling, birds responding
Opera in my yard.

2
Children make music
On the playground swings and fields
Same songs world over.

3
Voices once music
Melodies that soothed the soul
Songs I long to hear.

Participation Is the Key to Harmony

Clark Wallace

Margaret Dillon Katz

Clark Wallace

Music has always been a big part of my life. One of my earliest memories is of my mother singing a song she wrote for me:

Clark, Clark went to the park, and what did Clark-y see?

He sees birds that sing and a bell that rings and a bum-bum-bumblebee

My dad played bass and sang with songwriter Harry Chapin. As a child, I got to go to their concerts in clubs and huge theaters, and was awestruck by the music and the experience, especially the way Harry engaged the audience and got them to sing along and be part of the show.

With my mom's encouragement, I joined the Grace Church (Brooklyn) boys' choir where, years before, my dad had met Harry. With my fellow choristers, I learned how to read music, and enjoyed learning how to meld my voice with theirs. We got paid to sing every week, for services and even rehearsals! I later took guitar lessons at Camp Mohawk in the Berkshires, in Lanesboro, a wonderful sleepaway camp where I also learned to swim, canoe, and camp. There were weekly bonfires where local singer-songwriter Sam Scheer would play folk classics and his own wonderful songs, and we campers would sing along. This wonderful introduction to the Berkshires made a lasting impression and helped lead me back here as an adult.

In high school and college, I played guitar in various bands, and after college in NYC, played bass with a variety of talented but not well-known bands.

Moving with Becky to Columbia County in 2012 was wonderful in many ways, except for its impact on my musical life. Cut off from my musical community in New York and preoccupied with work, music languished.

That started to change when we had the good fortune to move to Tyringham. As we started to get to know people, I realized how many talented musicians and artists of all stripes were lurking in the hills.

In 2018, I joined Rachel Urquhart and Noelia Salinetti for a performance in which Noelia danced to Rachel's reading of a scene from her book, *The Visionist*, and I accompanied them on guitar. Then, this year, when Rachel and Ann Gallo started to work on the play, *Women of Tyringham*, I was honored to be asked to write and perform music that would help transition between the scenes. For me, this was a chance to participate in and contribute to a significant community-based cultural event.

Ann helped find very talented volunteers to play violin (Melissa Stewart) and cello (Hugo Nutting). Their excellent playing took the music to a whole other level beyond what a solo guitar could have achieved.

Over the summer, during rehearsals and, eventually, the performances of the play, I was grateful to spend time with my fellow musicians as well as with the cast. I had known and met quite a few of them previously, but we got to know each other a lot better and a real sense of camaraderie developed quickly. The performances went by in a blur, but I enjoyed performing the music and seeing how, at its better moments, it seemed to help move the play along.

When I look back at my musical experiences to date, the most significant were those that involved a community—such as the boys' choir, the campfire songs, and the experience of *Women of Tyringham*. Music is best when it's shared with friends, and neighbors who become friends.

Simple Gifts

Rachel Urquhart

Even before all of us heathens arrived on the scene, the house I grew up in—a former Shaker meeting house—was filled with music. After all, it was a place of worship and, as the spiritual center of Tyringham's small Shaker community, its gallery was often filled with the sounds of believers singing and dancing as they channeled spirits from the beyond. With titles like "Willing Sacrifice" and "Vernal Season," the songs were not exactly toe-tappers but, amongst the faithful, they elicited what one elder described as a "shaking of the dry bones." Perhaps you had to be there.

It's hard to square the Shakers' often penitent singing with the music that has rung out since they left. In my grandmother's day, fueled by gin and cigarettes, people gathered weekly to play classical duets and songs by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and Irving Berlin. She was an accomplished amateur pianist; my mom (Sidney) and my aunt (Maggie) could sing; and my uncle (Walter)—who trained as a young man to become a classical musician—could play pretty much anything on the piano. When my father arrived on the scene with his oboe, he fit right in.

My own experience of live music in the house is limited to memories of Walter playing "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?" and to my son, Theo, banging out a jazzed-up version of "Happy Birthday" whenever anyone turned a year older. But music is music, live or not. And, just as the Shakers used it to commune with departed souls, I lean on Franz Schubert, Elton John, and Petula Clark to bring my parents and Maggie Howard back to me. It never fails: there's my father whistling as he folds laundry; my mother dancing as she cooks; and Maggie standing on her deck, smiling down at skaters taking a moonlight turn around the pond as she blasts "Downtown" into the night.

Piano in the Valley

Nick Felix

Nick Felix

There are few things that are as powerful as music. It immerses our lives without us realizing it at times. From helping to set the mood at a restaurant; to building themes in your favorite movies and shows; yes, even that atrocious stuff that is played in a grocery store. I don't think there is a day we can step outside of our homes and not hear some kind of music somewhere.

I appreciate all genres of music and keep an open ear to explore what's out there. With that approach, I'm discovering music—some old and some new—and occasionally I get reminded of something I forgot. It's nice to revisit songs that I have enjoyed in the past.

My father, Franck Felix, a musician from the Motown era, was a drummer and played in several bands. So, I was exposed to drumming and other percussion instruments while growing up.

Classical music was ever the theme at our home in Tyringham. In adolescent years, watching music be produced and actually played gave me a very different perspective than simply turning on the radio to hear a tune.

I was always intrigued by the piano. This percussion instrument, in my opinion, is the most versatile—especially in its electronic format. Nearly any song can be written on the piano.

In the early 1990s, I would ride my dirt bike across the field from my home on Webster Road to Four Brooks Farm, where Anne Palmer would give me piano lessons. This was my first formal introduction to playing a musical instrument.

Anne, a very kind woman and well-spoken, would begin her lessons by explaining the composer, the notes, and the piece she was about to teach. She taught me the basics that every beginning student would have to know. I quickly learned that learning and playing music was much more difficult than I thought it would be; at least to do it well, anyhow.

Furthermore, her lessons gave me perspective from an artist's point of view as each composer had a very different approach to how their music was created. Learning the piano was the gateway for me to enjoy music at a deeper level, but also be able to write music.

From that point on, I could never listen to any song and think it's just a song on the radio. Anne's lessons opened my mind and allowed me to give all music a chance. While listening to music, I would try to identify how that piece was put together or hear specific notes.

After learning piano for a couple of years and still taking lessons at the Palmer house, I went to the mall and purchased sheet music for a pop song. I brought it to Anne's house, we sat down at her piano, and I asked her if we could work on it together.

I wasn't sure what to expect, knowing that Anne was a classically-trained pianist. She opened the sheet music and began to play the first two phrases of the song, then she stopped to look over at me and said, "What is this?"

I said, "Well, it's a really cool new song." She replied, "I don't quite understand this," and continued to play. To my surprise, she effortlessly played the whole song and I couldn't believe my ears.

I said to myself, *This woman can absolutely play everything*.

Reflecting on that moment now, it demonstrated to me that when one understands music at its core—even though something may not be a favorite genre—they can still understand a part of it.

I truly appreciated the lessons that she taught me, which broadened my musical outlook and gave me something that enriches my life to this day.

I play piano mainly for relaxation as I thoroughly enjoy the instrument, occasionally even entertaining guests at my home.

I focus on rhythm and blues and popular music. I am grateful to have the experience of Anne Palmer as a piano teacher and I consider myself lucky that I learned from one of the greats. I remember her as a true treasure and an influence on music in my life.

Chris Fanta

Sounds

Christine Hale Corcoran

Ever since I was a child, my favorite sounds were walking through the woods on snowy days, listening to the falling snow, birds flying through the trees, animals moving through the woods and the pure quietness of the falling snow.

Where the Songs Come From

Angela Cason Hickey

My family roots are in Savannah, so we would travel down at least once a year to visit relatives. My older sisters would stay with our cousins, getting mosquito bites while they fished from the long dock that stretched out from Talahi Island to the Bull River.

But I was too little to go with them, and I hate mosquitoes, so I stayed with the grown-ups. That meant going to Johnny Harris' Restaurant. Like Mrs. Wilkes, or Aunt Pitty Pat's Porch, Johnny Harris' was a Savannah institution. The center of the restaurant was a circular dance floor with a bandstand. Around the outer circle, the tables were set in booths with velvet curtains. Mom said it was so people could have privacy during Prohibition. I thought it was the essence of grown up sophistication.

I would sit between my folks, sipping Shirley Temples and tapping my feet. Not often enough, my dad would dance with me, letting me put my feet on his and stepping me around the floor. It was heaven.

Harris's booked all sorts of musicians, including Emma Kelly. If you read *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, by John Berendt, you've heard of Emma Kelly. Johnny Mercer nicknamed her "The Lady of 6000 Songs." He was a Savannah boy, and when Mom pointed out Emma Kelly to me, I wanted to know them all.

I did learn a lot of the songbook from my mom, who was always singing. When she was four, my mother saw the movie *Rose-Marie*, with Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald. And when I was four, and she wanted me to come to her from somewhere in the house, she would start "Indian Love Call." "When I'm calling you…" she would sing. And wherever I was, I would sing back, "Will you answer too…" and we'd continue the duet as I wandered to find her. Naturally, I thought this was what everyone did to call their children.

My parents played Nat King Cole, Mario Lanza. When my sister and I were bored we would put the King Sisters or one of Mitch Miller's *Favorites* on the Magnavox. We would sing to "Dipsy Doodle," "Toot Toot Tootsie," and "Heart of My Heart." My first album was *Disney Favorites*, a giveaway at the local gas station that was a reward for buying a full tank of gasoline.

The album that confused me most was a Rodgers and Hammerstein compilation. One side featured selections from *Oklahoma*, and the flip side had the best of *South Pacific*. When I was little, I thought it was all one show and I could never understand why, if they loved Oklahoma so much, they moved to Bali Hai halfway through!

When I moved to New York, I found songs everywhere. Walking home up Fifth Avenue one day, I heard a man playing a great tune on a guitar as he sat in the evening sun in front of the GM building. "What is that?" I asked. "You don't know 'This Can't be Love?'" "No. Teach it to me." So he did. That and "Sunny Side of the Street" trade off in my head if I'm taking a walk in the city. They have a perfect rhythm for hitting all the lights on Madison Avenue.

And then a friend asked if I could put a cabaret act together for his class reunion. Sure, why not? I called a buddy who played the piano, and went to Colony music store on 7th Avenue to pick out a few collections of Broadway tunes. I learned about Jerome Kern and Jule Styne and some offbeat writers like David Frishberg, who wrote the great Blossom Dearie classic, "Peel Me a Grape."

I had one performance where I opened with "But Not for Me." The set didn't really catch on with the audience and I asked my friend, an arranger, what had happened. He said, "Oh, there's a formula for a set." What??!! I'd been making it up. Here is what he taught me: open upbeat, move to an offbeat novelty number, then go romantic, don't forget an 'eleven o'clock number' – the big next-to-last song – and then end with a hopeful crowd pleaser to send everyone out in a good mood. Well, that made things easier!

My current group, Six of Clubs, sings *The American Songbook*. There are six of us and we've been singing together for 11 years now. We've even sung the National Anthem at Fenway Park! Before the performance, I called a friend who had sung *in stadia* before and asked, "Jim, how do you sing in front of 35,000 people?" His advice? "You don't. You pick ONE blade of grass and sing as loud as you can to it!" I'm happy to report the trick really works!

Our producer/MC, Nick, grew up in the music business and tells great stories about *The American Songbook*. One is about the guy who came up with the idea of the greatest hits on radio. He was waiting in a diner, and he kept hearing the same song played over and over on the jukebox. He asked the waitress if she was tired of it. "No," she said, "It's my favorite." When he realized that people like to hear the same songs over and over again, the Top 40 was born.

And that's half the secret of *The American Songbook*. Songs by Rodgers and Hart and Hammerstein, Lerner and Loewe, Kern, Porter, Berlin, Arlen, endure in part because the audience loves them.

The other secret? A song becomes a standard if it can serve the story the singer wants to tell, which means that the songs I need to sing have changed over time. The songs that fit a girl in her twenties aren't what a 60-year-old needs to say. One day you realize you've outgrown "The Boy Next Door" and it's time for "Hello Young Lovers." And conversely, the songs I wanted to sing when I was young but just couldn't pull off, now fit credibly into my life experience. "The Man That Got Away," "Something Wonderful," even the old standby, "He's Just My Bill", have more depth now that I have specific people I am thinking of as I sing them.

Because the simple truth is, singing isn't about the voice. It's about the story. The great classic songs of *The American Songbook* persist because they can tell any number of stories. Out of the context of their original shows, they can take on all shades of meaning. Sometimes it's "Let me share a feeling you may understand." Sometimes it's "Let's forget everything and laugh a little." Any story. Any story except, "Listen to what a nice voice I have." It took me a while to learn that that was never the point. Now, no matter who wrote it, the song comes from me.

Stream of Consciousness

Rev. Eileen Mahoney

Cate Nutting

Hugo Nutting

In the fall of 2018, I walked the trail on the McLennan Reservation every day. It was a lovely, colorful, peaceful walk along a long flowing stream up to a beaver pond and then looping down to the beginning of the trail. The stream always serenaded me with its sound: sometimes a quiet little trickle and other times a roar, depending on weather and rainfall.

That particular fall, the walk held a special place for me. My nephew Garrett had died in early September, just as the leaves began to turn; this daily walk became my space to remember him, honor him and grieve his loss. It was beautiful most days on the trail, and I was comforted by the natural beauty and the sounds of the stream.

I particularly loved the part of the trail as I approached the upper end of the stream, especially when the water was really flowing and heralded a cascading waterfall as I moved closer to it. Other times, if there had been little rain, I had to strain to hear even a trickle.

One day, I heard a different sound: a few musical notes. I stopped dead in my tracks. My mind flew into a host of judgmental assumptions: Who has the unmitigated gall to bring a boom box into this beautiful, pristine, sacred (to me) spot? How dare they invade "my" space!

The "music" stopped. I listened, expecting to hear more, but to my relief I did not. Upon taking a moment to listen more closely, I heard no bass from a box, just the running of the stream tumbling over its own boulders and rocks.

And so, I walked on listening to the water, noticing the yellow-turning leaves shimmering in the soft afternoon light, kicking fallen acorns with my boots. In about another 100 yards, I heard it again—a sound that didn't seem to belong: music. I again became irate but this time I stopped, really listened, and then listened again: That was no boom box—that was a cello!

Well, it was a pleasant surprise but also a daunting one because I certainly did not want to interrupt a certain "cellist" who might be playing near his house. Not sure what to do, I proceeded quietly on the path, tiptoeing in my hiking boots, trying to be extra careful to not snap any twigs or branches. I no more wanted to invade his sense of the sacredness of this space than I wanted mine invaded.

I crested a hill on the trail, looked up and saw—well, I could hardly believe my eyes! I saw this wonderful looking young man, barefoot, sitting on a huge boulder in the middle of the stream, playing his cello. He was facing downstream, situated so that his music could be heard over the running of the water. In fact, it blended with the sound of the running stream.

What a sight! What a sound! What a gift! I was speechless! Then I saw his mother sitting on a rock downstream, taking photos. We all introduced ourselves and had great fun chatting about the aesthetics and sacredness of the place, music, and natural beauty.

After some time, I walked on up to the beaver pond. I sat down and just breathed into the gift of the incredible beauty that I had just experienced. The hike was beautiful enough, but the added dimension of encountering this young man and his cello is something that I will never forget. The wonderful music coupled with the stunning image of the musician playing in the stream with autumn leaves shimmering around him balanced out the grief I was feeling for my nephew. It reminded me then—and does whenever I recall the experience—of the gratitude I have that beauty, especially the natural world and music, are always great healers of a sore heart.

My Links to Music

Tony Stretton

Louisa Marsh

Tony Stretton

Favorites: Bach, especially the B minor Mass; Beethoven, especially Quartet Opus 130; Rhiannon Giddens; Martin Simpson; Janis Joplin; Rolling Stones; current craze—Caroline Shaw.

Music my best friend in England loves but I can't relate to (yet): anything by Wagner; almost all opera except Mozart and the occasional performance of Tosca.

I love music, but strictly as a listener. My attempts at making music were accurately judged by our cat when I was 12. Having suffered as I scraped on my violin, he left home and never came back. I got the message.

My younger son, Rich, was a talented musician, a bluegrass banjo player. He lived in Cornwall, and whenever I was back in England, I would go to his gigs, usually in pubs where he and his musical partner, Chester, would play bluegrass and Irish music as well as some of their own compositions. I loved it and would usually embarrass the hell out of him by getting up and dancing wildly in a corner of the pub. It was irresistible!

It is very hard to make a living with music, so he was also a carpenter. That old joke—What do you call a musician without a girlfriend? Homeless—is pretty close to the mark. I inherited most of his tools. This is not the way it should be – he should have inherited my tools. He was also trained as a cabinet maker and I have one of his inlaid tables – just beautiful. He was a gentle soul with a fantastic sense of humor. He was a sailor, like me, and we had some great voyages together – to Brittany several times, and round Ireland. He died when he was 49. My heart aches for him.

One Fine Day in August

Carol Hardy-Fanta and Chris Fanta

Chris Fanta

Chris and Carol Hardy-Fanta at Tanglewood

This story of "Music to Our Ears" begins with a confession and a bicycle ride.

The confession is that neither of us has any musical sophistication or ability. We are consumers, not makers, of music, firmly rooted in the folk music era of our 1960s' youths. But we can also appreciate the beauty of classical music; we are, after all, Tyringham residents and Tanglewood neighbors.

And the bicycle ride is what took us from Tyringham to Tanglewood that beautiful summery day in August. More exactly, we biked from The Mount to Tanglewood via Bean Hill Road, despite Carol's biking axiom: never take a bicycle route that includes "Hill" in the name of one of the roads. We left our bikes outside Lion's Gate and were escorted by the police guards on duty across Hawthorne Street. We made our way onto the magnificent grounds of Tanglewood, finding a place on the Lawn. We were dutifully masked and socially distanced from those on blankets spread out to either side, and in front and back. There, on a perfect sunny afternoon, we heard a magical performance of Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony with Yo-Yo Ma as soloist. Even heathens like us were transported by the music and atmosphere to a place of peace and contentment.

Then, out to Lion's Gate (with its view of Stockbridge Bowl) and back on our bikes. We called it our biathlon and cherished the music and the day.

Music Box

Celia Kittredge

I have an antique music box that hasn't worked for years and I have had no luck in finding someone who could repair it. A few years ago, my daughter Kit and I were sitting in our living room and the box, which was on the other end, started playing! We were amazed, and after about five minutes it stopped and has not run since!

Music at the Monastery

Sisters of the Visitation

Music, for us at Visitation Monastery, is mainly our prayer. There is a long tradition of music in the monastic world, Gregorian Chant being famous for use in our prayer services.

Each sister is an individual in every way, but when it comes to our chanting of the psalms, we strive for a unity of voice as well as of our hearts in prayer. The simple melodies express each psalm in such a way that a peaceful, prayerful atmosphere is established in the presence of God.

On major feasts and celebrations, we add the more modern hymnody, including instrumentals. We have several sisters who play wind instruments, along with the organ, to add the celebratory tone to the occasion. For several years, the community presented an Advent concert in which we enjoyed singing and playing the seasonal music. We managed to record several of our concerts.

Another place where we enjoy listening to music is in our refectory (dining room) on special days. Usually, we listen to the reading of a spiritual book, but on special days, we listen to some classical recording as we eat. It creates a soothing atmosphere and is special to us.

And then there are the fun times when we are not in the chapel and sing and play in a more relaxed and joy-filled manner—even to the point of comical at times! Music seems to, again, unify us; we can come together and enjoy sharing our joy and having fun as we dig up "oldies but goodies," not worrying if we are all on pitch!

Music can express any mood, create any atmosphere, provide solace, joy, or prayerfulness.

It should be a part of all of our lives!

"I paint portraits to live, landscapes because I love them, and music because I cannot leave it alone." Artist Thomas Gainsborough was constantly making music on his viola de gamba.

Quoted from *50 Artists You Should Know* by Thomas Koester.

Prelude

Nini Gilder

Panic! It is Tuesday again! Another piano lesson with Mrs. Palmer! But I have hardly practiced … how mortifying…

My relationship with my future mother-in-law had a rocky start when I was in seventh grade. My mother, a friend of Anne Palmer, had the bright idea I might be "musical."

"Well, she certainly has no musical talent!" Anne warned George, some 10 years later when he said he was thinking of asking me out.

Thinking back to Anne's description of her own childhood, she couldn't be kept away from a piano. She began playing at the age of five and played for the next 97 years. She had perfect pitch and a prodigious memory. Playing the piano became so integral to her happiness, that she, in later years, would hesitate to visit friends if it meant staying, even a few days, in a house without a piano.

Each day she would practice for hours, calming turbulent times with music, challenging herself intellectually with hard new pieces. She helped support the family teaching. She scheduled her Tyringham students—Nick Felix, Jamie Curtin, Dr. Richard Greene, and a host of Slaters: Sue (Choquette), Marge (Loring), April (Roche), Aubrey (Choquette)—in between mid-week trips to New York, where she taught friends and friends-of-friends in elegant city apartments. Late in life, Wil Kierstead was a favorite mature student.

For decades, she played on Sundays at the Union Church, carefully chosen preludes, offertories and hymns with musical and spiritual connections. The major key, she believed, represented the joy of Christ.

When the rest of us struggled to bring suitable gifts as visitors—a bouquet, maple syrup—Anne would arrive with a battered canvas bag holding her well-worn music and, to the delight of her friends, play Schubert, Mozart and Chopin after dinner.

Two weeks before she died at the age of 102, her longtime doctor, Joseph Cooney, made a house call. She was sleeping a lot, cautiously ambulatory, often confused by the day-to-day activities of those around her. Dr. Cooney was medically reassuring as they sat together on the porch. Then he confessed he had really come to see her piano. At this, Anne strode, wielding her walker, into the big room, sat down at her beloved Steinway grand piano and without a hesitation summoned from deep in her memory, a Bach Prelude.

Nini Gilder

Dr. Cooney and Anne Palmer

The Silk Road Project, 2000

Gail and Peter Charpentier

In the summer of 2000, Peter and I were asked if we could provide room and board for musicians who were participating in Yo Yo Ma's Silk Road Project at Tanglewood. The musicians, who all were of the very highest caliber, came from countries that were part of the original Silk Road. We put up three Chinese musicians: Wu Man, a world famous virtuoso of the pipa, a stringed instument sometimes called a Chinese lute; Jia DaQun, a composer and professor at Shanghai Conservatory of Music; and Wu Tong, who played ancient instruments but who was also a rock star in China, drawing thousands of young people to his concerts. All were a pleasure to know.

Matthew Charpentier and Yo Yo Ma

We were invited to attend their rehearsals and concerts. No need to mention how thrilling these events were. At night, the three musicians stayed up and cooked Chinese food for us until two or three o'clock in the morning. Adding to the happy occasion, we were delighted to learn that all of our guests had great success on the trip, most especially the composer, who received at least two commissions for the piece he played. This was a most exciting and fantastic experience for us. The music was truly fabulous, and the ambience our houseguests created in our home was warm and memorable.

While the Silk Road Project continues around the world, known today simply as "Silkroad," we have not had a repeat of this wonderful experience. Should we ever be called upon again to host such talented musicians, we would be more than happy to open our home to them.

One final note, to prepare us for this experience of a lifetime, the Project provided us with a "Silk Road Culture Pack," containing fifty pages of invaluable information. If anyone would be interested in learning more, let us know.

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Voices

Elizabeth Elliott

If I were happily seated among the circle of the Hop Brook Club, and if I suddenly heard the low, deep note of Maggie Howard's voice, I would suddenly, totally understand the mysterious phrase, "Music to my ears." Her voice would not only be music to my ears, it would recall to me other voices I'll never hear again: my sister Lilia's for example, the sister to whom I was closest for 84 years, and Mary D. Kierstead's voice laughing as we planted raw oysters in the courtyard just as Clint drove in to park on top of them. Usually though, my eyes carry more possibilities than my ears.

Traudi Chiarvalloti

Elizabeth Elliott

Music to My Ears

Clinton Elliott

Morning mist rising from Hop Brook,
Music to my ears.
A turkey vulture wheeling over Cobble,
Music to my ears.
A chipmunk making a dash for it,
Music to my ears.
Apples on sale at the Big Y,
Music to my ears.
The thud of a car door closing,
The arrival of a son or daughter,
Music to my ears.
The sun sinking behind Beartown,
The full moon resting on the garage roof,
Music to my ears.
At last to bed, to bed at last,
Music, music to my ears.

Music as a Young Boy Spending Summers in the Berkshires

John DuBois

Tyringham was a very music-minded community with the summer residents as I grew up. The site was Roz's barn, up George Cannon Road between the Palmers' Four Brooks Farm and the Perkins' Glencote.

The adults would all meet in Roz's barn and have a picnic supper. As kids, we would go off into what was then open pasture onto a big rock for our picnic and games. I can remember finding a tire with the McIntoshes and rolling it down from our rock into the lower pasture with screams of joy as it bounced along.

As the sun was setting, we would come back into the barn and settle down for music. It was usually string quartets by Haydn and Brahms. All of the McIntosh children played an instrument, but this was an evening for the elders. Rusty McIntosh played violin and piano. Several Palmers played: F (Francesca) Palmer and her sister Roz played violin and possibly viola; Gilly, until he lost his fingers, played the cello; his sister, Hylie, was Julliard-trained and played violin. There were others I can't remember, but off they would go. We would snuggle in towels and blankets until the end.

Strange remembrances, but listening to classical music became a friend for me, not to leave.

Hylie Palmer, her beau George Finkle, Helen Rice of Stockbridge, Francesca Gilder Palmer in 1944. From Four Brooks Farm Collection

The Summer of Music

Nannina Gilder

At the start of the summer of 1993, a sign-up sheet went up in the Post Office: *Sound of Music* auditions. This became a hot topic of conversation in the Tyringham under-16 set. Who would be Maria?! Who would be Liesl? I desperately wanted to be Liesl, her frothy white dress from the gazebo scene in the movie burned into my mind, but as I was 7 going on 8 rather than 16 going on 17, my mother convinced me to set my sights a little lower and put my name down for the youngest Von Trapp child, Gretl.

I got the part—which wasn't a given since, technically, the

Bill Cosel

"These are a few of my favorite things!"
Noah Choquette,Gabey Cosel behind Alexis Brown, Nannina Gilder, Nicole Brown, Molly Cosel, Anna Bingham, Louisa Gilder

age cut-off was 9—so I felt lucky to be let into the exalted sphere of the "big kids," my own personal celebrities: my sisters Louisa and Mellie, and their friends Nicole and Alexis, and Aubrey and Noah. And I felt needed, necessary even, when my sisters earnestly told me that it was good that I was Gretl because it would have been a shame if the small part had been wasted on someone who could act. I threw myself into the rehearsals determined to be the best Gretl ever.

Nicole Brown had gotten the sought-after role of Maria, and Aubrey Choquette was our Captain. Gabey Cosel was Liesl (though I'm sure I was next in line for the part), and she also moonlighted as a nun. Louisa had the dual role of Friedrich and the Mother Abbess. Alexis Brown also doubled up, as the most mischievous child, Louisa, and the strictest nun, Sister Bertha. Noah Choquette was the "incorrigible" Kurt, and Molly Cosel the honest-to-a-fault Brigitta. Anna Bingham was the sweet, second youngest, Marta, and I was happy because that meant we generally stood next to each other and we were best friends. Tabitha Pennington and April Slater added a touch of sophistication as the two eldest at 16 going on 17. While they were both cast as nuns, Tabitha also played Baroness Elsa and April played the housekeeper, Frau Schmidt, which was a great sight gag since she mostly played opposite my brother Richard, 9 years old and 4'8" tall, as the imperious butler, Franz. (Elizabeth Charpentier had been cast as Frau Schmidt but, due to scheduling conflicts partway into rehearsals, had to pull out; she still made it on stage as a party guest.) Blond and glamorous, Isaac Bingham played the telegram boy, Rolfe. Blond and with a fake mustache, Mellie played the theatrical Uncle Max. On the wrong side of history were our Nazis, menacingly played by Tobiah Bingham, Christopher Pennington, and Brad Havill. Nate Havill bravely stood up to his brother as a loyal Austrian.

We began with singing practice with music director Sue Choquette at the piano in the Cosels' living room under the watchful eye of our director, and organizer of this whole endeavor, Adrienne Meismer. Then, in August, we moved over to our theater, the Town Hall. I remember that summer as one of the most exciting, fun ones of my life. Full of both work (learning to sing and act, masterfully guided by Adrienne), and play (when we weren't needed we'd hang out outside the Town Hall, climbing the rock walls of the library, or learning—under the tutelage of Isaac and Tobiah Bingham—how to make a loon bird call by blowing into our hollowed hands.)

Sets were designed by Penelope Littell and painted with the "help" of the cast; Dot Choquette and Mary Ann Brown made costumes (including the infamous curtain play-clothes); and lighting and tech were handled by the Emmy-winning Bill Cosel. Lines were memorized, scales were sung. I agonized over how Gretl would say her five lines—"They're asleep, they're not scared." "I've got a sore finger." "Why don't I feel any better?" "You remembered!" "Isn't this God's house?"—and I memorized everyone else's. If you ask, I can still recite the entire first act from memory.

As the summer drew to a close, we prepared for the curtain to rise on two sold-out shows. We huddled backstage as Nicole walked through the audience singing: "My day in the hills has come to an end, I know…" accompanied by Hilda Banks-Shapiro on the piano. Not quite a helicopter shot of Julie Andrews in the Alps with a full orchestra, but more

Berkshire Eagle

"How do you solve a problem like Maria?" Nicole Brown, Gabey Cosel, Alexis Brown, Tabitha Pennington, Louisa Gilder

intimate, and captivating in its own way. By the end, as the Von Trapp family walked out the same way singing "Climb Every Mountain," the whole audience was on their feet. We were elated, and the next day there was a letter to the editor in *The Berkshire Eagle* about how good we were…and it wasn't even written by any of our parents! Another standing-room-only show, and then it was over, our Summer of Music was done.

Or so we thought… As we were striking the sets, we found out that our production had been so well received that we were invited to do an encore performance a month later, at Simon's Rock! I know that the Julie Andrews *Sound of Music* is iconic and a classic, but to me, the definitive version was put on by the Tyringham's Children Theater in the summer of 1993.

Don Hale
1929 – 2021

Don Hale was born February 9, 1929 on the family home, Sunset Farm, in Tyringham. He was educated at the two-room school house in Tyringham and then Lee High School, where he graduated in 1947. He worked on the farm until in 1950, when he decided to become a carpenter, learning the trade from Walter Stedman and eventually starting his own business. His house in Tyringham was the first one he built. In 1975, he fell from a scaffolding and broke his hip and back. He was also the Tax Collector in Tyringham for many years.

Dad loved to cook and, in 1995, he enrolled at Berkshire Community College's cooking school and graduated with a 4.0 GPA. Using his carpentry talent, he turned Sunset Farm into a bed and breakfast and restaurant. Dad always liked meeting people and the restaurant was right up his ally. Besides cooking, Dad loved to make furniture and fancy kitchen cabinets. He loved growing roses and hunting and spending summers on Goose Pond.

Don belonged to the Evening Star Masonic Lodge, where he was Grand Master and also was a Shriner. To receive his last degree, he would have had to travel to England to have it bestowed upon him by the Queen.

Christine Hale Corcoran

Allan Garner died on October 27 and Helen Twing on November 23. We send condolences to their two families who have been near neighbors for over 50 years and look forward to including full obituaries in the next issue.

Dorothea Reynolds Hanson
1929 – 2021

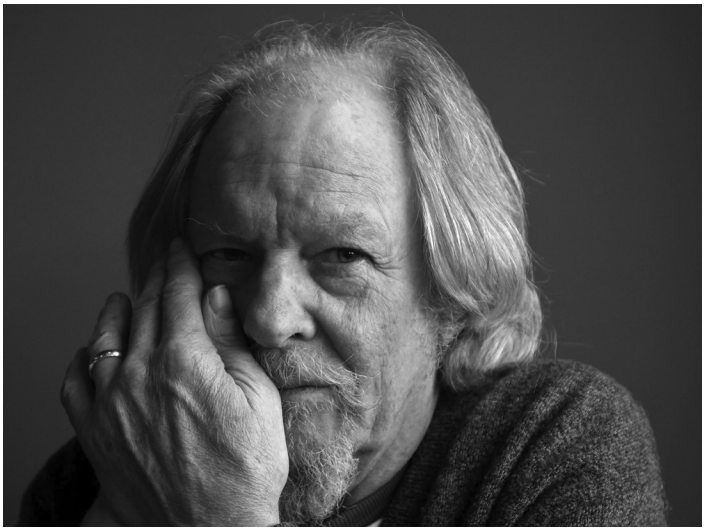
A native of New York City, Dorothea got to know the Tyringham Valley as a child after her parents bought the Heath/Hubbard/Bliss house in the 1930s. She loved telling stories about her times in Tyringham: Gilly Palmer crushing her feet at square dances, trying to help her mother make a go of a very tenuous Victory Garden during the war, sledding and skating during the winters, and potting woodchucks with her .22 rifle—she was always a sure shot and very proud of the fact.

She attended the Brearley School in New York, at which point her parents' Tyringham neighbor and social friend Millie McIntosh suddenly became her Head of School. In 1950, a year before she graduated from Radcliffe (!) she married Harlan ("Harpo"). They honeymooned in Tyringham and enjoyed summers working on the house, lawn, and garden all through the '50s. In 1957, they moved to Williamstown, at which point they began staying in Tyringham from the day after Williams commencement to the day before classes started. The well ran dry during the great drought of 1964-1965, and while the water was restored soon enough, with four children they stopped staying for months at a time—though she and Harpo never stopped coming to the house with family and friends.

After her mother died in 1985, Dorothea determined to keep the house even while still residing in Williamstown. She spent more and more time in Tyringham, watching grandchildren enjoy life in the Valley, expanding her circle of friends in town, and continuing to improve the property—including bestowing on it the name "Bliss Farm," partly in honor of an earlier owner but mostly because that perfectly described how she felt about the place.

In recent years, as Alzheimer's took its slow but relentless toll, she came less and less regularly—though she was thrilled to be part of her grand-daughter Abigail's wedding weekend, which was celebrated at Bliss Farm. Up to the very end, she loved to see pictures of the valley from all seasons, to see videos of the sheep, and to know her beloved house is in the family for a third generation.

John Hanson



Rodman Gilder Miller

1943 – 2021

Rodman Gilder Phillips Miller was born 1943 in New York City and died in 2021 at his home in Seattle, WA. Rod's great-grandfather, Richard Watson Gilder, began visiting the Berkshires in the late 1800s. Rod's grandparents, Rodman Gilder and Comfort Tiffany, bought their beloved Singlebrook a century ago, and the family have enjoyed the lush beauty of the Tyringham Valley ever since.

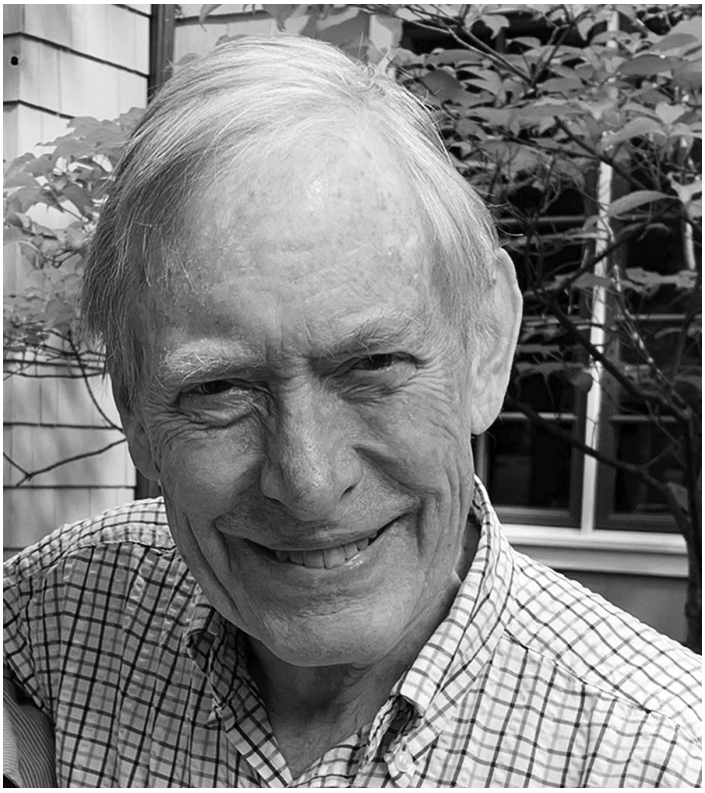
Rod's love of nature was nurtured by his time in Tyringham. Both Uncle Asher Treat and Uncle Bill Palmer were generous with their time, guidance and answers to his endless questions. He attended prep school at The Berkshire School and spent many weekends at Singlebrook.

Rod followed in the footsteps of his mother Helena and became an academic scientist. He was teaching in the medical school in Calgary when he discovered glassblowing. He moved to Seattle and found his heart as a glass artist. Rod's nature was magnetic, and he had a natural affinity for bringing people together. He found joy in his Rapunzel installation on the Fremont Bridge in Seattle, his glass camp for Burning Man, his role in the life of The Dream Community in Taiwan, and his 50+ years of guitar playing in the old-time music community.

He is survived by his wife Susan Miller, his sons Gabriel Wishik-Miller and Reid Tumey, and his siblings Julia Hartman, Amasa Miller, Virginia Miller, and Innis Phillips.

Rodman was so proud his grandfather planted the now massive Singlebrook willow tree on the occasion of his birth, and he requested his ashes rest there. The family is planning a local memorial for early summer of 2022.

Susan Miller



James Henry McIntosh

1934 – 2021

Jim grew up in New York City and in Tyringham. After college, he served two years in the Navy, then taught at the Scattergood School in Iowa (a Quaker institution). For 17 years, he studied and taught at Yale and Tufts, from 1958 to 1975, with time out for a Fulbright scholarship in Berlin, which gave him fluent German. His first marriage was to a Venezuelan woman, which gave him fluent Spanish. In 1975, he moved to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor to study and teach English and Comparative Literature. In 1984, he married Elaine Gazda, professor of Roman Art and Archaeology; in 1988, they adopted an infant daughter, Karina, in Warsaw, Poland.

Jim was a devoted teacher. Thousands of people must have benefited from his gentle but incisive responses to questions and problems. One of his colleagues noted his "enormous intellectual range and subtle artistic judgment"; he pioneered comparative courses in North and South American Literatures at the University of Michigan and directed the program in American Culture. With his wife, he also taught in Florence and Rome; his three books are on Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Emily Dickinson.

Jim spent all his summers as a boy in Tyringham, a place he always thought of as home. He played a fine game of tennis. He was an excellent cellist, enjoyed all kinds of chamber music, sang in various choruses. He was always ready to talk about ideas and books; he never imposed his own ideas or knowledge on others. He will be deeply missed.

Carey McIntosh

Brian Edward Urquhart and
Sidney Damrosch Howard Urquhart
1919 – 2021 and 1933 – 2021

Brian Edward Urquhart and Sidney Damrosch Howard Urquhart died, respectively, on January 2 and January 4, 2021. Brian was 101; Sidney was 87.

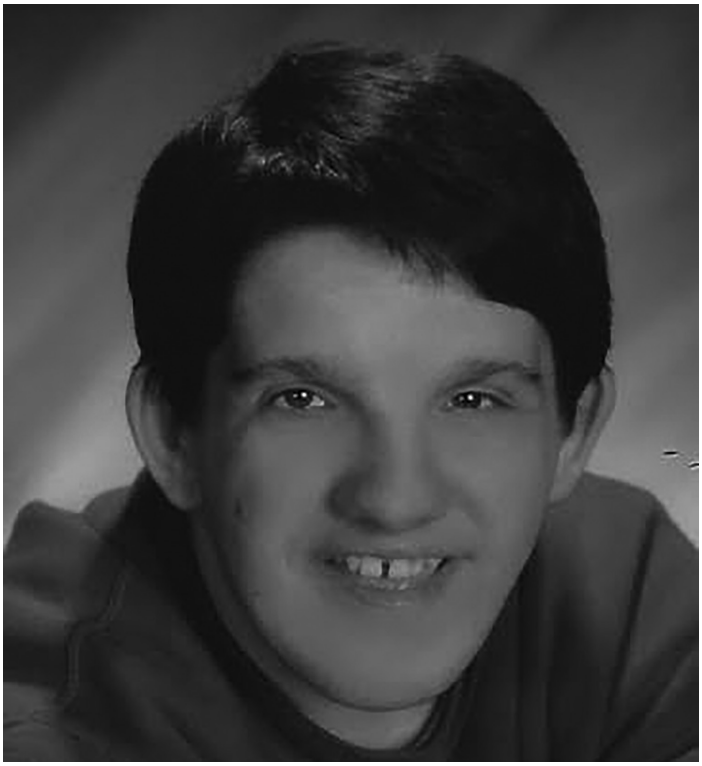
They simply adored Tyringham. Chatting at the dump and in the post office; attending church rummage sales and steak roasts and firemen's picnics; hosting the Tyringham Pet Show; picking wildflowers along Main Road; climbing the Cobble; gathering in Union Church on Christmas Eve—these are but a few of the many things they enjoyed about being a part of this amazing community.

Brian was born on February 28, 1919, in Bridport, a town in the southwest of England. He was, according to his *New York Times* obituary, "a troubleshooting British diplomat who joined the United Nations at its birth in 1945 and over the next four decades was a chief aide to five secretaries general while directing peacekeeping operations around the world. Mr. Urquhart was no James Bond, but he was kidnapped and severely beaten by rebels in the Democratic Republic of Congo, leapt out of an airplane at 1,200 feet and survived when his parachute partly failed as he landed. He led peacekeeping forces in many war zones. He once downed a bottle of whiskey to avoid freezing on a subzero flight through a blizzard to find Yasir Arafat. Resourceful, irreverent, unflappable, Mr. Urquhart blended the qualities of a globe-trotting adventurer and a determined international civil servant."

Sidney was born in New York City on July 16, 1933. She grew up in Manhattan and on Howard Farm, in Tyringham. An intimidating intellect, a voracious reader, a talented writer and editor, and a witty observer of culture and politics, she more than held her own in any verbal joust and was proud of her encyclopedic memory, which once won her a place on a televised quiz show. She was also an avid cook.

Sidney and Brian shared a passion for art, music, theater, books, politics and travel. But their true love was Tyringham, where their home was a magnet for friends, children and grandchildren, the latter a group Sidney delighted in teaching how to swear, belt out songs from her favorite musicals, cook, talk back and live as exuberantly as she had.

Though they are greatly missed, the fact that they died together, at peace in their Tyringham home, is of great comfort to their friends and family.



Chad K. Williams
1974 – 2020

Chad K. Williams, son of Bert and Karen Winters Williams, was born August 27, 1974. He was our beloved brother and uncle to our children. He was a special guy, knowing everyone no matter where he went. He often rode his bike through Lee going to the Little League field to watch baseball, one of the many sports he loved to watch. He enjoyed his trips to shop at Walgreens/Rite Aid where he would purchase his daily word search books, chips and soda. Everywhere we went with him, someone there would know Chad. He was an avid athlete in Special Olympics participating in golf, track and field and bowling with the Red Raiders. Chad's favorite was Nascar, his favorite driver being Jeff Gordon.

Back in the day, Chad and his buddy Jon Clark of Tyringham, helped with the Wildcats football as the team managers. He also enjoyed riding his four wheeler around at Mom and Dad's house.

After our mom passed, Chad and our dad would always watch *Wheel of Fortune* together, and they loved to play board games. Anyone who knew Chad understands how special he was to us all and is missed so very much.

Love you, buddy!
Keith and Tim Williams

Karen, Bert and Chad Williams all died within two years of each other, and they are buried together in the Tyringham Cemetery in the westernmost corner, nearest Karen's childhood home next door to the Church.

Albert "Bert" Williams
1943 – 2021

Bert Williams grew up in South Lee. He was a jack of all trades – working for himself and for many other small businesses. He could weld, do auto repair; he also painted many cars and even had his own lawn care business. We, as a family, would joke and refer to him as "MacGyver" as he would and could fix anything. Our dad was well liked by all and was a respected and a proud man.

Even though Bert grew up in South Lee, he would spend a lot of time in Tyringham, where he met and married the love of his life, Karen Winters. Together they raised us three boys - Keith, Tim and Chad. He was a wonderful husband, father, father-in-law to our wives Sandi and Diane, and a special grandpa "pappa" to Ashley, Linsey, Cayce and Dominic. He was so proud of us all!

Our dad tended to drive around in his truck through Lee, Tyringham and other local places, stopping to talk to someone he knew or with whomever he came across. Our dad is and will be so very missed by us all and anyone who had the pleasure of knowing him.

Miss you Dad!
Keith and Tim Williams

Select Board News 2021

As we navigate through the second year of battling Covid, we wish to extend our sincere thanks to our dedicated and hard-working staff at Town Hall, Post Office, Highway Department, Transfer Station, Police Department and Fire Department for maintaining all Town services throughout the pandemic. Hopefully, the worst is behind us with brighter days ahead.

Despite the pandemic, we did make progress in FYE 2021. The Fire Company located a high-quality used fire truck, which the Town purchased at a favorable price. We anticipate that this purchase will satisfy Fire Company needs for the next 10 years. Reconstruction of the Monterey Bridge has begun with expected completion in FYE 2022. The State is paying for the entire cost of the project. With high-speed internet now in place, we are now moving forward with upgrades to Town phone and IT systems. This is an incremental project which will extend into FYE 2023. We thank Garrett Roche for choosing Tyringham for his Eagle Scout Project, which resulted in a beautiful new changing room at the Town's swimming area.

Our next big project is renovation of the Schoolhouse. We planned to begin work in FYE 2021, but due to high material costs and labor shortages, we thought it wise to postpone until FYE 2022. We hired Bradley Architects to examine the building, make recommendations and provide cost estimates. We expect completion of the architect's report in late 2021 and it will be the basis for setting priorities and timelines. We were pursuing "Green Community" status for the Town, which would provide an initial grant of $125,000 for windows, doors and HVAC. Unfortunately, we were unable to designate a suitable tract of land to accommodate a large-scale solar array so "Green Community" status is currently suspended.

During FYE 2022 and FYE 2023 the Highway Department will repair and repave damaged sections of Main Road. In addition, we are pursuing grants under the State's Municipal Vulnerability Preparedness program (MVP). Grants received under this program will provide funds to replace undersized culverts and improve road drainage capacity. MVP grants will dovetail nicely with our plans to repair and improve Town roads.

The Town ended FYE 2021 in a good financial position. Our tax rate continues to be among the lowest in the County and we continue to enjoy a favorable cash position. Combining the balances of Free Cash and Stabilization Funds, our available cash exceeds $500,000 going into FYE 2022. While we know that Schoolhouse renovations will require significant outlays and that we may be facing increased costs due to rising inflation, we are committed to keeping the tax rate as low as possible.

As always, the Board of Selectmen is most grateful to all our staff in the Town Offices, the Highway Department, the Police Department, the Post Office, the Library and the Transfer Station for their dedication and positive work ethic. We appreciate of all the services provided by members of the Fire Company, the Valley Club, the Hop Brook Club, our elected officials, appointed officials, councils, commissions, committees, and volunteers. We are fortunate in that all who provide services for the Town care deeply about the Town and take pride in the work they do. The Board of Selectmen is honored to serve the people of Tyringham and to do our part in protecting the character and natural beauty of the Town.

On behalf of the Select Board,
Jim Consolati

Tyringham Volunteer Fire Company

The Fire Department responded to 40 calls this past year. Of those, 25 were for medical, 9 alarm calls, 1 illegal burn, 2 motor vehicle calls, 2 for wires down and 1 mutual aid call to Lee that was cancelled enroute.

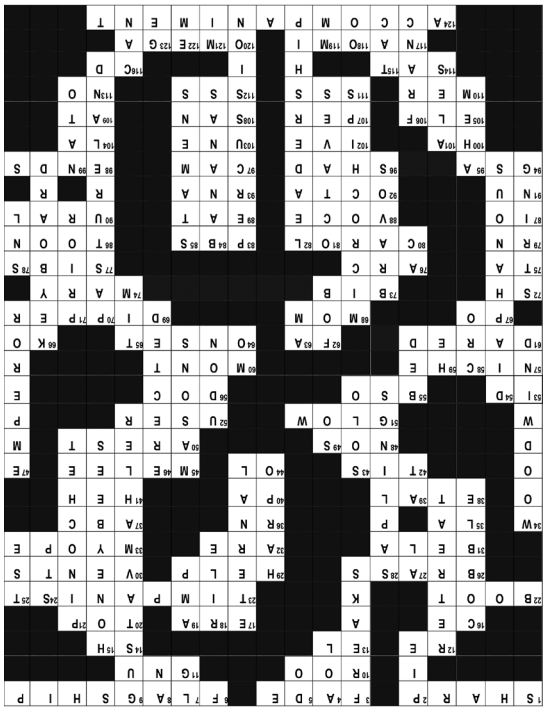
Our new Engine 2 has been placed into full service. We added a few updates and continue to appreciate this vehicle. Our fleet of trucks continue to serve us well and will be more than adequate far into the future. The old Engine 4 has been retired to greener pastures in Vermont, to work as a car hauler to transport classic cars to shows on the weekend.

The Firehouse replacement project continues to inch along. Next on the schedule is the replacement of the septic system. We have a design and plan to install a new system before next summer. We are accepting contributions for this project. We are a 501 c 3 not for-profit, tax-exempt corporation. Our employer identification number is: 36-4886094. We are also negotiating a new building with a construction company. More news on that in the future.

Our membership has grown slightly in the past year. We are always on the lookout for people willing to help their town. Speak with any member to get information on joining your local fire department.

Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!
Charles Slater, Fire Chief

Answers to crossword puzzle p.34



Tyringham Historical Commission

The Tyringham Historical Commission would like to thank and celebrate the remarkable lives and leadership of Alice Hale and Maggie Howard. They were the backbone of the HC with a deep love and knowledge of Tyringham. In addition we would like to thank Mark Curtin, Amy Fennelly, Peter Charpentier and Nini Gilder, for their service and hard work on the HC.

The commission responded to a number of requests for assistance with genealogical research, many of which required considerable research on our part.

Major efforts (and successes) included the following:

• As noted in last year's report, members of the Historical Commission made a successful case to the Massachusetts Historical Commission and the Tyringham Center School was listed in the National Register of Historic Places. In January 2021, we received the official certificate.

• Board member Catherine Mardula received a Preservation Grant from the Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners to review documents, artifacts and other materials of historic significance housed at the town library, schoolhouse and town hall; their report, which was received in July 2021, lays out a clear and urgent need to develop mechanisms for preserving the important and invaluable historical archives.

• Ann Gallo's remarkable adaptation of the *Women of Tyringham* oral history interviews, culminating, of course, with the play this summer. Music was clearly an important part of the production.

• On June 27, 2021, the anniversary of Maggie Howard's death, the sign marking Maggie Howard's Way was unveiled in front of a large group of friends, family and colleagues from the many groups she contributed to over many years, including the Historical Commission and the Hop Brook Community Club.

• The Historical Commission is continuing discussions with members of Town government and others about how to support the Town's efforts to restore the Schoolhouse, including exploring additional grants.

Carol Hardy-Fanta

Valley Club Report

This year we had fewer meetings due to Covid. We were able to get in a pot luck dinner at Ruth Heath's house, where we enjoyed the enclosed back porch.

Our newest member is Amanda Hamilton, who is a very welcome addition. She and Sarah Hudson got our flowers planted and looking good in front of the town hall and post office.

The whole crew was able to have a luncheon out at the Great Barrington Brewery during the summer.

We are looking forward to a more productive year in 2022.

Ruth A. Heath, President

Council on Aging

The Tyringham Council on Aging is the Town's point of contact with the Massachusetts Office of Elder Affairs. We benefit from several sponsored programs on a wide variety of topics.

We've had a challenging time during the pandemic. The Town Hall closed in March of 2020, which ended use of our meeting room for coffee hours, exercise classes and monthly movie showings. The last coffee hour was held March 12, 2020. State restrictions on indoor gatherings also prevented monthly meetings and pot luck luncheons in the Union Church basement.

To keep going, we held bring-your-own-coffee coffee hours in the Firemen's Pavilion on Tuesdays and Thursdays, weather permitting. A pair of patio heaters was purchased to extend the season, but coffee hours were not held when the temperature dropped below 35 degrees or when it was too windy for the heaters to be effective. Instead of pot-luck luncheons, we had socially-distanced pizza and salad once a month, and we were able to enjoy outdoor entertainment once.

With all our regular attendees vaccinated against Covid-19, we began meeting in June in the Union Church basement for coffee hour. We had a business meeting to elect next year's officers, followed by a pot luck lunch.

We were finally able to return to our meeting room in the Town Hall in July of this year, when the state relaxed restrictions. The exercise class and monthly blood pressure clinic have not restarted, but there is hope that the monthly movie will return.

This year we lost two regular attendees; John Donald and Maggie Howard. Neither were victims of the pandemic. All seniors (and people expecting to be seniors soon) are welcome to come and join. Coffee is free.

Tim Taylor

Adrienne Miesmer

Apple Blossom Walk: (front) Jen Nykiel with Daniel, Catherine Mardula, Julie Goldberg, Nini Gilder, Louisa and Rosamond Marsh, (back) Jean Moore, Adrienne Miesmer

Tyringham Properties Committee

The Tyringham Properties Committee works to support the care and management of the Trustees properties in Tyringham. These properties encompass 920 acres and include Tyringham Cobble (206 acres), McLennan Reservation (594 acres), and Ashintully Gardens (120 acres).

Larry Bravo

In early May, the Trustees staff and our local volunteers were joined by volunteers for the Appalachian Trail (AT) to cut brush at the base of the Slippery Rock vista. AT volunteers came from as far away as Boston, Salem, and near Hartford, CT. A large section was cleared and the Trustees staff has continued work in this area with the goal of returning this south-facing vista area to an open field. We hope to partner again next spring for a work day with the AT volunteers.

For our October work day, we had a great turn out and continued clearing brush in the Slippery Rock vista area as well as clearing along the Cobble Loop Trail at the other two vistas. While more work remains to be done to fully open these vista areas, the work completed to date, especially at the Slippery Rock vista, has completely transformed the area.

On the face of the Cobble and the field below, the Trustees is currently working with Native Habitat Restoration to manage the invasives. Mowing will be delayed there while this work is taking place.

Visitation at all of the Trustee's Tyringham properties has increased, especially at Ashintully Gardens. The importance of having these beautiful natural places to retreat to and recharge has never been greater.

This summer, during rehearsals and performances of the play, *Women of Tyringham* (WOT), I found it compelling that the Cobble featured prominently in the lives of a number of women and was a source of beauty and comfort to them, as I hope it is for many of us. We are all caretakers of these beautiful properties and fortunate to have them in our back yard.

Thank you for your support and, as always, please let us know your comments.

Larry Bravo

Tyringham Free Public Library

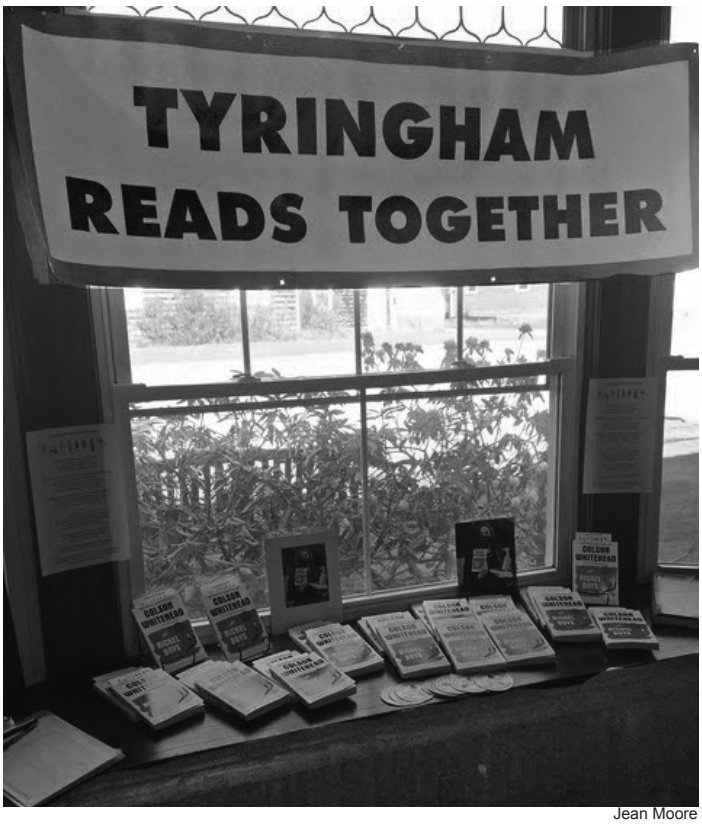
It's been a busy year at the Tyringham Library! Our application for State Aid to Public Libraries was finally approved in February, making us eligible for state grants for the first time since 1961. For FY21, our state aid grant award was $2,353.39. In March, the MBLC awarded us an additional Preservation Assessment grant, which funded a visit from a preservation consultant. Donia Conn paid us a visit in June and gave us some valuable advice about how to better care for our town's artifacts, documents and photographs.

For the remainder of the spring, we worked on the CW MARS onboarding process, which involved attending cataloging and circulation training sessions as well as barcoding a few thousand of our collection items. We are thankful to the Tyringham Cultural Council for helping out with funding for this project. (To everyone who has asked: no, we are not getting rid of the date due cards!)

July 1 was our first day as a CW MARS member library, which came with many new benefits, including interlibrary loan, audiobooks and eBooks! Later in July, we received the wonderful news that Tyringham had won a $10,000 Mind in the Making grant to help fund library services for children ages 0-6. We can't wait to get started on our new children's area!

We are open on Mondays from 4-6pm, Tuesdays from 3-5pm, Thursdays from 1-4pm and Saturdays from 9:30am-12:30pm. Mary and I look forward to seeing you again in the new year!

Catherine Mardula, Circulation Librarian
Tyringham Library



Jean Moore

Hop Brook Community Club

This year, the Hop Brook Community Club saw the fulfillment of projects put on hold in 2020. It began in the winter with a full reading of *Women in Tyringham*, held over Zoom. Spring saw the publication of the town directory adorned with bouquets of flowers, photos taken and contributed by our Tyringham neighbors. By summer, we were able to lift our masks to enjoy the long-awaited full outdoor production of *Women of Tyringham* over several weekends. In addition to supporting the show through volunteering wherever we were needed, club members sold an array of Tyringham products as part of our fund-raising goals. In keeping with one of our primary goals, we were proud to award a scholarship to a most deserving local high school senior. The club also supported the first annual Tyringham for Racial Justice speakers' series by partnering with the club to raise and donate funds for Multicultural BRIDGE, a Berkshire organization dedicated to racial justice. Additionally, this past summer, we participated in dedicating the road adjacent to the Tyringham Union Church to Maggie Howard, our beloved past president and town-revered good neighbor. The road, with a new sign we were honored to contribute and to see installed, is now officially named "Maggie Howard's Way." As fall approached, we were able to once again turn our attention to fund-raising with the sale of Tyringham linen tea towels. They and other Tyringham products continue to be available for purchase at the post office. As the year winds down, we want to thank our neighbors who wish to remain anonymous and who so generously contribute to our efforts. They do this with monetary donations and through donations of their time and property, such as the farm stand across from Santarella, where the bounty of the season, pumpkins and flower bouquets, magically appeared one day. To all our Tyringham neighbors we say, "Thank you, for all you do." Look for us in 2022, as we present more activities and events to bring our vibrant community together.

Rachel and Charlie Urquhart, Maggie's niece and nephew

Mary Lou Bradley
Jean Moore

Hop Brook Community Club Scholarship News

Imagine not knowing if you would be attending class or working from home, not seeing your senior school friends and not knowing when or how you'd be graduating. This is the COVID environment our local high school graduates endured this past year. And amidst all of these unknowns, trying to apply for colleges still not knowing if you'd be on campus on not.

I give so much credit to these graduating seniors, one of them being our current Hop Brook Scholar and life-long resident, Garrett Roche. While navigating the above, Garrett became a member of the National Honor Society at Lee Middle and High School. He was accepted into the Engineering School at UMass Amherst for Electrical Engineering. He also managed to be on the track and cross country teams and was employed as an apprentice to a glass artist.

We also appreciated him for his Eagle Scout project, which was to construct a new changing booth at the Tyringham Town pond. He had to plan and organize the construction of the booth as well as find funding for the project. Garrett also read the Gettysburg address at Tyringham's Memorial Day services. We were so impressed with his contributions to Tyringham that we also awarded him the Georgia Birkett Citizenship Award.

Thank you again to the Scholarship Committee of Kate Van Orman, Maureen Lenti, Lauria Puntin and new members, Susanna Wenniger and Marcie Kammel. As so often when we think of Hop Brook, we miss former member, Maggie Howard. Thanks to all of you for your contributions and we expect a "bumper crop" of graduates next year.

Betty Bean, Chair

Margaret (Maggie) Dillon Katz

Unveiling the sign for Maggie Howard's Way

Union Church in Tyringham

"*Sing to the LORD a new song,*
for he has done marvelous things!"
Psalm 98 v.1

This year, even with all of the Covid restrictions, we still managed to keep music alive in our worship service. We continued our tradition of a Christmas choir made up of Tyringham folk and conducted by Doug Schmolze. On Christmas Eve, the choir led the congregation in singing beloved carols and the following Sunday we sang around our first bonfire service held in the field behind the church. Under a full moon, in the frosty air, it was spectacular and moving.

Margaret (Maggie) Dillon Katz

We are grateful for our church musician, Bonnie Nordoff from Egremont, who plays piano for memorial services and our services every Sunday; and for Doug Schmolze, who leads our hymn singing. Traudi Chiaravalloti brings beautiful recorder playing and often opens our services with our Moderator, Dede Loring, playing introits on the handbells. Every Sunday, the big belfry bell tolls at the start of the service, rung by our faithful Kate Van Orman.

We continue to have Sunday services both in our sanctuary as well as on Zoom. Having services offered online has allowed folks to attend who are traveling or who, for health reasons, are unable to attend.

Thanks to our wonderful community, we have raised over $500,000 for the Church renovation. After the slow-down conditions of Covid, we anticipate work to begin on the first phase—our new roof—very soon.

This year we mourn the loss of Sidney and Brian Urquhart, Bert Williams, Jim McIntosh, Delly Alsop and Allan Garner. Their families all have long ties with the church, and we grieve with them.

I hope you will all join our Candlelight worship service on Christmas Eve at 5pm.

Rev. Janet McKinstry

Tyringham for Racial Justice Report

Last year, a group of Tyringham residents formed a committee to support racial justice.This year, we worked with the Tyringham library to ensure a good representation of books by Black authors and to provide books on racial justice issues. We held the first Tyringham Reads Together event on Colson Whitehead's Pulitzer Prize winning novel, *The Nickel Boys*. In partnership with the Hop Brook

At the Tyringham for Racial Justice Juneteenth 2021 Speakers' Event: Ms. Gwendolyn VanSant and Dr. Peggy McIntosh

Community Club, we held the first annual Juneteenth speakers' event with Dr. Peggy McIntosh and Ms. Gwendolyn VanSant of Multicultural BRIDGE. The fund-raiser was in support of BRIDGE, a women-run organization dedicated to racial justice work. Tyringham residents will be able to participate in selecting the book for the second annual Tyringham Reads Together event, and the group is currently planning next year's Juneteenth speakers' event. If you would like to learn more, contact Jean Moore.

Jean P. Moore

Women of Tyringham

To all the women who shared their stories with me, thank you. To all the actors, thank you. To all the volunteers, thank you. To all the audience members, thank you. To the weather gods, a BIG thank you.

Music to my ears was hearing the stories of so many women come to life. Not on paper, not in piles of text in my living room and not on Zoom. It was live! This is what a community looks like.

The respect that our community had for the words so graciously shared says a lot about who we are in our tiny town. We came together to embrace so many remarkable (and, some may say, unremarkable) experiences, which I believe is a powerful message to the community at large.

My hope is that we continue to listen to and elevate the voices of everyone. Think about music. A piece of music playing one note again and again is very, very boring. Even just two notes, C and A for example... Snore. But when we hear a symphony or an opera, we viscerally feel the importance and depth of the music. That's why I want us to all embrace the multiplicity within our own tiny town. *Women of Tyringham* is just the beginning of discovering Tyringham's layers.

Ann Gallo

Women of Tyringham

Photos by Margaret (Maggie) Dillon Katz

Women of Tyringham participants

Larry Bravo

Ruth Heath

Traudi Chiaravalloti and Ellen Pollock

Hugo Nutting

Aubrey and Sue Choquette

Clark Wallace, Hugo Nutting and Melissa Stewart

Rachel Urquhart at Shaker Pond picnic

Tom Fennelly

Ukiah Andrus and Kerry Clark-Sullivan

Lily and Kristie Clark-Driscoll and Robin Clark-Fitzpatrick

Robin Clark-Fitzpatrick, Karen Moorehouse and Terry Clark

Dede Curtin-Loring, Julie Andrus, Barbara Palmer and Ruth Heath

Peter Curtin and Rachel Urquhart

Joe Gallo and John Herrera

Ann Gallo, Traudi Chiaravalotti, Ellen Pollock, Maggie Barkin, Jillian Bergman and Emily Wasserman

Ruth Heath, Ukiah Andrus and Hugo Nutting

JEN
He got a new bike for Christmas and went up and over the handlebars. Broke his jaw.

Excuse me, Nurse? Can I give you some of my candy to give to him? To my friend?

NURSE
All right. But we'll have to moosh it up good so he can get it in his mouth.

HAZEL'S FATHER
Trailing Arbutus. The state flower.

YOUNG HAZEL
The state flower… wow. "That which you're not supposed to pick." That's what GG always says, right? It's the most sweet-smelling thing! When we find it, it'll be our secret

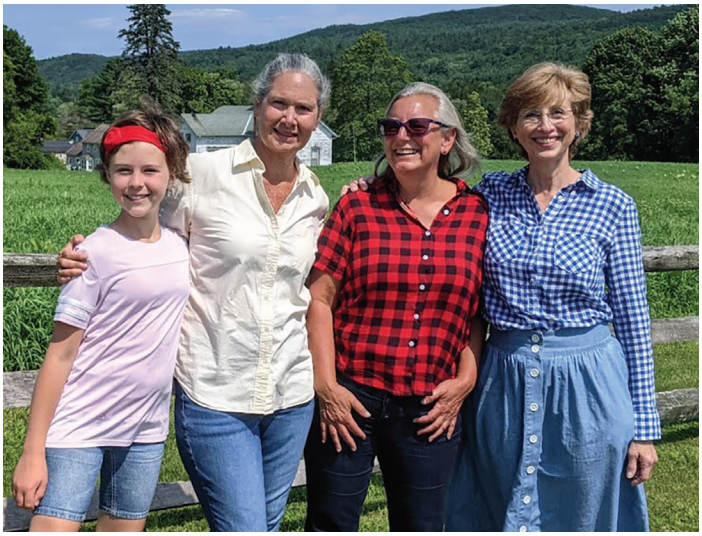
HAZEL'S FATHER
Yes. Our secret.

Larry Bravo and Ukiah Andrus

Emily Wasserman, Mary Lou Bradley, Ruth Heath, Larry Bravo, Barbara Palmer and Betty Bean

HAZEL
I've been inside a number of farmhouses, and there's always that kind of telltale cow smell in the house. In any old farmhouse. But in my mother's house, the barn stayed in the barn. My father had one couch he could lie on in the dining room when he needed a nap in the afternoon. But everything else?... Off-limits until you're out of your barn clothes.

Sue McCauley and Pat Clark



Ukiah Andrus, Deborah Coy, Emily Wasserman and Mary Lou Bradley

Betty Bean

Jillian Bergman, Larry Bravo, Barbara Palmer, Ruth Heath and Dede Curtin-Loring

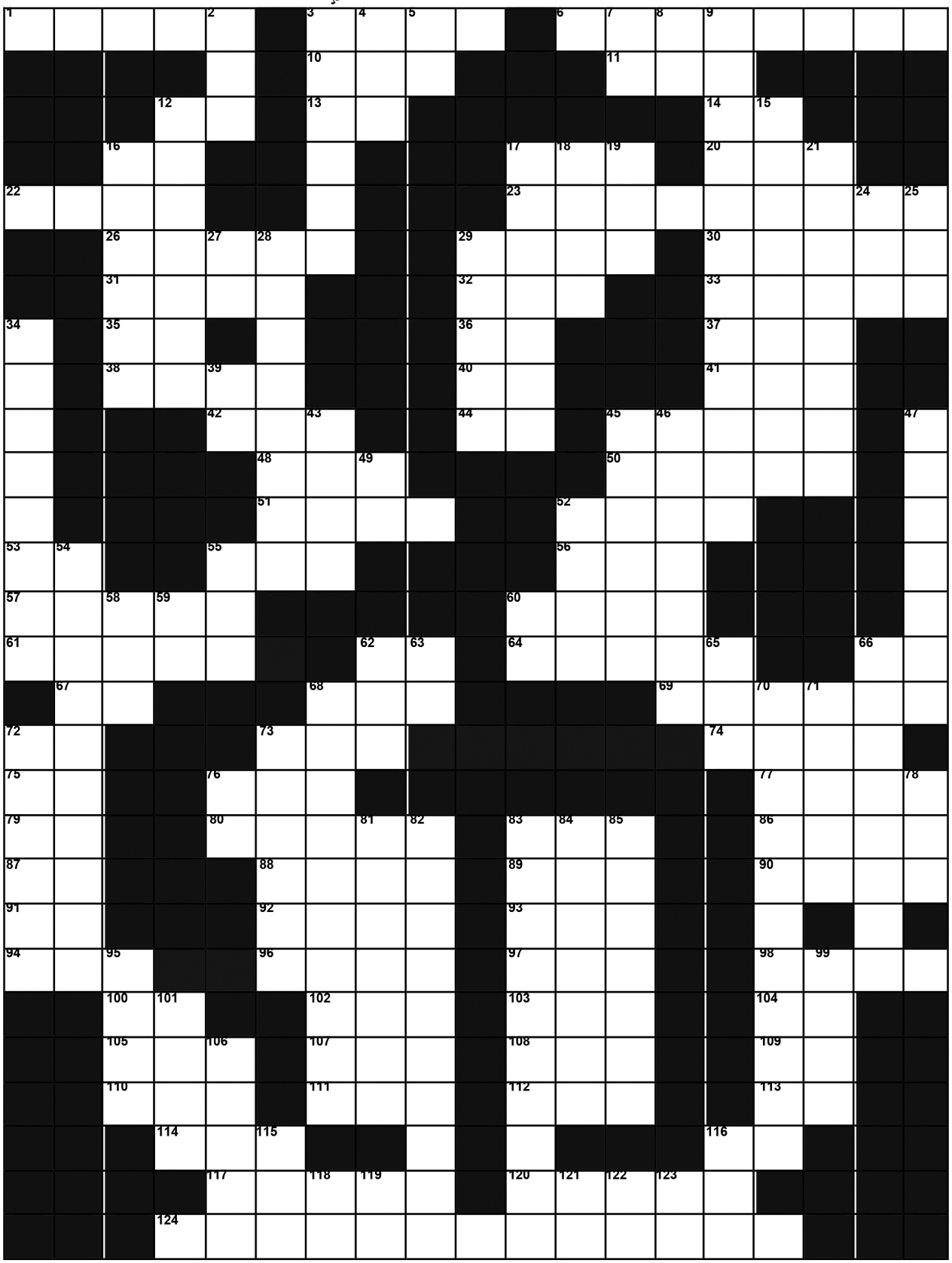
Julie Andrus

Lauria Puntin and Chris Curtin

Betty Bean, Stephanie Sloan, Mary Anne Grammer, Larry Bravo, Tom Fennelly, Kerry Clark-Sullivan and Jillian Bergman

Crossword Puzzle by Adrienne Cosel

Music & More!



Across

1. Not flat
3. To lose light or color
6. Boat carrying commander
10. Kanga and _____
11. African antelope
12. Second note of solfège
13. ___ Chapo or ___Gato
14. Be quiet!
16. Symbol for element cerium
17. Long period of history
20. It can spin
22. Heavy footwear
23. Plays kettledrums et.al.
26. One of 5 orchestra sections
29. SOS
30. Releases anger or air
31. _____ Bartok
32. The Russians ____ Coming!
33. Near-sited person
34. One of 5 orchestra sections
35. Sixth note of solfège
36. Vital hospital worker (abbr.)
37. Alphabet openers
38. And Others (Latin)
40. Pennsylvania's postal abbr.
41. Disparaging sound
42. "_____ the season to be jolly"
44. "Lil' '____ me?"
45. Brawl
48. Spanish "us"
50. "Oh give it ____ ____ (2 wds)
51. Emit warm light
52. On-line service subscriber
53. _____, ego, superego
55. Tanglewood's orchestra
56. MD
57. Alcove or calling
60. St. Michel or Blanc
61. Mustered courage
62. Fourth note of solfège
64. Very start of
66. Boxer down for count (abbr)
67. Where mail is sorted (abbr)
68. Not Dad
69. Big or Little constellation
72. That 14. across is still at it
73. Baby wears it
74. She's quite contrary
75. British thanks
76. Rainbow shape
77. Brothers and sisters
79. Periodic symbol for Radon
80. Burnett or Channing
83. Station of NOVA (abbr)
86. An animated show (informal)
87. Hera's Priestess, Zeus loved
88. Sotto _____
89. "_____, Pray, Love"
90. Russian Mountain Range
91. 13th letter of Greek alphabet
92. Prefix signifying 8
93. Messenger gene
94. Cookie-selling Troop (abbr)
96. _____ Roe
97. QB Newton that Pats let go
98. One might struggles to make these meet
100. When repeated, laugh sound
102. Now _____ seen it all.
103. One, fem, in French
104. Home of the Lakers (abbr.)
105. One in service to Santa
107. Beats _____ minute
108. *The Bridge of ___ Louis Rey*
109. @
110. Sea, for Emmanuel Macron
111. Snake-speak with 112 across
112. Snake-speak with 111 across
113. A firm negative response
114. The dreaded pre-college test
116. Almost passé recording format
117. Osaka of tennis fame
120. Alpha's opposite
124. Supporting musical part

DOWN

2. Cherry or apple
3. _____ out (loses it).
4. Internet mail service (abbr.)
5. First note of solfège
7. Not size small (abbr.)
8. _____ apple a day
9. Composer of Resurrection Sym
12. Fall back, as in war
15. Sweet pollinators
16. Tyringham's beloved hill
17. Endless, timeless
18. Annoy, irritate
19. _____-up electronically (music)
21. Chilean dictator
24. Brand of auto lubricant
25. Author of *The Wasteland* (init.)
27. Jolson or Roker
28. Young trees
29. A Marx brother
34. One of 5 orchestra sections
39. Trail from MA to GA
43. performed by one
45. Stonebuilders
46. Built
47. Beethoven's Fifth Concerto
49. Fifth note of solfège
52. Japanese noodle
54. Delicately light & hazy
55. Make it or lie in it
58. _____ Magnon Man
59. Not she
60. Slo-____
62. Attached to a watch
63. I think therefore I _____
65. He's Tiny
66. One of 5 orchestra sections
68. Snack for an ant?
70. Grassy grazing field (2 wds)
71. Preceding in time
72. One of 5 orchestra sections
73. Shouts of praise
76. Cooling system (abbr.)
78. Satirical weekly TV show (abbr)
81. Spans of 8 notes
82. Guidance or governance
83. One of 5 orchestra sections
84. Monkeys love them
85. Male organs of flowers
95. Sound to gain attention
99. Alliance of Western Nations
101. Sierra Nevada & Dogfish Head
106. French currency
115. Tic and Toe's partner
116. "Catch as catch _____"
118. *Toodle* -_____
119. With &, these letters are candy
121. Third note of solfège
122. Dorothy's Auntie _____
123. Once large employer in Berks. (abbr)

Answers to crossword puzzle on p. 24

SEASON'S GREETINGS!

In memory of Stet
Barbara Adams & all the Adams family–Peter, Kathy & James; Paul & Annemarie, Eric & Alexandra; Sean & Brittany, Kyra & Kendall; Sharon & Lucien; Steve & Alison
Mary Alderfer
Robert & Toodie Alsop & family
Ken & Sue Baker
Betty & Bill Bean & Ricky Ricardo
Lynn Bertelli & Alan Wilcox
Judith Bishop, Robert Liner, Maia Bookoff, Chris Tan, Chloe Tan
Gail Bleifer
Penny Borax and all the Donalds
Kim, Mary Lou, Julia & Molly Bradley
Teresa, Tricia & Rodney Bragdon
Mary Ann Brown & family
Jack & Irmgard Bucher
Joyce & Henning Carlson & Kim; Michael, Ryan & Zachary & Jeslyn
David Carriere
Feliz Navidad
Edgar Chamorro
Peter & Gail Charpentier; Lissy Charpentier, Hollis Ellerbee, Palmer Holt, Alden Hoyt; Matthew, Christina Charpentier, Alexandria & Michael Anthony
Bob & Sue Choquette
Traudi, Tony & Laura Chiaravalloti
Pat Clark & family
In loving memory of Francis E. Clark Sr. sadly missed
Betty Clark, Terrie, Francis Jr., James, Dale, Gail, Jean, Karen, Lori & families
Philippa Claude & Tony Stretton
Jim & Karen Consolati; Ben, Austin, Darren & Evan
In memory of all deceased members of the Hale family
Bill & Chris Corcoran; D.C. and Tara Bienvenue, Mason & Mary; Christian Bienvenue, Wren & Roque
Bill Cosel & Adrienne Miesmer, Gabey Cosel & Luke Thompson & Inez & Eamonn; Molly Cosel, Jack & Ricky
Stephen Cowell & Angelique "Kiki" Cowell
Carl & Chris Curtin; Christopher & Chris, Quinn & Paige Barry; Larry & Chrissy Curtin
Gerry Curtin & Helen Curtin
In loving memory of Deanna & Peter Curtin
Tom & Maggie Curtin, Missy & Peter Curtin Jr & Ethan & Michelle & Matthew, Collin; Jamie Curtin & family; Matt Curtin & Joni, Dillon & Devon; Eden & Joshua Curtin, Dominic; Tina Earl & Megan
Christina Canon Craighead
Adam & Shelby Donald
David, Jill & William, Andrew, Daniel & Jack Donald;
Clint & Elizabeth Elliott & family
Merry Christmas & a very happy, healthy New Year in memory of our brother-in-law Uncle Tim Schaefer
Gino & Mary Errichetto & Nick
Chris Fanta & Carol Hardy-Fanta, Allison & Sam, Caroline, Bob Whitmyer & Charlie
Sandy Farnham
Donald, Bridget, Elisabeth & Rudd Fawcett
Jim & Eugénie Fawcett; Nan, Rob, Zachary & Elliot Sedgwick; James & Kathy, Richard & Clara Fawcett,
John, Carol & Eliza Fawcett
Nick Felix
In loving memory of Brian Bailey
Bill and Marilyn Fennelly, Parker and Ethan Dakota Fennelly, Catherine, Phoebe and Phineas Bailey
In memory of Edward S. Fennelly
Dianne Fennelly, Adam & Darrell Fennelly & Pat Boyle & families – 7 grandchildren & 7 great-grandchildren
Everett & Mary Ann Fennelly; Everett Jr, MaryBeth & Luke; Amy Fennelly & Byron Renderer; Kathleen & Terrence Harris & Liam
Thomas Fennelly
Ellen & Bob Freeman
Ann & Joe Gallo; Adriana, Phoebe & Francesca
In Memory of Allan
Mary Garner; Nancy Garner Wood, David Garner; Levi, Randi, Levi Michael, Owen, Silas; Deanna & Josh Smith
Nini & George Gilder & family
Alan & Joyce Glickman, Matt & Julian
Kathryn Greenthal & Theodore Stern
John & Elizabeth Hanson
Julia (Judy) & Steven Hartman, Tess & Hazel Moore, Nadia, Dave, Coco & Wyatt Watts
Ruth A Heath; John; Karie; Paul, Jennifer, Rhiannon, Jacob; Christina Heath; Herb & Debbie Heath; Eric, Brian, Terri, Dylan, Brooklyn Heath; Connie & Kevin Keegan; Shawn Heath & Gwalyn; Nancy & Randy, Robert & Myra, Adam & Lora, Tyler, Cameron Wade; Steve & Ruth LeCompte: Anatoly, Shannon & Alexander Davidenko; Tim, Erin, Olivia & Owen Hart
Robert Hildebrand
Murray Hochman & Lois Jensen

SEASON'S GREETINGS!

Nancy Hickey, Rod Hickey & Angela Cason, Ellery & Roddy Hickey
Sarah Hudson
Christopher, Tracy, Alex & Sam Johnson
Jennie Kassanoff, Molly & Jake Schulman
Kearns & Joyner families
Ketron, Wheelwright, Lefkowitz & Birdsall families
In memory of Mary D. Kierstead;
Rudd, Susanna & Sophie, Willem;
Nick & Lisa, Hopper, Lilabel Virginia
Celia Kittredge, Kit Clucas, the Elliott Ogdens, the Tom Ogdens, the Sullivans, the Charlie Kittredges, the Scotts & the Rowleys
Betty Kramer; Alice Truax & Betsy Tanner; Jane Thrailkill & Hawley Truax, Olivia & Naomi; Julie & Charles & George Truax
Richard & Dorothy Loring & family
In memory of Joseph Loring Jr.:
Joe & Evelyn Loring, & Rodney & Laurie Loring
In memory of William & Jane Bond and Charlie & Bea Loring: Russ & Margaret Loring
In memory of Tunk,
Dede Loring & family
David, Marge, Matthew & Katelyn Loring
The Ma family - Yo-Yo, Jill, Nicholas & Emily
Catherine Mardula & Jen Nykiel & Daniel
Patricia & Steven Mardula
Bill Margus
Matt & Louisa Marsh & Rosamond
Carey McIntosh & Joan Ferrante
Ken & Peggy McIntosh
Angelica McLennan, Miranda Syp, Dazrielle Stewart; Marc Syp, Maryam Sabri Syp, & Josephine
Jean Moore & Steve Rubin
John Mueller & Cecilia Jones
Shaun & Holly Murphy
Roberta Myers
Merry Christmas & Happy New Year
Marge Palmer, Butch & Kenley Palmer
Kelly, Mark, Mikayla & Ben Kelly & Maizy!
Reese & Linda Palmer; Walter Palmer, Spring & John Homschek, Drew & Jake
Tonio & Barbara Palmer, Caroline Palmer & Kevin Strathdee, William & Henrik Palmer
Andrew Potler and Marcia Powdermaker
Lauria Puntin & family
Matt & Amy Puntin, Emma. Sophia & Allie
Viggo & Catha Rambusch; Kristin & Sandy von Thelen; Martin & Marjorie, Nicholas, Jackson & Fritz; Edwin & Sharon, Kenzie & Pierson; Neil & Lucia, MaryGrace, Katrine & Cecelia Adam
In memory of Jeffery Herlihy:
Mary Rathbun and family
Peggy Reber & Dennis Shapson
In loving memory of Barrie:
Margaret Olds Richards & the Luchars; Alex, Poppy, Thomas, Robert & Catherine; Charles; Jim, Betsy, Ian & Teddy
Wishing everyone the best during this holiday season:
The Rood family
In memory of Tim Schaefer
Molly, Dakota, & Benjamin Schaefer
In memory of Charlie & Liz Slater and Robert L. Taylor Jr
Charles, Alice, Julie & Jack Slater, April, Bill, Garrett & Luke Roche; Ryan, Melissa, Ethan, & Emma Slater; Andy, Lindsey, Owen & Mackenzie Slater; Ellen & Chas Gonnello; Liza, Bobby, Calla & Virginia Taylor; Craig & Melissa Slater
In memory of Brian and Sidney Urquhart and Maggie Howard:
Rachel Urquhart & John Herrera, Isa, Simon, Theo & Kate; Thomas & Danielle Canfield, Juliana; Charles & Heather Urquhart, Elias & Zeb
Gordon & Kate Van Orman & family
Sisters of the Visitation
Joseph & Darleen Wilkinson
Mark & Liz Williams

Katherine Oakes

Thank you for supporting this publication!

NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR

Robert and Toodie Alsop share sad news: "Our daughter Adele (Delly) died September 4, 2021."

A happy message from **Dede Loring**: "I have been blessed to welcome great grandson, Cameron Jeffrey Arnold, born to Meghann and Jordan Arnold of Otis on June 16, 2021. Also, a step great grandson Levi Harrison LeBombard, born to Melissa Wescott and Nick LeBombard of Southwick, MA, on June 21, 2021." Dede goes on to report, "My grandson Dylan Winters is engaged to Abby Echer of Salisbury, CT. The wedding is planned for May 22, 2022." Dede's granddaughter "Michaela Loring graduated from Bridgewater State University (on the Dean's list!) with a BA in Communications. She works for Plymouth Rock Insurance and lives in Quincy, MA." Dede concludes with a sentiment shared by many: "Thank God for grandchildren. They are the best."

Betty and Bill Bean write: "Wonderful summer of finally having family visit: Happy Family Holidays (Hopefully)!"

Lynn Bertelli and Alan Wilcox write: "We are happy to report that son Travis has opened an auto repair business on Water Street in Lee called 'Cabral's' Milltown Motors." Grandson Robert, now 14, just completed his first season of running on the cross-country team for Wahconah Regional High School. He eagerly awaits the spring track season."

Christina (Canon) Craighead writes: "Greetings and Merry Holidays to everyone. I enjoy my twelve grandchildren, ages 11 to 26, and visiting them all over the country. Also enjoy their trips to Nantucket and Vero Beach during summer and holidays So fun having lunch in the Berkshires with Nini Gilder this September."

Gail and Peter Charpentier are pleased to report that their granddaughter Palmer was born on January 11, 2021; Matt is going to school for Horticulture; Christina is in a medical technician program; and that "All are doing well."

According to **Stephen Cowell**, their family news is "Welcoming Kiki's two horses to the backyard!"

Gerry Curtin writes: "Doing Ok, life dribbles on as it has here in Tyringham. All doing good, doing their thing. Cody Shaeffer is a paramedic in Pittsfield. His brother Ben is at Wellesley College—got a job teaching for a year. I retired early, 8/6/20, on medical grounds. Helen is holding her own, 88 years young. Happy Holidays to everyone in Tyringham."

Writing shortly before Allan's death, **Mary Garner** reported on other family members. Deanna Garner Smith is working as Office Manager at a Physical Therapy Clinic in Williamstown. Nancy Garner Ward is building a house in New Bern, North Carolina.

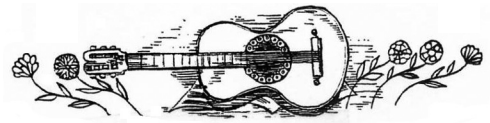
The **Hardy-Fantas** report that, "despite Carol's medical issues, we spent spring, summer and fall in our usual way—biking up and down the Berkshire hills. Meanwhile, Chris is working as hard as ever, but he works (virtually) from here on Mondays and Fridays; he's also exploring reducing his workload more come June. Allison and Sam are still working in Salem and Gloucester and doing well. Caroline, Bob and Charlie (who turned 2 back in May) bought a new house in Worcester, and are spending most of their non-Charlie time making improvements (and/or solving problems—think of the movie called 'The Money Pit'!). Lucky for us, they all love spending time up on Webster Road."

Celia Kittredge writes: "Grandson Alex Ogden is engaged to a lovely girl! William Ogden is now a lawyer at Goodman Proctor. Sarah Ogden is working for the Hearst company in New York City and George is busy in the computer world." She concludes with, "Kit and I are awaiting the arrival of our new puppy!"

Catha and Viggo Rambusch write: "We celebrated our 62nd Anniversary in September and are doing well in NYC with everything just a short walk away, but we do miss the Valley!" Daughter Kristen von Thelen visits regularly from Virginia. Granddaughter McKenzie (daughter of Edwin and Sharon) has just moved into the city. Her apartment is on the upper East Side. Pierson, her brother, will graduate from Bates this summer. Martin and Marjorie's son, Jackson, lives in NYC, and his brother Fritz will graduate from St. Lawrence University in December. Lucia and Neil live in Denver and this summer bought a place on Peak's Island in Portland, Maine's harbor. Neil was born in Maine. Their oldest daughter, Marygrace, is a freshman at Tulane. She was, with other students, in a 12-story dorm without power for about 12 hours during the recent hurricane! Katrine is a junior at St. Mary's Academy, a Denver school founded in 1853. Cecilia is also at St. Mary's, and is active at the Urban Farm on the outskirts of Denver, where the livestock includes goats, sheep, rabbits, pigs and horses. Cecilia, who rides English, represents the Urban Farm at juried shows throughout the state of Colorado."

Chris Fanta

Longtime *Topics* editor, **Roberta Myers**, writes from Monterey, California, where all is well but she misses Tyringham and Sandisfield, and "still treasures the Tyringham's version of *The Sound of Music* of long ago!"



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Margaret (Maggie) Dillon Katz

"Music in Tyringham is listening to birds in the morning, the laughter of children in the daytime, and the Tyringham stars at night." – Pat Clark